The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, 1886. PRICE FIVE CENTS

IF YOU CAN'T TELL

WHAT TO BUY FOR

Christmas Presents!

we invite you to call at

GEO. DEWALD & CO.'S

And we are certain of being able to help you out of your difficulty. If you want something handsome we would suggest one of those

ELEGANT BLACK

Satin Rhadames!

Which you can buy for $1.15 per yard, worth $1.35. Or, the quality at $1.25 per yard, worth $1.50. Or, the one we are selling at $1.50, which has been our $1.65 number. Or something in our superior

BLACK GROS GRAIN

SILK STOCK!

at special prices for the season. We give you for your money the best silk in the market in any quality you wish at 65c, 75c, 85c, $1.00, $1.15, $1 25, $1.35, $1.50, $1.65, $1.75 and $2.00 and upward. Or, that greatest bargain in silk ever offered in this city, the $1.50 quality of

BLACK

Faille Francais!

which we are having such an enormous s ale of at $1.25 yer yard.

We have not spase to mention the things to please you in our

Colored Silk

—AND—

Satin Stock!

but would ask you to look at the $1.25 Colored Bhadun and compare it with anything you find elsewhere at $1.50. Or examine the

Colored Satin Duchesse!

at 65c per yard, and compare it with the 85c and $1.00 goods at other places. Or the largest line of special

HOLIDAY GOODS

IN THE CITY.

GEORGE DEWALD

HE IS LAMENTED.

Mr. O. A. Simons' Death the Sole Topic of Conversation—His Wealth and the Funeral Arrangements.

THE SENTINEL can add but little to-day to the sensational particulars of the suicide of Mr. O. A. Simons, so fully detailed in its columns last evening. Coroner Dinnen reviewed the remains yesterday afternoon and will conclude his investigations Monday. Mr. J. C. Peltier immediately thereafter prepared the body for burial and all that is mortal of the dead banker rests under a shroud in the front parlor of his home, on Brackenridge street.

His brothers and sisters arrived here last night and sad were the scenes as they bent over the form of their brother. His mother was expected this afternoon. She is very feeble and strong hearts trembled at the thought of her seeing her dead son.

It seems that his illness assumed a phase sufficiently grave to prompt Mr. Simons to prepare for the worst and the night before his death Judge Taylor and Mr. P. A. Randall formulated, or at least made additions to his will. On a table in his room were notes of his property and business interests and the points involved in the electric light patent, which Judge Taylor, as counsel, was considering, preparatory to their advocacy in the courts. The document will, of course, not be opened until after the funeral.

Mr. Simons had but few intimate friends, but to them he was true and steadfast. He was a man of generous public impulses, notwithstanding that he led a recluse life since the death of his wife and babe. He watched public events closely, weighed men in his keen mind and made investments that would have placed him among the millionaires of the country within ten years. As it is, it is esitmated that he has accumulated three quarters of a million dollars. He owned $105,000 of First National bank stock, worth $130,000, and $29,000 of old national bank stock, worth $37,000; also $35,000 of Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railroad stock worth $50,000 and $25,000 of debenture bonds worth $29,000 and other stocks in the Electric Light company, Organ company and other sources that will make his cash securities worth at least $300,000. He had fully $100,000 invested in the lumber company at Cadillac, Michigan, and owns a farm of eleven hundred acres at plymouth worth $100,000. He owns three valuable farms in this county and large tracts of pine lands in Michigan and Mississippi. All this will foot up over $700,000 and he does not owe a dollar in the world.

He was president of the First National bank, president of the Mitchell Lumber company, of Cadillac, Mich., president of the Fort Wayne Jenney Electric Light company, and a director in the Star Iron Tower company, a director in the Jenny Electric Light and Power company and identified with nearly every public enterprise in the city.

He has not actively officiated with any church, but was a Mason and a member of Summit City lodge of this city.

The First national bank was open today but for necessary business and everywhere the sole topic of conversation is the sad suicide of the president. His death brings sorrow to many a heart and out of respect for his memory at least 100 people absented themselves from the theatre last night.

Messrs. R. T. McDonald, Perry A. Randall, George H. Wilson and Ceil Higgins were selected by the relatives to make arrangements for the funeral. They have named Tuesday morning, at 11 o'clock, as the time of burial. The remains will lie in state Monday afternoon and the public will be permitted to view them then. The funeral services will be conducted at the house by Revs. D. W. Moffat and D. S. Kennedy. At 4 o'clock, this afternoon, the committee met to select pall bearers.

As we go to press Hon. Wm. Fleming, J. H. Bass, S. B. Bond, C. D. Law and Will Morris had been selected as pallbearers, with others to name.

Reduced His Shortage.

WABASH, Ind., Dec. 11.—John M. Huffman, of Hartford City, treasurer of Flack Foot company, who was, a few days since, reported $10,000 short in his accounts, has succeeded in turning up funds enough during the past twenty-four hours to reduce the amount to $1,400.

The Shirk Case.

WABASH, Dec. 11,—The jury found a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $5,010 in the case of the estate of Lieurance vs. estate of E. B. Shirk. The verdict was agreed upon at 4 o'clock yesterday morning.

Stern Parents Did Not Avail.

MARION, Ind., Dec. 11.—The social sensation of the hour here is the marriage of Mr. [illegible] and quietly last Saturday evening at the residence of Rev. W. I. Weaver, pastor of the Baptist church. The courtship of the young couple has been a stormy one, owing to the opposition of the bride's parents, and the purpose was to keep the wedding a secret until the wrinkled visage of fate should assume a more benevolent aspect.

IT IS CRUEL.

Geo. Esmond Driven Mad by the Idle Rumor That He Shot Mr. O. A. Simons.

Messrs. Ceil Higgins, R. T. McDonald and Geo. H. Wilson at noon emerged from the late home of Mr. O. A. Simons, where they were to make arrangements for the funeral. At the corner of Calhoun and Brackenridge streets, they encountered Mr. Geo. Esmond. It was proposed to consult him relative to the pall bearers and with that purpose he was addressed. "Get away from me. Don't come near me," cried Mr. Esmond, who attempted to evade his friends, eyeing them all the while as would a maniac.

"Why, what's the matter, George," rejoined Mr. Higgins, who at the same moment grasped the man by the arm.

"They accuse me of killing Mr. Simons down town and you know I loved him."

The gentlemen gathered about him to assure him of their condemnation of the report when Mr. Esmond again grew furious and said: "Let me go. I want to get away from this town."

It took three men to hold him and while their strong arms grasped him he was seized with a fit and writhing in agony fell to the sidewalk. He was conveyed to Gumpper's bakery and medical aid summoned. His wife was soon at his side and he seemed to recognize her momentarily, but all else to him was blank.

Later the man was removed to his home and it is doubtful if he regains his reason, although at this writing he is resting easy. Some one is responsible for this cruel business and for which there is not the slightest foundation. Neither is there any truth in the rumor that Mr. Esmond poisoned himself. It would seem that there was enough grief in this family circle, without any brutal attempts to add to the sorrow. Mr. Simons had no better or dearer friend than Mr. Edmond, and during the latter's illness Mr. Simons was his daily caller. Mr. Esmond has been in failing health for years, therefore this shock is doubly hard on him.

MONSEIGNEUR CAPEL

Newspaper Slanders Upon Him to be Legally Resented.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 11.—Monseigneur Capel, in view of the stories that were published recently reflecting on his personal character, threatens to take steps for legal redress. The reverend gentleman proposes to institute libel suits against the *World*, the *Times*, the *Star* and other papers in the city of New York.

Found Dead in a Street Car.

LAFAYAETE, Ind., Dec. 11.—Oliver Kelly, aged twenty-four years, clerk in H-worth's drug store, dropped dead in a street car yesterday morning, while on his way to work. There was no one in the car at the time, and the driver found him lying dead on the floor. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of death.

Sion S. Bass Post Officers.

The following were elected officers of Sion S. Bass past last evening:

Post commander—James Peltier.

Senior vice commander—George D. Adams.

Junior vice commander—Colonel J. W. Whittaker.

Chaplain—Henry Brown.

Quartermaster—H. O. Crosby.

Officer-of-the-Day—John Soliday.

Officer-of-the-Guard—L. O. Leach.

Delegates to the Encampment—Frank Alderman, C. A. Zollinger, Henry Zollinger, C. Thurman, Frank Weldon, C. Griswold, A. M. Darroch, G. D. Adams and M. M. Thompson.

Alternates—J. Dawkins, John A. Soliday, Jasper Edsall, H. B. Woolsey, James B. White, George Brown, Theo. Bley, Geo. Nate and Christ Hettler.

Congressman-elect Baker on His Muscle.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 11—Hon. Jehu Baker, congressman from the Eighteenth Illinois district, and who defeated Wm. R. Morrison, pleaded guilty before Justice Leidart, at Belleville, last Thursday, to the charge of assault and battery on a reporter and was fined $50 and costs. It was an election quarrel.

Diseased Indiana Cattle in Texas.

DALLAS, Dec. 11.—About a month ago Curry & Huston, of Connersville, Ind., sold at auction a herd of Jersey heifers, they imported, to Dallas stockmen. Two days ago a number of herds near the city, with some of the purchased [illegible]

SERVE THE LORD.

The Lord Jesus Kindly Says: "If Any Man Open the Door, I Will Come In and Sup With Him, and He With Me."

"And a voice in the heart of His silence saith—
One day, ye shall understand."

Go some where to church.

Read Talmage's sermon. It will do you good.

Let every parent and every child read the article headed "Our Young Men."

The union revival services of the M. E. churches will continue at the Wayne street church next week.

Third Presbyterian church. Morning theme: "Abraham's Wife, or Bible Womanhood;" evening, "The Mighty God In Love With the Sinner."

Preaching at the usual hour at the Second Presbyterian church, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., by Rev. W. C. Herrendeen, of Chicago Sabbath school at 2 p. m. All are welcome.

Services at the Simpson M. E. church to morrow. Rev. J. T. Noegel, the evangelist, will conduct the service in the evening. Regular revival services will continue through the week.

Regular services at the parlors of the R. R. Y. M. C. A., on the Sabbath, at 2:30 p. m., standard time. Do not fail to be present. These meetings are very interesting. All men are welcome.

Trinity M. E. church, north side. Services in the morning by Messrs. Seaman and Pittinger, from the college. In the evening, song service at 6:30; preaching at 7 o'clock by Dr. C. B. Stemen.

Rev. L. W. Munhall, of this state, is rapidly coming to the front as an earnest christian worker. He has been engaged to commence a protracted meeting in Talmage's church, Brooklyn, beginning with the new year.

You are warmly invited to come to the First Presbyterian church to-morrow. Strangers always welcome. Morning service commences at 10.45 and evening service at 7.30. Sabbath school at 9.30 a. m. Come.

A number of christian workers from the three Presbyterian churches meet every Saturday evening for prayer in the Second Presbyterian church lecture room. The meeting this evening will be led by Mrs. D. B. Wells.

Come to the Baptist church promptly at 7:30 o'clock to-morrow evening and you will secure a good seat. The chorus choir numbers sixty voices. Attendants at the service will receive a printed slip with the hymns to be sung.

You are invited to worship with us at the Congregational church on the morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Subjects: "The Lost—Have we any of Them Left?" and "Knowledge of Truth—How Acquired." J. C. Cromer pastor.

Life is a burden imposed upon you by God. What you make of it that it will be to you. Either a millstone around your neck, or a diadem on your brow. Take it up bravely, bear it on joyfully, lay it down triumphantly. —*Gail Hamilton.*

The prayer meeting of the Young People's society of the Baptist church occurs Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock and will be led by Mr. W. S. Harrison, who urgently requests his friends and the public to come and enjoy a season of prayer and praise.

You are cordially invited to attend divine service at Grace Reformed church, East Washington street. Rev. T. J. Bacher, the pastor, will preach at 10:30 a. m. on "The First Deposit of Grace." In the evening at 7:30, "Landmarks of Faith." Come and welcome.

At the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow there will be service at 10:30 by the evangelist, Rev. R. E. Hudson, of Alliance, Ohio. Sunday school at 2 o'clock. Union revival service at 7:30. Let all the people attend. Free seats, splendid music, earnest workers, and a hearty welcome.

Trinity church, Rev. W. N. Webbe, rector. Morning service at 10:30 a. m. Offertory solo by Mr. D. S. Griffith. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. At this service the order adopted by the late general convention will be used for the first time. Solo and duet during the offertory by Miss Hinks and Miss Burdick. Sunday school at 2 p. m. All are cordially invited.

Let every church in Fort Wayne commence the beginning of the New Year with a protracted meeting. Let the Lord's work be pushed forward in a more active manner by our ministers and we will guarantee that our city will soon contain more earnest and zealous workers for the Lord. Our Methodist brethren have already started the christian ball a rolling and we look for great results from them. Let other churches fall in line.

Berry Street M. E. church, Rev. D. [illegible] The celebrated [illegible] evening the Wayne and Berry street congregations will unite in the union revival services at the Wayne Street M. E. church. Class meeting at 9 a. m. Sunday school at 2:15 p. m. Church corner of West Berry and Harrison streets.

PASTORAL LETTER.

The Methodist Ministers Issue the Following Epistle to the Faithful of Fort Wayne.

The Methodist Episcopal churches of our city are now engaged in union revival services.

That there may be a successful meeting and many precious ones brought to the cross, permit the following kind suggestions:

Attend every service, if possible.

Take seats in front; sit near together.

Endeavor every day to invite some one to attend the meeting.

Pray in secret once a day for the success of the meeting.

Try to bring at least one soul to Christ.

Each day speak to some one about his soul's interest.

Take part in every servicee if time and opportunity are given.

Let none hear you idly saying,
There is nothing I can do,
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you;
Take the task He gives you, gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly, when He calleth,
Here am I, send me, send me."

Yours, in Christian work,

C. W. LYNCH,
Presiding Elder of Fort Wayne district.

D. C. WOOLPERT,
Pastor Berry Street M. E. Church.

F. G. BROWNE,
Pastor Wayne Street M. E. Church.

A. T. BRIGGS,
Pastor Simpson M. E. Church.

L. H. MURLIN,
Pastor Trinity M. E. Church.

Services are now being conducted in the Wayne Street M. E. church every night.

A FEW WORDS

With the Railroad Boys—One of their Number Shows How They Can Be Lifted Up.

P. M. Arthur, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive engineers, at the reception tendered the brotherhood in New York city, October 25th, among other things said: "We can clasp hands with the Young Men's Christian Association in their work. While they do not go to the railroad companies and tell them what wages they should pay, they are engaged in the grand work of lifting men; and when you lift a man, no matter what his occupation is, he will be a better railroad man, and any association that has this object in view and seeks to accomplish that work, I say, is worthy of the support of every honest man and woman in the land. I am glad to know that God has put it in the minds of the railroad managers to establish reading rooms where any one, engineer or other employe, is at liberty to spend his leisure hours, and may find interesting reading matter, games and amusements of every good kind. How much better that is than to force them to find amusement elsewhere as they used to do long ago. In those days if you wanted to find a railroad man—you needn't get angry if I tell you the truth—where would you find him? Let us be honest; you could always find him in the liquor saloons. These are facts. There is little of that kind, I say, going on now. There may be here and there isolated cases, but they are the exceptions, not the rule, whereas twenty-five years ago it was the rule, and I know it to be a fact. I know that these reading rooms, established by the railroad managers in different parts of this country are doing a grand work.

"I would urge upon young men who are employed upon our railroads to strive to be men, and I want to say that notwithstanding we have good men in our organization, I wish I could say that every man was a Christian man, because I regard that as the highest type of manhood."

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—The weather indications are as follows:

Indiana, fair weather, followed by rain or snow, slightly warmer.

Michigan, rain or snow, nearly stationary temperature.

A stranger tried to commit suicide on Locust street at noon, but the people drove him away while his face was blue from inhaling a drug.

Mr. Henry E. Fisher, of the *Staats Zeitung*, took out his first and second papers to-day and was admitted to full citizenship.

"When some deep and immedicable wound" takes your breath away send for Salvation Oil.

"When the swallows homeward fly," [illegible]

FOR $125,000.

A Big Firm, With Mills in Indiana and Kentucky, Fails.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 11.—The business public was startled to-day by the announcement of the failure of Jno. and W. F. Howe & Co., manufacturers of blankets, flannels &c, and commission merchants at 130 West Pearl street. They made an assignment to J. Chanderler Harper. Their estimeted liabilities are $125,000. Assets nearly the same, but claiming they shall be able to pay 100 per cent. They are the owners of the Carrollton woolen mills at Carrollton, Ky., and the Madison woolen mills at Madison, Ind.

A BIG FIRE.

A Michigan Woolen Mill, Valued at $180,000, Burned.

CLINTON, Mich., Dec. 11.—The extensive woolen mills of this village burned this morning. Loss, $180,000. The building was lighted by gas made from gasoline. The pipe had burst, filling one room with gas. Eddie Coddling, a boy, went into the room with a lantern and an explosion followed. The boy was badly burned but was rescued alive. Ed Hutchinson, a corder, jumped from the window and had his leg badly hurt. Insurance, $39,000.

PATRIOTS.

Military Heroes Exchange Greetings at the White House.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—The president, although suffering from rheumatic pains in his knees, was able to resume his official routine to-day. He received an unusually large number af visitors in the forenoon, including members of the Gabriel R Paul post, G. A. R., of New Jersey, now on a visit to this city. As the Grand Army men were filing out of the east room Generals Sherman and Sheridan, who had just concluded a visit to the president in his private office, descended the stairway and were immediately recognized by many veterans. The two eminent generals stood in the hallway and shook hands and exchanged familiar greetings with the G. A. R. men as they passed out.

GOVERNOR GRAY

Very Mildly Crushes a Fort Wayne Correspondent.

"I don't often take public notice of what some of the party papers say about me," said Governor Gray to an Indianapolis *News* reporter yesterday morning, "but there was a statement in yesterday's *Journal* that was so rediculously false that it possibly needs attention. A Fort Wayne writer says, in relation to the senatorial contest between Mr. Eli Brown and I. B. McDonald, that, as the first named is a supporter of mine, I have refused to issue a certificate of election to his opponent. Anybody that knows anything about such matters knows that I haven't any more to do with issuing certificates of election to senators than you have. They are issued by the clerk of the county, or by the sheriff if there is more than one county in the district. I absolutely have nothing to do with it. Besides that, I don't know that Mr. Brown intends to contest the seat, as is charged, and I don't suppose he does."

THE DEATHS.

Sixteen People Summoned to Give an Account of Their Stewartship.

The following is the list of deaths since our last report:

Henrietta Smith, aged 10 days, exhaustion.

Michal Kimmel, 66 years, paralysis.

Child of Frank Wisemantel, 1 day, exhaustion.

Mary Ann Reinhold, 31 years, consumption.

Gabriel Teurnier, 66 years, dropsy.

Maria T. DeWald, 8 years, dropsy.

Lottie M. Scheid, 3 years, croup.

Sam W. Miller, 22 years, railroad accident.

James W. Ryan, 53 years, rupture of a blood vessel.

Getrude Miller, 6 years, inflammation of the bowels.

Agnes Brown, 21 years, consumption.

Celia W. Pond, 37 years, consumption.

Oscar Simons, 53 years, suicide.

Caroline Hoeppner, 49 years, lung fever.

John C. Laemle, 28 years, dropsy.

Carl Poehler, 78 years, dropsy of the heart.

Telegrams announcing the death of Mr. O. A. Simons were sent to President McCullough, of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railroad company, to Superintendent Metheany and Auditor [illegible]

HEADQUARTERS

— FOR —

FOOT WEAR!

— AND —

LOWEST PRICES.

Actually Leaped into

POPULARITY

Because of such PRICES as these:

Men's Heavy Artics, $1.00.

Men's Rubber Boots, all sizes, $1.85.

Men's Felt Boots, $1.00.

Ladies' Warm Felt Slippers, 35c.

Ladies' Kid Button, Glove Tops, $1.00.

Ladies' Rubbers, 25c.

Little Boys' Boots, 7, 8, 9 and 10s, 50c.

Brooks & Reynold's Best Oil Pebble Goat Button, $2.00; regular price, $3.00.

EVERYTHING AT

BOTTOM PRICES!

CHEAPEST

SHOE STORE

IN INDIANA.

Massachusetts Shoe Co.

Next to Meyer Bros. Drug Store

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1886.

THE STYLES.

Some of the Very Latest Decrees of the World of Society.

A GLANCE AT THE FASHIONS.

Including Many of the Minor Accessories Which Make or Mar Otherwise Complete Toilets.

Gloves.

Black kid gloves promise to be in very general use for even the most dressy toilets. They are without ornament save plain stitching, are very long and in mousquetaire style. There are elegant new gloves in pearl shades with heavy black stitching, also pale straw and biscuit shades with black. While undressed kid gloves are preferred in Paris to those that are finished, they do not obtain the same degree of favor here. Many ladies object seriously to the feeling of undressed kid and will not wear it under any circumstances. It does not retain its shape as well as dressed kid, and is not nearly so durable.

Bracelets.

Bracelets are shown in great variety and in some unique and elegant styles. All strictly fashionable bracelets are either in narrow flexible bands or hoops of slender wire. There are no broad bands of rigid metal in the novelty cases, the genaral effect being light and delicate rather than strong or durable, although as a matter of fact these slender bracelets are the more durable of the two styles. There are some very pretty checker-board patterns in emeralds and diamonds, also in rubies and diamonds. A choice bracelet shows a very large black pearl and a diamond, set one on each end of a hoop of gold. The ends pass each other so that when on the arm the two gems are side by side. A fine bracelet of beaten gold is set with very large fresh-water pearls.

Bonnets and Hats.

Nothing is more mysterious than a bonnet, says the New York *Telegram*. It is apparently so easy to construct, and yet the slightest turn of a fold or loop of ribbon will make or mar the effect. While a preference is given some shapes, anything is fashionable, and the chief aim is to have something becoming. A very simple, yet pretty, bonnet is of black velvet. Two flat steel ornaments completely cover the crown. A large fold of velvet, lined with gray silk, is plaited against the front, the ends forming wings. The strings are of heavy ribbon, of the shade of the silk, and are folded across the back. A large round felt hat has a double-faced brim, the under side corresponding in color with the high peaked crown. To the right of the front three-inch ribbon is fastened with small pearl-headed pins. From this point it is carried to the top of the crown on the left side, and made into a large bow, the loops mingling with five heavy tips in shaded colors to match the left.

War on the High Hat.

Now that war has been declared on the high hats worn at the theaters, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, good tactics would suggest some graceful way for the fair enemy to retreat. This may be done by giving a description of a few very l[illegible]ming theater caps or scarfs which can easily be carried in the hand or pocket, taking up no more space than a handkerchief. Escorts will readily be found who are willing to take charge of these precious trifles which are not crushed in carrying, and can be adjusted either in the lobby or after taking one's seat. A very pretty capote can be made in this way. One corner of a triangular scarf of pink cashmere is either cut off or turned underneath for about eighteen inches, and this bias edge or fold is laid over a stiff piece of cape lace five inches wide and long enough to go around the face. A band of garnet velvet or a rich lace is laid upon this foundation about one inch from the edge, and two rows of large pearl beads furnish a face trimming showy enough for any theater. Dainty scarfs of cashmere or surah, of any soft and becoming tint, with ruffles of Spanish lace about the face are also exceedingly dressy, and wearing these is a commendable step toward the foreign custom of removing the hat and letting the hair handsomely dressed be the only ornament for the head. If escorts will express approval and encourage this sensible innovation the war on hats will be virtually ended.

Tea Gowns and Fans.

This seems to be the season when tea gowns are in request, says the Philadelphia *Record*. Many wear them for home dinners. Why they should be called tea gowns it is impossible to conceive. A bed gown would be more appropriate when you take into consideration the loose, falling-to-pieces look they give to the wearer. However, people will wear them, and consequently they must be written about. A new one just from Paris is of chaudron plush, with a pinky tinge in the red. It was rather long-waisted at the back, with heavy gathers, three large buttons [illegible] the waist. It had a jacket [illegible] the side, with wave fronts. It was lined with blue, and a narrow plaiting of the blue just showed occasionally when the wearer moved. This lace was the new Aquitaine point, the pattern thick and heavy.

A dark-green satin had the edge of the pointed bodice outlined with cord; the front was pink, but the green satin down the sides had handsome galloons of green beads, and puffings of pink appeared at the edge of the basque.

A less costly gown was made of light-blue cashmere, with a deep puff to the elbow of the sleeves, the rest of the arm covered with black velvet; a collar of the velvet and mitered straps of the same to keep the fullness in its place at the back and front.

A petunia plush had a front of light-peach silk, veiled with black esprit lace, curving in tiny plaits from the waist and allowed to flow. The tea gown which most resembled an ordinary dress was a golden-brown terry ottoman, fitting the figure closely, velvet covering the front breadth.

A tea gown made in figured nun's veiling, porcelain blue on cream, opened over a soft porcelain silk, the sleeves cut on the cross. A Watteau plait appeared at the back, which was part and parcel of the ruff, the same piece forming also the revers in front. A girdle of metal chain-work confined the fullness at the waist.

A very exquisite brocade of a large Venetian pattern in gold and white was made with a Watteau plait, so arranged that it could be dropped to the waist and there simply added to the drapery, and the back of the bodice was complete without it. The fullness of the front drapery was so planned that bodice and skirt were in one, the material uncut falling in indescribable cross-way folds.

There is quite a distinction between fans used in the summer and those that appear in winter. The former are usually light and simple. Feathers do not seem appropriate for day use. But as fans are seldom used at this season of the year except for evening, feathers are not only appropriate but also beautiful. This year the stiff quills of the swan have been dyed to suit the color of the dress, and consequently are very popular. But the new fans, destined specially for the use of young ladies, are provided in gauze to match the color of the toilet, and besprinkled all over the surface or in a series of lines with spangles of silver, steel, or moonlight, according to the taste of the purchaser. For the wealthy there are no lack of the costly lace fans, in which diamonds are introduced as monograms. Some of the newest transparent black lace fans have a cascade of black lace on the outer rib, fastened here and there with diamond brooches, so that, if possible, they are rather prettier closed than when open. The lyre-shaped fans with pearl handles are very popular, and the feathers employed for them are very beautiful, especially the tufted marabout.

Among the popular styles in the folding fans are those made of gauze mounted on ivory or wood sticks. Some of these are hand-painted in artistic sketches, flowers, landscapes, birds, or figures, and a combination of all. Crepe lisse folding fans showing nearly all the combinations in the summer-dress goods, handsomely embroidered, are among the novelties. A special novelty in Japanese folding fans is shown in painted crape. The mount has gold or silver figures in bright colored designs on the crinkly surface of the crape, and the effect is very pretty. Flat Japanese fans of embroidered silk, with the embroidery alike on both sides, are very handsome. There are also fans of similar material with odd-shaped frames that form the mount into a shallow bowl-shaped surface.

Fashion Fancies.

Black silk stockings are very stylish with red shoes.

In Paris most of the bonnets are worn without strings.

Beads and bugles find a place on all manner of garments this season, beginning with bonnets and gloves and ending with shoes and stockings.

The new burnt-ivory ornaments are very fashionable for buttons, buckles, and brooches. Some exquisite carving is seen in the lately-imported trifles.

Silver filigree jewelry is again becoming popular. Some of the pieces are very handsome, made of fine wire so as to resemble net or lace work. Butterflies, flowers of all kinds, and lace bows are arranged for head ornaments. There are also necklets, lace pins, bracelets, and various other kinds of ornaments in this work.

Something entirely new has been recently imported, comprising long panels and fronts for skirts, with bretelles for bodices, in jets and jewels. These passementeries surpass anything ever before manufactured in this line, and are marvelously rich and beautiful; but, alas! can only be secured by those having large bank accounts.

Evening fans of gauze, hand-painted and with carved ivory sticks, are among the novelties. They have feather tips made of ostrich plumes turned into a circle. The combinations of color and material, as well as the designs, are exceedingly tasteful and elegant. Ostrich-feather fans are shown in new and attractive designs. There are fewer fancy-feather fans than were shown last season, the ordinary form of closing fan being generally preferred.

A late fancy in pretty and expensive trifles consists of a small mirror within a golden case, to be suspended from the waist by a chain four inches long. The case closes with a spring, and may be of plain gold or antique silver, or may be elaborately enameled or jeweled, according to the fancy or the [illegible] of the purchaser's purse. One

WOMAN.

A Budget of Entertaining Gossip Relating to the Tender Sex.

FEMININE CHARACTERISTICS.

Matters Sober and Statistical, with a Spice of Humor, Prepared Specially for Our Fair Readers.

Allowances Must Be Made.

A Scotch lady, at her daughter's wedding, was asked by an old friend whether she might congratulate her on the event. "Yes, yes," replied the mother, "upon the whole it is very satisfactory. It is true Jeanie hates her good man, but then there's always a something!"

A Sad Death.

Mrs. Hendricks—You remember young Mr. De Lyle, who was so much in love with that Smith girl?

Mrs. Bennington—Yes. It was said that her refusal nearly broke his heart.

Mrs. Hendricks—He is dead.

Mrs. Bennington — Indeed! How dreadful it is. I suppose he just wasted away?

Mrs. Hendricks—No; he was run over by a circus wagon.—*New York Sun.*

The Count Waltz.

"My dear," she said, as he finally laid down his newspaper, "how did your last deal in wheat come out?"

"Lost about $20,000," he growled.

"Why, you said you were sure of making $50,000?"

"So I was, but I didn't."

"That's a downright shame! You know that Nellie is to marry Count Italiani, and that he wants $20,000 for his title."

"Can't help that."

"Well it's awful mean. Nellie is waiting for her count and her count is waiting for his money, and here you drop $20,000 as if your daughter's happiness was the last thing to be thought of. I don't believe you have a father's heart in you!"

The Wealthiest Woman in Ohio.

While I was in Cincinnati recently, says a correspondent of the New York *World*, I rode out one day past the beautiful residence of Mrs. George Ward Nichols, whose husband died a short time since. It is on the Grandin road, East Walnut Hills, near the old homestead of Joseph Longworth, who was the largest real estate owner in Cincinnati and a very rich man. He died a year or two ago and left Mrs. Nichols a great fortune. She is said to be the wealthiest woman in Ohio. Her income is estimated at $200,000. She and her brother, Nicholas Longworth, inherited the bulk of Joseph Longworth's fortune. She had another brother, Dr. Lang Longworth, who died about five years ago. He was a very estimable gentleman. She and Nicholas Longworth are the only surviving children, and she is the younger of the two. She is about 35 years old, of small stature, and pleasant manner, but she was never beautiful. She is the founder and proprietress of the Rockwood Pottery, which is celebrated throughout both Europe and America on account of the exquisite work turned out there. The pottery craze that seized the country some years ago finally focused itself on Cincinnati and has remained firmly lodged there ever since. Every form of art in Cincinnati is subordinated to decorative pottery, and there are more accomplished amateurs in this line in that city than there are in all the other American cities combined. It is almost as essential to a woman's good standing in society in Cincinnati that she should know, or profess to know, something about working in potter's clay as that she should keep apace with the fashions in the matter of her personal attire. This state of things has been brought about mainly by Mrs. Nichols. She is a very intelligent and energetic lady, and seeks some constant employment. She works at the Rockwood Pottery every day from 8 till 1 o'clock, and is very deeply absorbed in the improvement of the wares turned out by the establishment. Her works find ready sale in New York, the principal agency of which is at a house of such eminent standing as Tiffany's.

The Woman of Influence.

In these days one is certainly impressed with the prominence of literature as a sphere for the woman of influence. When we think of the thousands of high schools and academies throughout the land in which, next graduation-day, some maiden in white will read an essay on "The Genius of George Eliot," we may well say, with Rufus Choate: "After all, a book is the only immortality." And surely the reader is impressed with the way in which a young woman's genius, even if not of the very highest order, may retain its hold after her death, on seeing the late statements of Mr. Routledge, the great publisher of cheap books in England, as to the continued demand for Mrs. Heman's poetry. In the last generation the pure and melodious muse of this lady had great reputation; the first American editor to speak of her popularity was Prof. Andrews Norton, father of the present Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, and one of the most cultivated critics of his day. Now comes Mr. Routledge and gives the figures as to his sales of the different poets in the year ending June 12, 1885. First comes Longfellow, with the extraordinary sale of 6,000 copies; then we drop to Scott, with 3,170; Shakespeare, 2,500; Byron, 1,500; purchasers, Cowper 800, and all others less; Shelley had 500, and Keats but 40. Of course this is hardly even an approximate estimate of the comparative popularity of these poets, since much would depend, for instance, on the multiplicity or value of rival editions; but it proves in a general way that Mrs. Hemans holds her own, in point of readers, fifty years after her death. What other form of influence for man or woman equals this?

Yet there may be other modes of action. That of Florence Nightingale, for instance, modestly vindicating a woman's foresight against the dullness and red tape of a whole War Department; and returning from the most superb career of public service that ever woman had, with ruined health, but with such universal love and reverence from the Crimean army that a statue would have been erected to her by a penny subscription had she not refused it. That of Clara Barton, or Dorothea Dix, or Mary Livermore, or Jean Lander, or Mother Bickerdyke, in our own civil war. That of many a worker in the Associated Charities of our large cities; or of those special organizations which were almost always carried on, thirty years ago, under the official leadership and treasurership of men, but which have been steadily falling more and more, during that period, into the hands of women. That of many a woman of society, so called, who recognizes in "society" itself a sphere for conscientious duty—so that the tone of a whole town or city may sometimes be said to be kept up or let down according as the leading "society woman" is a person of character or a doll. That of many a woman in some log cabin on the frontier, whose "society" consists in a dozen children of her own and perhaps two or three more taken in from charity: the woman who, nameless and noteless, maintains that average quality among our American people that can always be relied upon to send from obscurity a Lincoln or a Grant in time of imminent need. Beyond all these, perhaps, in total influence, ranks the great army of women teachers, spreading their unseen and daily labors through every school district from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate; smoothing the waste places, equalizing all our civilization, doing the most for the poorest; and again, in the upper regions of education, rising into the work of such missionaries of the highest training as Mary Lyon in the past, or Alice Freeman in the present. Compared with these, how petty seem the little struggles for position and etiquette.—*Col. T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar.*

WHAT $120 DID IN A COTTAGE.

Thirty-one dollars went into the sitting room and never came out; $18 sat down round in the form of rattan rockers, two painted in cherry and interwoven in the back and arms in pink with tissue paper rolled tightly, two in black, with yellow, and two in the original, with blue: $5 lay on the floor in golden-brown and seal-checked matting; $4 looked very cheery in 49-cent yellow China pongee, hung with small brass rings on a bamboo cane, covering a number of shelves, on which were the the light novels of the day; 75 cents dropped into the carpenter's hand when the last nail was driven in a tete-a-tete, and $2.00 looked radiant in its light-flowered, cretome-covered cushion; $1 in two gilded kitchen stools, gayly decorated at the top of each leg with different shades of tissue paper.

In the dining-room $8 was metamorphosed into eight pine chairs, varnished with white varnish, which, with a cushion, each covered with a different share of China pongee silk, and tied to the legs with a pretty bow, looked well worth the money; $6 appeared very substantial in a dinner-table; $1.50 in a leather lambrequin, around a wide shelf, cheaply does the service of a buffet, and seemed proud of the family silver; $2.60 in 2½-cent cheese-cloth and lace, used as sash draperies in all the windows, gave a clean cottage prettiness to the whole house; $16 in an ivory-white painted bedroom set, lighted up the cherry-stained walls and floor of the first bedroom; the opposite room appeared cool and sweet, with its walls of baby blue and a $16 set of the same hue. The golden-brown and seal matting 31½ cents per yard left $25 to skip into the next room and be changed into an ash-stained set and cherry-colored matting.

When the summer came around the boys of the family shouted with joy, "Hurrah for the Thousand Islands!" The girls danced with glee, and the proud father called from the deck of the boat, as he waved his hand in farewell to his friend on the shore, "Come up and see us now, Robert, in our island home." The friend enviously muttered under his teeth, but he never knew that the "Island Home" only cost $620 to build and furnish.—*Decorator and Furnisher.*

AN HONEST DEBATOR.

"Ten cents, sir!"

"W-what for?"

"For that sandwich you have just eaten."

"Why, but excuse me, my dear fellow—indeed, sir, I can't pay you for that. I am surprised that you should request it. It would be a very great wrong for me to pay you for that sandwich!"

"You rascal, you, what do you mean! What excuse can you offer for cheating me out of my money in this fashion? Perhaps you can tell me why it would be wrong to pay an honest restaurant-keeper ten cents for one of his best sandwiches?"

"It would be a gross injustice to my other creditors, sir. My liabilities are already enormous, and my assets are scarcely nothing. I am owing $60,000 to different [illegible] and corporations

THE JUVENILES.

Entertaining and Instructive Stories for the Little Ones.

WHAT A SISTER SACRIFICED.

"Put to the Test," or How Faith Encouraged Her Little Brother to Study—Odd Tricks.

Put to the Test.

Such an outcry was heard in the dressing-room of the school one morning, when Faith Jewett took off her hat! There seemed to be nothing amiss with the sweet face and neat dress; but, looking more critically, you could not help noticing that the soft, golden hair was brushed smoothly away from the broad forehead, without even a suspicion of crimp or frizz. May Carter, whose hair was banged even to her aristocratic eyebrows, was the first to make audible her surprise.

"What a fright you are, Faith!" she said. "What is the matter?"

Faith seemed not to care: she only laughed merrily and said, "I've renounced frizzes and bangs, girls; but I can't tell you why; it's quite useless to ask me."

"Is it a vow?" asked one.

Faith laughed and again refused to answer a single question. Only her mother and brother Hugh knew the secret she kept from even her dearest friend; but had you been in Mr. Jewett's pleasant sitting-room the evening before, you would have known all about it. Faith and Hugh were there alone, occupied with the morrow's lessons, when Hugh, with a yawn, closed his books and threw himself on the lounge by Faith's side.

"Oh, Hugh!" said Faith, "you haven't learned your lesson so soon, have you?"

"I guess so," answered Hugh, lazily. "It's a great bore, anyway."

Faith scarcely heard him, so absorbed was she in examining a school report which fell from the table.

"Hugh," she exclaimed, in dismay, "how low you are! Almost at the foot of your class! How can you be so lazy?"

"I don't care," said Hugh. "What difference does it make?"

"Father and mother care, and so do I."

"Pooh!" replied Hugh, reaching out his hand and pulling the fluffy hair that nearly shaded her eyes; "you care more for your frizzes than you do for your brother."

"You know better!" was the indignant reply. "I'd willingly wear a cap if I could see you at the head of your class again."

Hugh laughed in a most incredulous way, saying, "I've a good mind to try you, my loving sister. I have it!" he continued. "If you will comb your hair straight back to-morrow, I'll study two hours in the evening."

"Only one day?" asked Faith, faintly.

"Any day. I'll study two good, honest hours any evening after you have done as I say."

Faith's thoughts flashed back to Hugh's grammar-school record; she remembered his ambition, his interest in lessons, and his pride in the high standing he usually maintained; she had great confidence in his ability, and knew that his idle habits and lack of interest were sources of anxiety to his father and mother. Her hesitation caused Hugh to say, mockingly: "How much she does love her dear brother! She'd wear a cap and spectacles if he would only study!"

"I'll do it to-morrow, Hugh," she said, quietly.

"I doubt it, sis," laughed Hugh; "won't she look fine, though, with that 'brow of Jove' standing out in all its prominence?"

A flush crept over Faith's face as she thought how very unbecoming it would be, but she only said: "I must tell mother, Hugh."

"Of course," was the reply; "and she won't let you make such a guy of yourself. Mind, it must be combed right over back, so, and braided closely."

"I understand," answered Faith, cheerfully.

Faith was late at breakfast the next morning, and when she took her seat at the table Hugh's exclamations drew attention to the smooth, neatly-braided hair. Her mother's encouraging smile enabled her to bravely bear jokes and laughter, and no one guessed the trial this little sacrifice cost her. Hugh was true to his promise, and faithfully, though with many a yawn and groan, spent the allotted time with his books. Day after day passed, bringing no change to the unbecoming arrangement of Faith's hair; she thought Hugh's uncomplimentary remarks almost cruel sometimes, but she could bear all patiently as she saw him gradually become so absorbed in his lessons that he sometimes forgot to notice the expiration of the hours of study. She could scarcely believe that a month had passed when Hugh came from school one day triumphantly waving his report. "Hurrah!" he cried, as his mother took the paper, "A No. 1! It's all your work, Fay; give us your hand!" and Faith suddenly found herself whirling about the room with a rapidity that nearly took away her breath.

"You can't think how surprised they were at school," continued Hugh; "they cheered, master and all, but they don't know what a sister I have; I don't believe there's another girl in school who would make a fright of herself a whole month for love of her brother; I call that unselfish, don't you, mother?"

Hugh's appreciation of this little sacrifice [illegible] Faith [illegible] that he would fall again into idle habits.

Odd Tricks.

If you want to see curious sleight-of-hand performances, you must go to India. No jugglers in the world can compare with those who practice their curious art in that far-away land.

They have neither curtains nor tables, boxes, nor drawers, nor do they wear loose embroidered mantles with large sleeves, as western wizzards usually do. An Indian juggler is clothed only with a strip of muslin fastened around his body. His limbs are bare. He stands in an open courtyard without a tree, a grass-plot, or the shelter of a tent; and in the midst of a ring of spectators, all gazing at him with intense watchfulness, he calmly performs tricks which look like miracles.

For instance, he extends to you his empty hands. You see that there is nothing in them. He stoops down, picks up two or three pebbles, rubs his hands together and presently there is a shining silver rupee.

Again he shows you his bare hands, picks up the rupee, breaks it in two, or pretends to do so, and there are two coins. He breaks these again and again until he has ten or a dozen, and where the money has come from or where he had it hidden no mortal can tell.

The basket trick is a favorite and very mysterious one. The basket is shown you empty. It is turned upside down in your sight. You know perfectly that there is nothing beneath it; but the juggler sings a little song, "Mieow! mieow!" is heard; he lifts the basket and out jumps a cat. Sometimes, instead of "mieows" one hears the barking of a dog or the cooing of a dove, and one of these emerges instead of Madame Puss. More amazing still it is to see puss there by herself at one moment, and the next, on the lifting of the basket, to behold her the center of a happy family, kittens crowding by her side and a bird perched on her head. Sometimes a child is placed under the basket and the juggler dances wildly around it, thrusting long lances and knives into the bamboo until blood comes out and the spectators are horror stricken.

But just as they are ready to interfere, a merry laugh will be heard on the edge of the circle, and there will be the little one quite unhurt, and how he escaped from the basket, or where the red fluid which looked like blood came from, is not explained.

A French traveler saw a juggler set a large top spinning on the end of a stick, which he balanced on his forehead. The top then stopped revolving or went on at the word of command, just as if it had been alive. Some of the jugglers dance airily on a loosely-fastened rope, in their bare feet, and earthen jars on their heads. One of them was seen to walk along the rope without a misstep, although buffalo horns were tied to his feet.

I think you will agree with the general opinion that if you want to see really clever tricks you must go to India.—*Harper's Young Folks.*

DOCTOR AND PLUMBER.

By the way, I must tell you a story of a contretemps which proved a rather serious joke to that archjester, Mark Twain. It has never been put into print, I think, but comes from the best authority to me. Every one has heard of that house on Farmington avenue in Hartford which is so peculiar and picturesque that tourists go to see it aside from the interest attaching to the home of an American author. It is called a combination of Mark Twain and Queen Anne architecture, and is a most attractive and comfortable domicile. Some years ago, when Mr. Clemens was absent for several months from home, Mrs. Clemens, who is a lady of quiet tastes and a devoted mother, thought she perceived that her little girls were ailing. Filled with quick alarm she sent for the family physician, who, a prominent practitioner, had a large-sized bee in his bonnet, which was named "sewer gas." He told the lady that her darlings were doubtless suffering from malarial troubles, induced by imperfect drainage, and that the plumbing of the house was probably defective or out of repair. She was much alarmed and in a sad quandary in her husband's absence, the more so as she knew he had taken great pains to secure perfect sanitation in the household arrangements. Sending for a plumber, of course the rival of the man who put in the pipes, she asked him to make an examination. The good man was horror-stricken at the condition in which he said he found things. He condemned the whole system, and was given the contract to tear out and replace the plumbing and make secure the safety of the inmates of the house. Of course the expense was enormous, but the doctor said it was justifiable, and the plumber was righteously indignant at the man who originally did the job. About the time the change was completed Clemens arrived home and the wife flew to his arms with an account of their narrow escape from illness and perhaps death. It was then that the funny man arose in his wrath, and the manner in which he cursed gas, doctor, and plumber was said to have been an education in the comprehensive possibilities of the English language. The fact was, that in order to avoid possible danger, he had made his house to drain into the river that passes below his grounds, the pipes were not connected with any sewer, and the really fine work of the best plumber in town had been torn out and far poorer work put in, to ease the fond fears of a loving mother, carry out the whim of a too scientific physician, and add some $1,000 to the [illegible]

FUN.

When a dog is mad he generally travels at a very rabid rate.

Looking down on the vista of things to come—a dog gazing at a string of sausages.

"Carpets are lower than ever," says an advertiser. How can that be? They were on the floor before.

The comedy of life begins in the cradle, the drama at the altar, and the tragedy ends at the grave.

The cunning thief will enter a stable, purloin several sets of harness, and depart without leaving a trace.

Men generally commence to undress by pulling off their boots, women their hair. Many will say 'tis false.

If the son could pick up the dropped stitches from his sire's work, his own work would require but little unravelling.

When a friend points out your fault he arouses your anger. When an enemy does the same thing he gains your respect.

The difference between a poor angler and the fish he tries to catch is this: The angler baits his hook and the fish hooks his bait.

"It's a very funny thing," remarked Bass, meditatively. "I sat by the river all day with bated breath and never caught a thing.

Customer—Waiter, I don't think much of this chop! Waiter—You're the third gentleman as 'ave complained about that chop. I shall have to give it to one of our regular customers. (Takes it away.)

The best way to clean a chromo, Ethel, is to lay it to soak in turpentine over night, and then hang it before an open fire to dry. Hang it close, Ethel, hang it close. Push one corner under the grate a couple of inches.

Bertie—Mr. Schuyler, are you a very strong man? Schuyler—No, not so very strong, Bertie. Bertie—What did pa mean then when he told sister at the breakfast table to-day that he saw you with a heavy load on last night?—*Judge.*

Waiter (insinuatingly, after bringing customer's change)—Would you believe it, I've had three tips to-day? Customer (pleasantly)—Indeed? Three is a lucky number. Odd numbers are always lucky. Thank you for telling me. I'm not going to spoil your luck by making the number even. Good day.—*Boston Courier.*

Actor—I have just been reading the last issue of your paper, and I tell you candidly that I regard you as one of the greatest writers of this or any other age. Editor—Hold up, now. If you keep on talking that way I'll have to say in common decency that you are a good actor, and my conscience will not permit me to do so.—*Texas Siftings.*

Why is it that so many men love to sit in front of a livery stable on a summer evening? The odor isn't savory, yet there you will see certain men planked in chairs, tipped back against the wall, usually, night after night. It requires some dexterity to avoid running over them in driving in or out. They are somewhat elderly men for the most part, neatly dressed, and of very respectable appearance. Perhaps they are opulent and retired livery-stable keepers themselves, so irresistably attracted by the smell of the stable that they can't keep away.—*Texas Siftings.*

CHURNING SONG.

To and fro, to and fro, slowly swings the churn;
To and fro, to and fro, crimson roses burn;
Drowsy scarlet poppies sway,
Where the morning breezes play;
To and fro, to and fro waves the nodding fern;
O'er the clover, far away,
Laden bees and perfume stray,
Mingled with the catbird's lay;
To and fro, to and fro,
In the sunny glow.
Rocks a cradle to and fro (while the churn I swing);
In the maple, rocking slow, children of a king;
Monarchs of this castle fair,
Horsehair builded, hung in air;
Golden robins, to and fro, flash on vivid wing:
From the nest the young birds call.
Oak leaf shadows, soft and small,
Like the moment's footsteps fall;
To and fro, to and fro,
Swift they come and go.

—*Lillian M. Thompson, in Good Housekeeping.*

WHY THEY COULDN'T KEEP WARM.

"Talking about fast running," said the conductor of the fast mail out on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, "we make some daisy runs with this train when we get behind time. One day last winter we had trouble keeping the cars warm. The fires wouldn't burn worth a cent, and we nearly froze to death. Fire up the the best we could, we couldn't keep any heat in the durn stoves, an' what do you s'pose the trouble was? Well, sir, I'll tell you. Now, I don't believe in this lyin' bout such little things. I don't take no stock in these stories about travelin' thirty miles in twenty-four minutes. I don't know how fast we were going on the occasion I'm tellin' you abou', but the trouble with them 'ere stoves was the train was goin' so tarnal fast it made a draught in the flues strong enough to draw all the fire an' coal right up the chimneys. Yes, sir, instead of burnin' the durned coal just sailed up and disappeared as fast as we put it in the stove."—*Chicago Herald.*

QUITE PLAUSIBLE.

"Children!" spoke the Sunday-school superintendent, after he had finished reading the story about Jacob's ladder, "I will answer any question you may desire to ask about this remarkable dream of Jacob's ladder."

"Well, sir," asked a little boy, "what good was the ladder when the angels had wings?"

This seemed to be a poser, and the good superintendent to gain time pointed to another hand, and said:

"Jam[illegible] that question!"

SABBATH READING.

Spiritual Matters That Should Engage Your Serious Attention.

SOME BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

"The Humble Exalted," Showing the Means God Uses—A Moslem School in Syria—Near at Hand.

The Humble Exalted.

God chooses the humblest instruments. He passes by the tempests, and waters the fields and gardens with his imperceptible dew. He passes by the great elephant, and bestows the hues of sapphire and amethyst upon the tiny hummingbird. He passes by the lofty pine and huge elm tree, and lavishes blossom and perfume on the violet. All history teaches the same truth. Moses was the son of a poor Levite; Gideon was a thresher; David was a shepherd boy; Amos was a herdsmen; the apostles were ignorant and unlearned; Zwingle was a shepherd; Melancthon, the great theologian of the Reformation, was an armorer; Luther was the child of a poor miner; Fuller was a farm-servant; Carey, the originator of the plan of translating the Bible into the language of the millions of Hindostan, was a shoemaker; Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, was a lastmaker; Dr. Milne was a herd-boy; Adam Clarke was the son of Irish cotters; John Foster was a weaver; Jay, of Bath, was a herdsman; Dr. Livingston sat at the loom while he studied Greek. Last and greatest of all, Jesus of Nazareth was the despised and rejected of all men. He had not whereon to lay his head, yet to Him shall every knee bow of things in heaven and of things on earth.

A Moslem School in Syria.

Lately, the mother of three girls, through some influence brought to bear upon her by the Moslems, made a solemn vow that her girls should attend school no more, and sent them to their teacher. She told the children, "All you can do is to pray to God to change your mother's heart; and I will pray also."

They said they would; but added, "Mother cannot change now, because she has made a vow, and would have to pay a great deal of money to the Sheikh." Time passed on. Behold, one morning, there were the girls in their usual places. The teacher saw the elder one was very eager to tell her something, and gave her an opportunity.

Then she burst out, quite excited, "I know God hears prayers. Yes, I know; now I know. Every day I have been going to a quiet place at the top of the house and praying to God to make mother send us back, and this morning she said, 'You may go to school again.' Did you pray, teacher?" "Yes," said the teacher, "I was praying too." Now I know," said the child again.

Prayer had evidently become a reality to her little heart. Perhaps another member of the mission helped to get these children back, though unknown to us at the time. This was old Mousa, our gate-keeper. He is a Christian; and knowing the father, who sold fruit in the bazaars, had a talk to him about it, which did some good. It is pleasant to feel that even our servants are helpers to the work.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

Near at Hand.

It is stated that Howard spent his youth in dreams of heroic deeds and impossible ventures for the help and elevation of uncivilized nations. Being captured while at sea by a French privateer, his attention was drawn to the cruelties practiced on prisoners, and on his release he began an inspection of the jail in his native village. The reform he inaugurated spread throughout all the prisons in Europe. Charles Dickens, while a boy in Jones' school, was in the habit of writing romances for the amusement of his companions of the most vague and lofty character. His great fame came to him through his pictures of Mrs. Minns over the way, of the policemen, shop-boys, butchers, and cooks who came in his way in his daily walks in the streets of London. A middle-aged merchant in one of our large cities complained a couple of years ago that he had been thwarted in his true work in life.

"My hope was to carry Christianity and civilization to some heathen nation. Then I should not have lived in vain. But I have been anchored here inexorably."

"The heathen has come to you," said his friend, nodding to a Chinese laundryman, with his wooden shoes and pig-tail, who was passing.

The hint was taken. Mr. Blank went to Ah Sing's laundry and made a friend of him, persuaded him to come with four of his friends to his house, twice a week, to learn "Melican 'ligion." There are now nearly seventy Chinese men in a Bible class taught by Mr. Blank, of whom a large percentage are sincere Christians.

It is the habit of young and imaginative people to search the far horizon for their career, their work and rewards in life. Of one fact they may be sure, that when God has work for a man to do in the world, he puts it within his reach. The great authors and painters of all ages have earned success by depicting that which was most familiar to [illegible]. Here in our [illegible] trade, [illegible] place he is about his daily work. An humble work-woman taught an English shoemaker the happiness of a spiritual life. On the shoemaker's wall was a map, and the shoemaker looked at it at times while at work, and it conveyed to him the impression that the larger part of the world was ignorant of the inward light and joy that made of his life a psalm. The map haunted him night and day. It became an inspiration, and in the heart of this man English evangelical missions were begun. He is honored here, but we cannot doubt that the poor work-woman has her reward in being among those who, having turned many to righteousness, "shine as the stars."

Miss Alcott, whose own life has been very practical and useful in meeting the duties of her home and town, was once handed an autograph book, and asked to write a sentiment in it. She wrote, "Do the duty that lies nearest you." The thought recalls those simple but telling words of Scripture, "He first findeth his own brother Simon." But work for others does not end where it began; it is progressive; its influence grows, and is eternal.—*Youth's Companion.*

IMPORTANCE OF THE PERSIAN MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The young wife does not immediately assume the responsibilities of her position. Carefully tended as a bride for the first year of her wedded life, she willingly remains under the tutelage of her mother-in-law, if she have one, or if she be the daughter of a widow her mother usually accompanies her to her new establishment. Mothers-in-law have a better time in Persia than in some other countries. There they are regarded as the natural guardians of the inexperienced bride and the proper care-takers of the young mother and her infant offspring. From the mother-in-law are learned the arts of housekeeping. Under her eyes all purchases are made from the huckster or female peddler, for a visit to the bazaar by a young wife before she has blessed her husband with children would be considered a scandal among the upper, middle, or tradesman class. Only among the very poor or the villagers does the young wife, save on ceremonial occasions, leave the shadow of her husband's roof-tree during the first year of her marriage.

But the first year of wifehood has passed away, and relatives and friends have been summoned to celebrate the happy birth of a son or daughter. If the former, then indeed is the position of the wife a happy one. She receives the congratulations of her friends and acquaintances and holds high festival. Her husband dignifies her by the title of "Mother of Hassan," or whatever the little one's name may be, and from that day her own name is no longer used. If she is only blessed with a daughter, still she is not cursed with sterility, that terror of the Oriental woman; and she may hope that heaven may yet bless her with a son.

Consulted in all matters, the Persian wife is her husband's trusted confidant and counselor. "But she is veiled, the poor thing, closely veiled!" exclaims the pitying Englishwoman. Yes, she is veiled. And loath she would be to part with what she looks on as a distinction and a privilege. To her the veil is the badge of modesty and the token of respectability.

And has she any accomplishments, any education, or is she merely the mother of the children? These questions are easily answered. Many of the Persian middle-class women are highly educated, according to Oriental ideas. They read and often write poetry; they sing and play, as a rule, well, and are mistresses of all the arts of plain and fancy needlework; cooking is a second nature to them; pastry-making and confectionery are among their pleasures. The accomplishments of the poor ones are naturally of a more useful kind. They are good cooks and bread bakers; they make the clothes of the entire household; they often are able to add largely to the daily income by their knowledge of some business or trade, and none of them are idle.—*St. James Gazette.*

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

When news is dull and items scarce the city reporter always has one steadfast and reliable support to fall back on, a haunted house. No matter how often the old racket is worked it never fails of success. There has been no period in the world's history, probably, when a haunted house had not a peculiar and potent charm for the public. They revel in it, or would if the ghosts did not occupy it too exclusively with their own revels. Tell the public that a certain house was haunted and it may as well be, for the public henceforth will never believe otherwise. And after they have regarded it in that light for a while they indignantly resent an insinuation that there may be some mistake about it.

There are people who seem to have a penchant for living in haunted houses.

There is a fascination about it. They enjoy no sleep at night, on account of the pranks of their ghostly callers, and no repose during the day, because of the curious groups who are attracted there by the rumors of supernatural visitations. And yet they won't move, at least while the sensation lasts. They like the notoriety involved, and are perhaps soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust that, as it might be difficult to secure another tenant for a house reputed to be haunted, the landlord of the uncanny premises may continue to trust them for the rent.—*Texas Siftings.*

"YES, certainly," said a young man to an old bachelor uncle who was about to marry; "settle as much on your young [illegible] as you can, for her second husband,

THE RIBBON.

The Part It Has Played in History.

[Boston Traveller.]

A ribbon is a symbol. From the knot which burns in the turban of the Sybil to the simple bow of blue on the forehead of "La cruche casee," how ribbons reappear in art, in poetry, in history, or in legend! A ribbon fastened the crown of laurels around the brow of Cæsar; a ribbon sewn with pearl held the veil of Clotilde, the pious wife of Clovis. Chivalry fought for ribbons. Edith with her swan-like neck recognized her Harold on the field of Hastings by the scarf which she had embroidered for him. On the sword of the young warrior appears always the ribbon of his well-beloved. A blue ribbon fell from the knee of the Countess of Salisbury. It became the order of the garter. A red ribbon bound the curls of Mlle. de Fontanges. It was changed to the crown of a dutchess. A white ribbon made into a cockade on the hat of Henry IV. gained the battle of Ivry. Later on these ribbons, red, blue, and white, became the French colors, and went round the world as the "tricolor." The Renaissance is full of glorious ribbons, given, lost, and retained. In the history of past loves these little links remain when years have changed, and after portraits have been effaced by tears and kisses. Mary Stuart died for a black velvet ribbon, which she gave to Leicester, which he always wore. Elizabeth could not forgive that. Buckingham was assassinated for certain white satin ribbons with diamond tags—the dear and dangerous present of Anne of Austria. A rose and silver ribbon carelessly detached from the King's coat was found in the corsage of Mlle. de la Valliere; it betrayed their secret. Agnes said to Arnolphe: "He has taken the ribbon which you have given me." Perria Daudia cries out in "Les Plaideurs:" "Each of thy ribbons costs me a sentence." Behold the cross of St. Louis, dipped in the blood of the heroes of Steinkirk; what a glorious stained ribbon! The blood of the warrior has deepened and the sun of Austerlitz has faded the ribbon, the red from which hangs the cross of the Legion of Honor! No age cherished red ribbon like the eighteenth century. Is not that the age of Watteau, of lakes and moonlight, with lovers, shepherdesses covered with roses, white lambs led with blue ribbons? The age of Pompadour! For men the knot on the shoulder and the sword commemorated the tenderest superstitions of chivalry. The grand cordon of even the cross of the commander was secondary to the bow in his laces.

What a variety in ribbons. The Fontenoy, the Marie Antoinette, the Jean Jaques, the Estelle, the Heloise, the Chembia, the watered ribbon, the saith ribbon, the figured, the flowered, the brocaded, the Chinese, the American, the Turkish. The mourning ribbon comes last, tying the bonnet of the weeping widow or heart-broken mother. Massena marched to victory with a ribbon of Mme. Recamier, which she had taken from her ball-dress. He wrote to the beautiful giver: "This charming ribbon, given by Mme. Recamier, has been carried through many battles by the General Massena: it has always brought him victory." For a cockade Paris has been on fire six times; during the league, during the Frond, during the Revolution, under the Directoire, during the Hundred Days, in the Three Glorious Days, and to-morrow, perhaps. And Mussett, mingling war and pleasure, writes: "Happy he who can put the cockade in the cap of Minni Pluson." The ribbons of the Crimea and Italy ornament the uniforms of the gay dancers at balls. To-day we wear the ribbons of Tonquin at our fetes. It is our latest victory. After all, glory is not a vain work. We find our heroes of to-day so fascinated with the cross of the Legion of Honor that they are willing to dip the ribbon which fastens it in their blood. We bow before these young heroes who in an age of money-getting will give their youth, their pleasure, their life to defend their country, asking no other recompense than a bit of red ribbon. Like the men of the past, they will die for that little symbol which means: "It is sweet and pleasant to die for one's country."

SCIENTIFIC NONSENSE.

Floating on the current of newspaper literature is an item stating that if in the deep stillness one listens to a faintly-heard sound, like that of the ticking of a watch, it will be noticed that at irregular intervals the tones are wholly inaudible, while at other times they are distinctly recognized. The item also says that an Italian scientist has ascertained by experiments on different persons that the intervals of silence usually vary between seven and twenty-two seconds; while the periods of sound-perception are between seven and eleven seconds in duration with a maximum of fifteen. He also found that the variation was not due to extraneous sounds nor to the blood circulation or respiration, and concludes that it results from the inability to keep the attention for long periods at a sufficient degree of tension for the perception of faint sounds, or possibly to a variable physiological receptivity in the auditory nerves.

This is like much of the "scientific" information found in the columns of the daily papers, except that its statements are more easily disproved than those of items of its class are usually. It is true that sounds made by some machinery do vary in intensity or loudness; but it is also true that in the ticking of many watches and clocks no such rising and falling in sound can be detected. In my house are two clocks which exhibit the peculiarity mentioned, while the third clock and my watch do not [illegible] peculiarity of sound.

the other beat steadily and uniformly. Moreover, it is found that when one of the clocks "whispers," as the children call it, to one it whispers at that instant to all who may be listening. The "scientific" explanation of the variation in sound is that there are irregularities in the mechanicism too slight to seriously affect its usefulness, but great enough to affect the sound it makes.—*Chicago Times.*

HOW ONE SHOULD BATHE.

In a general way, it may be said that cold bathing is salutary when a vigorous habit exists; it is injurious when the general strength is too feeble to admit of reaction under its influence. It is also to be employed when the system is relaxed by indolent habits, sleeplessness, and mental unrest. During convalescence from fevers and tedious illnesses, its cautious use is productive of good results. Persons who "take cold" easily will find the daily bath of cold water a most effectual means of prevention. The corpulent need its tonic influence; the same may properly be said of the dyspeptic and those of the so-called bilious temperament.

Many who might prudently indulge in cold-water bathing do so at first with fear and trembling. But this reluctance can easily be overcome. To learn to regard it as a luxury one should begin with tepid water, lowering the temperature each day. A cold bath should always be of short duration. Its benefit is in the first impression made on the skin and nerves. The impression should always be sudden. The effect is then uniform. If the water is entered hesitatingly, the blood is driven from the lower extremities to the upper parts. The shower-bath is especially advocated for its sudden and general shock, and its application to the head. Very many lack the conveniences of bathing, and yet none can be denied sponge baths. These are easily applied and are a general luxury. The ancient theory that, after violent exercise, and while perspiring freely, the body should be allowed to cool before immersion is no longer accepted. It would certainly be judicious to exercise before bathing, the body's temperature being thus elevated and reaction after the application of cold insured.

The average duration of the bath should be from five to ten minutes for children, fifteen minutes for women, and but little longer for men. To delay much beyond these periods is a pernicious practice, inviting debility and injury. On leaving the water the body should be rubbed with a coarse towel until the skin is heated and reddened. Afterward a brief brisk walk should be taken. Those who feel weak and depressed would do well to take a cup of tea or coffee. More powerful stimulants should rarely be used.

After diving, or when the head has been submerged and the nasal passages are filled with water, bathers will frequently make violent expulsive efforts to clear them by closing first one nostril and then the other. The danger is that in so doing they sometimes force water from the back part of the passage up the tube to the middle ear, causing a "crackling sensation," and lay the foundation for catarrhal inflammation. By taking a deep inspiration, suddenly closing the mouth and expelling the air through the nose, it will be equally as effectual and the danger referred to obviated.

WOMEN RESPONSIBLE FOR WAR.

I for one would fain join in the cadence of hammer-strokes that should beat swords into plowshares, and that this cannot be is not the fault of us men. It is the fault of woman. Wholly hers. Only by your command or your permission can any contest take place among us. And the real reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe is simply that you women, however good, however religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pains of others. Now, I just tell you this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. I tell you more, that at whatever moment you choose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner. You know, or at least you might know if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many widows and orphans. We have none of us heart enough truly to mourn with them. But at least we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with these. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for His killed creatures. Your praying is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience enough in you for this. Let every lady in the upper class of civilized Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds she will wear black—a mute black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, or evasion into, prettiness, I tell you again, no war would last a week.—*Ruskin.*

TWO WAYS OF COURTING.

"So you are paying attention to the handsome Miss Dashaway, George? You're lucky. I was making attempts in that direction myself, but my wooing was a failure."

"Ah! indeed; how did you proceed with your wooing?"

"I told her I loved her."

"Yes."

"And asked her if she would have me."

"Yes."

"'Twas no good. What did you do?"

"Nothing. I simply treated her to [illegible]

GOSPEL IN HANDSHAKING.

Christian People Do Not Give Proper Encouragement to the Outcast Who is Willing to Return.

An Able Discourse by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

The text was Proverbs, xxiii. 35: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for something better, he said: "When shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by unradicated habit and forced down hill by his passions he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more."

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck: suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already gone astray, how is he to get back? That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this morning to such. There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear such a discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incarcerated. Now, if there be any in the house, come with an earnest purpose, yet feeling they are beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, and that the sermon can hardly be expected to address them, then, at this moment, I give them my right hand, and call them brother. Look up. There is glorious and triumphant hope for you yet. I sound the trumpet of gospel deliverance. The church is ready to spread a banquet at your return, and the hierarchs of heaven to fall into line of bannered procession at the news of your emancipation. So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are the obstacles of your return, and then how you are to surmount those obstacles.

The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier to go down than it is to go up, it is easier to do wrong than it is to do right. Call to mind the comrades of your boyhood days—some of them good, some of them bad. Which most affected you? Call to mind the anecdotes that you have heard in the last five or ten years. Some of them are pure and some of them impure. Which the more easily sticks to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed certain courses of conduct—some of them good, some of them bad. To which style of habit did you the more easily yield? Ah! my friends, we have to take but a moment of self-inspection to find out that there is in all our souls a force of moral gravitation. But that gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a soul fallen may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward heaven. Force of moral gravitation is in every one of us, but there is power in God's grace to overcome that force of moral gravitation.

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I do not believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication. He knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property, ruining him, body, mind, and soul. If that man, being an intelligent man, and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat up stream, is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclination in our hearts, and our bad habits, we are sailing down stream, but the moment we try to turn we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara, and try to row up stream.

Take a man given to the habit of using tobacco, as most of you do, and let him resolve to stop and he finds it very difficult. Twenty-one years ago I quit that habit, and I would as soon dare to put my right hand in the fire as once to indulge in it. Why? Because it was such a terrific struggle to get over it. Now, let a man be advised by his physician to give up the use of tobacco. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a line of figures. He cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has tried to stop smoking! After a while he says: "I am going to do as I please. The doctor doesn't understand my case. I am going back to my old habit." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has gone back to smoking.

Oh! the fact is, as we all know in our own experience, that habit is a taskmaster; as long as we obey it it does not chastise us, but let us resist and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking juggernauts. During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night and tossed over the falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids and through the awful night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. Oh, how hard it is to arrest them. God only can arrest them. Suppose a man, after five or ten or twenty years of evil doing, resolves to do right? Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries, "God help me!" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clinches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the window of a wine store. It was one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with tantalizing and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but he is riding a monster, wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death leap. How many there are who resolve on a better life and say: "When shall I awake?" but, siezed on by their habit, cry: "I will try it once more; I will seek it yet again!" Years ago there were some Princeton students who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the company back from [illegible] warned them [illegible]

brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. It is the one round more.

I have also to say that if a man wants to return from evil practices society repulses him. Desiring to reform, he says: "Now, I will shake off my old associates, and I will find Christian companionship." And he appears at the church door some Sabbath day, and the usher greets him with a look, as much as to say: "Why, you here? You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this seat right down by the door!" instead of saying: "Good morning; I am glad you are here. Come; I will give you a first-rate seat, right up by the pulpit." Well, the prodigal, not yet discouraged, enters a prayer meeting, and some Christian man, with more zeal than common sense, says: "Glad to see you. The dying thief was saved, and I suppose there is mercy for you!" The young man, disgusted, chilled, throws himself back on his dignity, resolved he never will enter the house of God again. Perhaps not quite fully disgusted about reformation, he sides up by some highly-respectable man he used to know, going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street! Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, and instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand offers him the tip end of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face.

Oh, how few Christian people understand how much force and gospel there is in a good, honest handshaking! Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt that thrilling through every fiber of your body, mind, and soul, an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable. We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live 1,000 miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is, we must keep our respectability, though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there came to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, people almost threw their hands up in horror, as much as to say: "Isn't it shocking?" How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I don't know, unless they have an especial train of cars, cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself! They cannot go with the great herd of publicans and sinners. O ye, who curl your lip with scorn at the fallen, I tell you plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured, and the refined, and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch, covered with filth and abomination! It is not because you are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you that, brought up in Christian circles, and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the fallen?

I think men also are often hindered from return by the fact that churches are too anxious about their membership, and too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up his sin and return to God, and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of church he is going to join. O my friends! it is a poor time to talk about Presbyterian catechisms, and Episcopal liturgies, and Methodist lovefeasts, and Baptistries, to a man that is coming out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the gospel. Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a life-boat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man out of the boat: "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live in my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk about the non-essentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins, if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? O you ought to have, my brother! an illumined face, and a hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way. Take hold of the same book with him, though his dissipations shake the book, remembering that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way; but I am now to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps, and how the shackles may be unriveted, and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained.

First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God. Go to him frankly and earnestly, and tell him those habits you have, and ask Him if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go with a long rigmarole people call prayer, made up of "ohs" and "ahs" and "forever and forever amens!" Go to God and cry for help! help! help! and if you cannot cry for help just look and live. I remember in the late war I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals after the battle, and I said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh! it is no small thing, when a man is nervous, and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around him and says: "Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then, as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true, and cannot believe it, and looks up in God's face, God lifts His right hand and takes an oath, an affidavit, saying: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth."

Blessed be God for such a gospel as this! "Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God there is a full loaf for every one that wants it; bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table. I remember when the Master Street Hospital in Philadelphia was opened during the war a telegram came saying: "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night, be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows. As they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags most gently, and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

Then also I counsel you, if you want to get back, to quit all your bad associations. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed. Among the 1,400,000,000 of the race not one instance. Go home today, open your desk, take out letter paper, stamp and envelope, and then write a letter something like this:

"My old companions: I start this day for Heaven. Until I am persuaded you will join me in this, farewell."

Then sign your name, and send the letter with the first post. Give up your bad companions, or give up Heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man, nor five bad companions, nor three bad companions, but one. What chance [illegible] in? It was a summer night, and the [illegible] was left open, and I saw the process. [illegible] held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the [illegible] drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also, seek Christian advice. Every Christian man is bound to help you. If you find no other human ear willing to listen to your story of struggle, come to me, and I will, by every sympathy of my heart, and every prayer, and every toil of my hand, stand beside you in the struggle for reformation; and as I hope to have my own sins forgiven and hope to be acquitted at the judgment seat of Christ, I will not betray you. First of all, seek God; then seek Christian counsel. Gather up all the energies of body, mind, and soul, and, appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gaming practices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing; it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now, and you are lost. Push on, and you are saved. A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote on a rock near which he was dying: "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of Ages: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Oh, what glorious news it would be for some of these young men to send home to their parents in the country these holidays which are coming. They go to the post-office every day or two to see whether there are any letters from you. How anxious they are to hear! You might send them for a holiday present this season a book from one of our best publishing houses, or a complete wardrobe from the importer's palace, it would not please them half as much as the news you might send home to-morrow that you had given your heart to God. I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses just having frisked up from the meadow at the night-fall, stand knee deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under the feathers. In the old farmhouse at night no candle is lighted, for the flames clap their hands about the great black log, and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour, saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of. After awhile the father breaks the silence and says: "Well, I wonder where our boy is to-night?" and the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you; we always could trust him when he was home, and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him, we can trust him still." Then at 9 o'clock—for they retire early in the country—they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian general: "What was the proudest moment in your life?" He thought a moment, and said: "The proudest moment in my life was when I sent home word to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you send word to your parents that you have conquered your evil habits, by the grace of God, and become eternal victor. Oh, despise not parental anxiety!

The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Dead! dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think, and think, and wish that you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born—better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery rending the hair and wringing the hands and crying: "Mother! mother!" Oh, that to-day by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future you would yield your heart to God. May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

A Mother's Love.

Maternal love is the embodiment of the one idea of perfectness, and purity, and faith under the heavens.

In the hour of resolve and emulation the valor of the warrior may be overpowering; amid pathetic fervor and enthusiasm the orator and poet may thrill us to glorious exhilaration; but at the final test, with death closing about us, besides the heart's trust in God, the mother's love bears all analysis, becomes stronger and truer, and more potent to support as earth and its transitory hopes fade farther and farther away.

To look up to the blue, beautiful heaven, so wide, so mercifully wide for all the erring and repentant; one thought of all the mother has borne and struggled for, one fervid realization of her patience and sublime trust and endeavor seems to be the second calvary of our hopes. Her work in life, our own belief in its fidelity and acceptance in heaven's sight, seem to lessen the wretchedness and failure of our own weak labors.

Her face may be homely and wrinkled and old, her hands faltering and unsteady, yet those features are aureoled with a silver crown won through patient suffering, those trembling fingers are magnetic still to thrill and guide and bless.

What we owe her volumes have told. How much silently and earnestly we repay her, she never knows this side of the grave.

For the soul that has wandered, returning to its allegiance in latter years, can never tell in words the emotions it experiences, can never frame the soulful thoughts that strive to atone for the remissnesses of the past.

Amid the bitterness of contrition, and the longings of hopeless regret, the soul's ardent love makes up for all the careless gone-by years; the influence of a mother's example is accepted, and sought for, and profited by, and cherished.

If the hidden emotions of many a heart, seemingly hardened and immersed in the cares of life, were revealed, we would be surprised to know how many are on the border line of heavenly faith, only because to them the mystery of a mother's love has never yet departed from the memory.—*Chicago Ledger.*

THERE are 6,797,000 of us fellows competent to do military duty for our Uncle Sam. It might be well to shake these figures in the face of the nations.

WHEN any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is [illegible] which has been escaped.

FOR THE BLOOD

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO. Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

DR. N. S. RUGGLES, of Marion, Mass., says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valuable tonic for enriching the blood, and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."

DR. R. M. DELZELL, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in cases of anæmia and blood diseases, also when a tonic was needed, and it has proved thoroughly satisfactory."

MR. WM. BYRNS, 26 St. Mary St., New Orleans, La., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me in a case of blood poisoning, and I heartily commend it to those needing a blood purifier."

MR. W. W. MONAHAN, Tuscumbia, Ala., says: "I have been troubled from childhood with Impure Blood and eruption on my face—two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters effected a perfect cure. I cannot speak too highly of this valuable medicine."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARMS on James River, Virginia, in *Claremont Colony.* Illustrated circulars free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Virginia.

DEAFNESS its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured himself in three months and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application. T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 31st St., New York City.

Are you CONSUMPTIVE.

Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use PARKER'S TONIC without delay. It has cured many of the worst cases and is the best remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, and diseases arising from impure blood and exhaustion. The feeble and sick, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting to the grave, will in most cases recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S TONIC, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. Cures when all else fails. Gives new life and strength to the aged and infirm. $1 at Druggists.

Gluten Flour and Special Diabetic Food, are invaluable waste repairing Flours, for Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Debility, and Children's Food. No Bran, mainly free from Starch. Six lbs free to physicians and clergymen who will pay Express Charges. Send for Circular to FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y.

KNABE PIANOFORTES

UNEQUALED FOR

Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.,
Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore st., Baltimore.
No. 112 Fifth avenue, New York.

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER

Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America.

The newest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, colds in the chest and all aches and pains. Endorsed by 5,000 physicians and druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plasters promptly relieve and cure where other plasters and greasy salves, liniments and lotions, are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicum," "Capucin," "Capsicine," as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. Ask for Benson's and take no others. All druggists. SEABURY & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2817 Madison Square, Philada., Pa. At Druggists. Trade supplied by Jno. D. Park & Sons, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Nov. 17-d&w-6mo

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PENSIONS and Claims Collected or NO PAY. Increase and bounty due many. Rejected cases reopened. Send for circular showing who are entitled to claims.

PATENTS secured or NO PAY. Model or rough sketch of invention and will report as to patent ability free. Best of references.

BELLU. MILLER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TRADE MARK

ORANGE BLOSSOM

REGISTERED.

Notice to the Ladies.

I have secured the agency for Dr. McGill's Famous Specific Orange Blossom. A positive cure for all female diseases. Every lady can treat herself. A circular of explanation and a trial box free.

Oct 24-d&w6mo THIEME & GROSS.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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FREE OF COST

Call at our store and get Free sample Bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the most successful Cough and Lung Remedy ever sold. YOU WILL see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Large size 50 cts. and $1.

Respectfully,
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All Sorts of

hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY DEC. 7, 1986.

ONE thing that gives, necessarily, a certain sameness to much circus music says a certain band master, is the compulsory emphasis of notes in regular recurrent order, not demanded at all for musical expression, but very requisite for marking the time for the horses in a menage act, or some other riding. If you do not thus sharply accent the time, the best-trained horse is liable to be all broken up and make a failure of his performance.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON says of a recent visit to Charleston: "No words can adequately tell of the destruction in the city. There are crumbling walls, prostrate dwellings, and wide-spread devastation everywhere, but the people are as brave as can be. The work of repair began in twenty-four hours afterward, and it is going on vigorously still. I am proud of my fellow-citizens, for they deserve success, and I hope that they will win it."

AMONG the various interesting summer romances is the following, contributed from Europe. A young lady was caught out in a storm. During a vivid flash of lightning she felt a strange and alarming sensation. It lasted only for an instant, however, and she proceeded to her home, where she removed her bonnet and discovered that her hair had been literally cut off, her head presenting, as her hair fell, the same appearance as though her head had been shaved with a razor.

AN Englishman, calling at the White House, was descanting to Mr. Lincoln—who had never been abroad—about the difference between Englishmen and Americans. "Great difference in some respects," he said, "great difference. You Americans do things that an English gentleman would never think of doing. Now, for instance, an English gentleman would never think of blacking his own boots." "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Lincoln, "whose would he black?"

A NEW YORK tailor has invented a garment which he expects to bring him a fortune, because he thinks it responds to a crying need of the times. If it were for use in a stable, it would be called by the homely but expressive term, a bellyband, but as it is for use by man, it is known as a waist-compressor. It is a broad belt of linen, fitted with curved whale-bones in front and with buckles and straps behind, and is intended to reduce the figures of corpulent men. This tailor has discovered, or thinks he has, that corpulency is developing to a tremendous extent in New York, and that most men of globular appearance in front are ashamed of their appearance, and will suffer any amount of torture to reduce or flatten their rotundity. He advises those who have wives or valets to employ them in hitching these compressors as tight as they can bear the pressure. Bachelors too poor to do this must get along with less compression. The compressor has been on sale a year or more, and is mostly used by men of aldermanic dimensions whenever they put on their dress suits.

WHILE the wedding of Miss Robinson and Mr. Adams was being celebrated at Louisville, a few evenings since, one of the ladies noticed a rug under the piano very much displaced, and stopped to straighten it out. Putting her hand under the rug, it came in contact with a man's foot, and with a scream she jumped back. The other ladies becoming alarmed, of course screamed also. Then a man must have become frightened, because he violated Blue Grass etiquette, which forbids, not swearing, but swearing before ladies. Before the mystery could be explained by the first fair screamer, a man came from under the piano, and brandishing a stick, disappeared in the hallway. While the gentlemen rushed after the one intruder, the ladies remained in the rooms containing the presents, and presently screamed louder than before, when they saw a man of most repulsive countenance coolly arise from behind a fire-screen, one of the presents, and slowly go out through the rooms and down the stairs into the back yard. The presents displayed were worth not less than $15,000, and two thieves were doing what they could to assume some of the responsibility entailed by its possession.

CLAUS SPRECKELS explains the rupture between himself and the King of the Sandwich Islands by the statement that the King is at present influenced by gin-drinking adventurers who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by the escapades they lead him into. He further asserts that the King is a man who cannot be led by reason, but can be ruled by the gin bottle, which is his divinity. The King is paid $50,000 a year, his Queen $16,000, the heir presumptive the same, one royal princess $15,000, another $5,000, His Majesty's chamberlain $7,000, while $20,000 is allowed in addition for household expenses. The King's extravagant tastes, prompted by the advisers, lead him to endeavor to float enormous loans, which must lead the kingdom to bankruptcy. Spreckels' influence led to a defeat in the Legislature of an attempt to obtain sanction for the floating of a $10,000,000 loan, but has recently been unequal to the effort to defeat a $2,000,000 loan, and he and the King have finally split. The King is now playing into the hands of the English. Special funds for which the kingdom is liable to individual native depositors and to the Japanese Government have [illegible]

OUR YOUNG MEN.

The Temptations That Beset the Young Men of Our Country and How are Best Avoided.

Gentlemen, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, railroad managers, business men of every avocation, let me ask you a grave question. You are generous in your charities; history does not name a nation whose business men are or ever have been so generous, so warm hearted, so lavish in their gifts to all deserving charities as our American business men; thousands of hospitals, churches, asylums, libraries and innumerable good works on every hand attest your benevolence, but what are you doing for your young men? I mean what are you doing for them as a class, as a distinct element in society? A thousand influences are at work to save your daughters. Every impulse of chivalric manhood guards your daughter; a brother's pride, a father's watchful eye, a mother's hourly care, and all the influences of respectable society stand like a wall around her day and night. If she is gone, she is gone forever, and the consciousness on your part that public opinion is inexorable in its condemnation, makes you doubly vigilant in guarding her good name. Hence associations to prevent the ruin of young women are not necessary. But look for a moment at the attitude of society toward young men as a class and see the destructive forces at work against them.

Notice, if you please, that one of the peculiar features of American young men is homelessness. Ours is a vast country. Railway trains run in every direction. Business enterprises stretch their eager hands over wide fields. The telegraph and telephone have obliterated distances. Corporations and business houses take in not merely towns and countries, but dozens of states, and each state an empire. Not merely battalions and regiments, but whole armies of young men are going up and down the land as employes. Our hotels are overflowing and our streets are crowded with them. Artisans, clerks, bookkeepers, salesmen, mechanics, workingmen in every department, young men by the tens of thousands are crowding every avenue of life, and in this wide scope of operations a majority of them are carried away from their homes. Their lives are homeless lives. The only homes they have, a greater portion of every year are places of public resort. This homeless life is the inevitable result of our modern business methods, and as it cannot be changed, ought we not to make strong efforts to alleviate its evil?

But look further. Let me take two typical American towns, Jamestown, N. Y., and Richmond, Ind. The former has 2,000 young men between sixteen and thirty-five years of age; the latter has 3,000. In Jamestown there are thirty-six houses where liquor is sold running day and night, and in Richmond thirty-seven saloons and three gambling houses. You know this, you are daily witnesses and doubtless you wish it were not so. But what are you doing to counteract it among your young men? In America we have 180,000 saloons. We spend annually $700,000,000 for liquor, or $2,000,000 per day, or $83,000 every hour. Saloons by the hundred thousand, billiard rooms by the ten thousand, low theatricals by the hundred, gambling houses by the score and in the presence of these pernicious influences, what are you doing for your young men?

But look again and realize the interest involved. Enough young men come of age every four years to control our presidential elections. Behold in their ranks, then, not only your future business men and the husbands of your daughters, but also the element that holds in its hand our destiny as a nation. Glance, too, at the darkest side of the question. Five-sixths of the convicts in our jails and penitentiaries are men and their average age is twenty six.

Do you ask now what should be done for our young men? Let me then speak to you a moment about the power of associations in shaping character. Take for example intemperance, and let me say that I have never yet heard a temperance orator who, in my judgment, struck at the root of the matter, and I have heard many, from the humblest to the highest. The refrain of all their noble efforts is, "Beware the first cup—beware the fatal appetite!" Now I speak from a wide spread observation, and an intimate acquaintance with all classes of young men leads me to the belief that not one in a thousand becomes a drunkard through a craving taste for liquor created by the first drinks as so many eloquent men have told us. No! but they are going down, down, dragged downward by associations which will degrade and ruin a man, whether he drink amidst them or practice total abstenance amidst them. It is the contaminating and debasing influences which cluster around the vice that oftenest ruin a young man and not his love for strong drink. I stood not long ago on the bank of the Missouri, and I saw that seething, restless, mighty volume of impurity, impelled as it were by the mysterious power of an unseen eternal fate, rush heedlessly along with irresistible power and matchless grandeur. Onward it rolled, bearing on its heaving bosom a turbulent mass of irredeemable decay which rapidly passed me by and was quickly succeeded by the new wreck and new ruin. Ominous birds of prey flew hither and thither in the misty atmosphere. With [illegible]

sailed, watching with eager eyes the riven surface to snatch their food from out the waves, whilst the wavelets splashed with their dull momentous measure of a never ending requiem at my feet. Screams of triumph rang out on the air, telling of death and distruction to the victims of those dark fowls' restless vigilance, while the river rolled on to empty itself at last into old ocean's infinite bosom. I saw then and I see now, as in a vision another and a mightier stream pouring through the streets of our American towns and cities—a stream of human life turbulent with passion, and this stream is impelled to, it must be, by a relentless fate, else the prayers of fathers and the wails of sorrowing mothers, wives and sisters could surely stay its arms. Onward and still onward it rolls, bearing with it and carrying on its raging bosom the wrecks of fortunes and homes, broken hearts and wounded names, and rapidly they pass us by, to be quickly succeeded by new wreck and new ruin, while the waves splash at our feet with the mournful music of an unending sorrow. Flitting here and there come those birds of prey, the gambler and the courtesan, watching with practiced eye the appearance of each new victim. Affrighted mothers grope in the darkness of despair, and, like the spirit in Jean Paul Richter's dream, cry out: "Is there no God?," But still the river rolls on with its vestiges of wreck and relics of ruin, on and still on, to be swallowed up at last in the ocean of eternity.

Believe me, the chief danger of our young men at first is not appetite, but the fatal fascination which makes them row their boats in the current of such a stream. And as with the intemperance, so with our vices, the links are forged by association. Fletcher of Saltoun said: "Let me write a nation's songs, and I care not who writes its laws." And I say let me prescribe the associates of your young men, and I will mould the nation's destiny.

Fathers! Church members! Citizens! allure your young men out of that stream! There is a public resort in your town beckoning these young men to row ashore, and stand on the high ground of self-respect, and be men. That resort is a Young Men's Christian association. It is not designed for women, nor for old men, nor for children, nor is it for a church, nor has it any politics, nor is it sectarian, but first, last and always it is for young men. Its allurements are good company, books and papers, amusements, music, physical culture and all that goes to make a healthy soul and a healthy body. I appeal to this splendid audience to strengthen that organization. It is the only organization you have that is devoted exclusively to young men. Stand by it! Support it! I have studied and carefully noted its work throughout the land. It is a powerful agency for immeasurable good to our young men. It is saving thousands of every state in the union. Give to it freely! Build it a house worthy of its cause! Horace Mann once said that millions were well spent if only one boy were saved, and one of the auditors turned to another and said, "Do you believe that?" and the reply was, "Yes, if it were my boy." Oh, my fellow citizens, put forth your hands now and bear up this cause. It is for your young men that I plead; not simply in the name of religion do I ask you to stand by this association, but as citizens appeal to you for the sake of your homes; as business men I appeal to you for the welfare of our country, and in the name of thousands of young men, I ask you give, and give largely to strengthen and build up and maintain that splendid organization—your Young Men's Christian association.—*Hon. George R. Wendling.*

THE statistics of the world's production of sugar shows that there is a steady and large annual increase. The amount of cane sugar produced in the season of 1885-6 was 2,695,000 tons, an increase of 733,000 tons over that of 1884-5, and 1,078,583 tons over that of 1875-6. Cuba led the list with 695,000 tons this season, which was a falling off of 27,000 tons from the year before, and 61,058 tons less than in 1875-6. There was also a decrease in the product of Java, the next greatest source of supply, of 60,000 tons from the yield of 1884-5. But in the production of almost all other cane-growing countries there has been, as shown by the totals, a marked advance. The yield of beet-root sugar (2,014,000 tons this season) has fallen off 501,000 tons from the last annual report, but comparison with the statistics of 1875-6 shows a growth of 702,689 tons in ten years. These reports do not recognize glucose and grape sugar, or sorghum sugar or maple sugar, and are evidently made up from the basis of commercial statistics concerning the sugar that has entered the market. Beyond this there are vast quantities of cane sugar produced for domestic use in all tropical countries and consumed by the producers and their immediate neighbors, which do not enter into the computation. The most notable increase in any country is in the beet-root sugar yield of Russia, which has grown from 222,000 tons in the season of 1875-6 and 386,000 tons in 1884-5 up to 525,000 tons in 1885-6.

Rheumatism

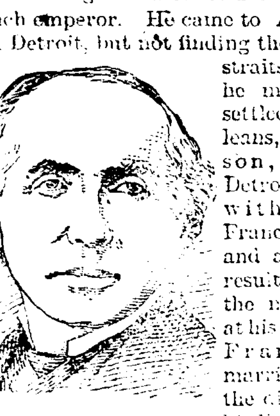
Usually settles in the back or limbs and often so completely overpowers its victims that all business and labor have to be abandoned. Our readers should remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla is not recommended as a positive specific for rheumatism; its proprietors doubt if there is or can be such a remedy. But many people who were most severely afflicted, state that they have been positively cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. The disease is often the result of impure blood—hence the power of this great medicine over it. Its success in many severe cases justifies us in recommending its use to all sufferers from rheumatism. [illegible]

THE LATE FRANCIS PALMS.

The Romantic Family History of Detroit's Dead Millionaire.

The pontifical high mass of requiem which was recently celebrated in the old cathedral of Detroit marked the close of the career of Francis Palms. It was notable from the fact that 1,500 employes attended the service as a tribute to their late master, while numerous insurance, banking and mercantile institutions in which he was interested when alive also sent representatives, for the dead man had been a millionaire merchant prince of Michigan. Little did the public know of the old man's private life, for he seldom spoke of it, but the romance of his son's life throws a little light on that of his father's.

The father of Francis Palms was a secretary of Napoleon I, and when Waterloo came it brought disaster to him as well as the French emperor. He came to America and tried Detroit, but not finding the city of the straits to his liking, he moved to and settled in New Orleans, leaving a son, Francis, in Detroit, to grow up with the place. Francis married and a son was the result of the union, the mother dying at his birth. Later Francis Palms married again, to the discomfiture of his little son, Francis, who found that his stepmother was averse to children. The temperature under the paternal roof being decidedly chilly for young Francis, with the possibility of a cold wave and a "freeze out," he sought a warmer clime in the care of his grandfather, at New Orleans. Here he was educated and brought up in total ignorance of his father, as there was no correspondence between the two families. When a young man he started out on a tour north. With a vague knowledge that he was born in Detroit, curiosity led him to visit the city of his birth and inquire if his father was yet in the land of the living. On making inquiries he found that his father was regarded as the wealthiest man in the state of Michigan. A spirit of pride and family independence, which he inherited, prevented him from calling at his father's house. He learned that it was the habit of the elder Palms to visit the hotel reading room every evening at 8 o'clock to read his letters, look at the papers, and occasionally do a little business with people from out of town. That night the son was on hand, and, punctually at 8 o'clock, a short man with a little stoop to his shoulders came into the office. There was a smile on his kindly face as he nodded good evening to the people he knew, and then made his way to a sofa in the reading room. The son possessed his soul in patience until he saw his father tear open his last letter, glance through it, and then turn to take up a paper. Sauntering up to the elderly gentleman, the young man, with the ease of a southerner, began the conversation. Gradually he drew from Mr. Palms the admission that he had relatives in New Orleans. "I have a father there and brothers, too," said the elderly man. "Indeed," said the younger, in apparent surprise; "and what is the name?" "Palms is my name." "And mine, too," said the young man, coolly. "Perhaps you and I are related?" "My father's name is Ange Palms," admitted the elderly one. "And he is my grandfather," was the young fellow's response.



FRANCIS PALMS.
[Photo by Stevenson.]

There was no scene. In few words the father told the son that he was glad to see him again, and then gave him to understand that the hotel would prove more comfortable quarters than the big brick house up the avenue.

The son thanked him for his kind interest and acknowledged that the hotel life agreed with him.

Without asking any favors from his father the son returned south. At the outbreak of the war he left the plantation he owned to enter the army. War proved a Waterloo for him, as it did for his grandfather, and he went back to New Orleans to begin life anew. Family influence obtained him a clerical position in the United States courts, and he settled down to a quiet life. At the outbreak of the war he had been engaged to a lovely girl of Scotch parentage, but the struggle had separated them, and when the war ended each heard that the other had married. By chance they learned of their mistake in time to enjoy a short period of domestic happiness before her death. He afterward married a second time and his wife is still living.

In the course of time the stepmother died, and on returning from his wife's funeral Mr. Palms sat down and wrote to his son to come north. He pointed out to him that before many years he must come into a large property distributed among pine lands, iron mines, business blocks, railroad enterprises, manufacturing and bank stocks and the like.

The son came and settled near the little brick office in the rear of the paternal residence. There he has lived quietly, making few friends and spending the greater part of his leisure with his wife and his eight children. He now inherits one half of his father's millions, his only sister, Clothilde, receiving the other half. This sister—Miss Clothilde Palms—was, it was said, last winter the object of the attentions of Senator Jones, of Florida.

AN official return just issued gives some interesting information about the manufacture of playing-cards in England. At present there are nineteen manufacturers in the United Kingdom, who pay a license of twenty shillings, and who produced 800,000 packs last year. This did not meet the demand of the English card-player, so half as many again were imported from Austrian and American makers. The stamp duty imposed on these cards is now a fairly important source of revenue. Last year it amounted to nearly £15,000.

Kokomo has an abundance of natural gas and pipes are being laid in the streets to supply residences, while other wells are going down.

"Caveat Emptor," the phrase it is Latin,
It means "let the buyer beware,"
A maxim in law which comes rather pat, in
The truth that I wish to declare;
Whene'r an invention that's good for prevention
Of pain has a popular fame,
You'll find, in all nations, arise imitations
Palmed off 'just as good,' or "the same."
If POND'S EXTRACT buying; you find seller trying
With counterfeits you to ensnare,
The genuine choose, the spurious refuse,
Remember, *let buyer beware.*

John H. Sheaves, grass widower, and the wife of George Bumberger, at Ellston, near Lafayette, have disappeared—supposed elopement.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, New York City.

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion;* 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Ladies

Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

Maverick National Bank,

BOSTON, MASS.

CAPITAL - - - -	$400,000
SURPLUS - - - -	400,000

Accounts of banks, bankers and corporations solicited.

Our facilities for collections are excellent and we re-discount for banks when balances warrant it.

Boston is a Reserve city, and balances with us from banks (not located in other reserve cities) count as a reserve.

We draw our own exchange on London and the continent, and make cable transfers and place money by telegraph throughout the United States and Canada.

Government bonds bought and sold, and exchanges in Washington made for banks without extra charge.

We have a market for prime first-class investment securities, and invite proposals from states, counties and cities when issuing bonds.

We do a general banking business, and invite correspondence.

ASA P. POTTER, Pres't.
JOS. W. WORK, Cashier.
nov2w&s 6m

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of [illegible] for the building of a brick school building [illegible] Wawaka, Ind. [illegible] The trustee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

HENRY STUMP, Trustee.
[illegible] Wawaka, Ind.

DR. T. J. DILLS

Has his office at his residence
No. 108 EAST BERRY STREET
Where he will give exclusive attention to
DISEASES OF [illegible]
Office hours [illegible]

TRADE MARK

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

THE ONLY PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commended by Physicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." Sent free.
DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass.

H. H. BARCUS,

CONFECTIONERY & OYSTER PARLOR

116 CALHOUN STREET.

Manufacturer of fine cream carmels and all kinds of home-made candies, almond, cocoanut ices, maple cream, old fashioned molasses candy, cocoanut drops, etc. Home-made broken mixed, 15 cents a pound; chocolate drops, 20 cents. For fresh made candies, go to

H. H. BARCUS. 6-3w

ADVERTISERS

can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co. [illegible]

WANTED.

WANTED.—A head sawyer to run a circular saw: will furnish steady work and good wages to a competent man. Address, "Lumberman," care of the Fort Wayne Sentinel. 8-d4t

WANTED—Parties desiring good board call at the GRAFFMILLER HOUSE. No. 196 Calhoun Street.

SALESMAN. Can add A. 1. line. Small samples, one agent earned $3 400; others up to $2,000 in 1885. P. O. Box 1,371 New York. 8-4t.

WANTED—General agents to wholesale and retail my New Moter. Rare chance to make money. Good salary or 50 cts. on the dollar commission. Send for circular.
F. M. WEAVER,
nov15-1m Indianapolis, Ind.

WANTED—An active man (one out of employment) to begin on moderate salary and work himself up, representing, in his own locality, an old established house. Reference exchanged.
AM. MANUFACTURING HOUSE,
12 Barclay Street.

WANTED—A live, energetic man to represent us. $75 per month and expenses. Goods staple; every one buys; outfit and particulars *free.*
STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston.
Oct 23-3m

WANTED—All persons to know that you can get books bound in fine style and on short notice at the Sentinel office.

LADIES wanted to get up Tea Clubs for our Pure Teas and Coffees. A host of useful articles to select from as premiums. Send for illustrated Price and Premium List. *Special Offer:* to every *tenth* person that answers this advertisment, we will send *free* one pound of choice Tea. Address
NAT'L TEA & COFFEE CO., Boston, Mass.
Oct 23-3m

MONEY to loan on improved Real Estate. For particulars address "Box 357," City. 29 tf.

NOTICE.—Business men are sensible of the fact that office appliances that save labor and dispatch business generally are desirable to have. In this respect the Amberg Cabinet Letter File ranks high. No one once using it would be without it. Send for catalogue. Cameron, Amberg & Co. jan5-1y

WANTED—Parties with capital to control the state on an invention for relieving horses in drawing heavy loads. Sells to every horse owner. No experiment, but an established thing, and thousands now in use. Big inducements to energetic men. For terms and particulars address O. D. White, 254 East [illegible] street, Chicago, Illinois.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A two story brick dwelling, No. 74 East Washington st. Good repair; 8 rooms; gas; good cistern and cellar.
5 t f O. P. MORGAN.

FOR RENT—Two story brick house, No. 242 West Berry St. Inquire of B. D. Angell, 52 Calhoun St. 31-tf

FOR SALE.

FOR RENT—A desirable house containing eight rooms, good cellar and cistern. In first class condition. Water works on the premises. Inquire at Ward's Cheap Crockery Store, No. 8 West Columbia street. 27-tf.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST
Ar. 1 30 pm	Express	Ar. 1 50 pm
Lv. 6 10 am	Accommodation.	Lv. 6 45 pm

PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST
12 45 pm—Lv.—	Mail and Ex...	—Lv.— 2 20 pm
7 00 am* "	Limited Ex....	" 9 00 pm*
5 05 p. m.* "	Fast Thro'h Ex...	" 1 45 am
1 25 am* "	Mail and Ex......	
4 00 pm "	Plymouth Ac....	
5 20 am "	Local Freight....	" 7 00 pm
	Crestline Ac....	" 11 00 am

*Daily. All others daily except Sunday.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC R. R.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST
5 10 am—Lv.—	Limited Ex*	—Lv.—7 50 pm
1 25 am "	*Through Ex*...	" 1 25 pm
7 00 am "	Through Mail *....	" 6 35 am
8 17 pm "	Fast mail*........	"
6 30 am "	Andrews Accom, Freight*	
	Acc'n Passenger	" 4 30 am

*Daily. †Except Sunday.

Limited Express, through sleepers, free chair cars. Through Mail, Palace sleeping cars between New York and St. Louis.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

LV. FT. WAYNE.	AR. INDI S.
5 10 am................	10 45 am
1 25 pm................	6 45 pm
8 17 pm................	1 45 am

RETURNING.

Leave Indianapolis at 7:35 am; arrive at Fort Wayne at 1:10 pm.

Leave Indianapolis at 2:15 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 7 45 pm.

Leave Indianapolis at 7:00 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 6 35 am.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH
6 00 am—Lv.—	Mail and Ex......	—Lv.— 1 00 pm
8 05 am "	Trouge Ex......	" 5 35 am
2 15 pm "	Express	" 11 45 pm

Accommodation train arrives from the south 9:25 p. m.

Trains daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH.		GOING NORTH.
10 45 am—Ar.—	Cincinnati Ex...—Lv.	
	Detroit Ex...... "	4 40 pm
5 40 pm "	Detroit Express. "	11 50 am
5 20 pm "	Wey Freight... "	6 40 am

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE.

FROM SOUTH.		GOING SOUTH.
9 30 pm—Ar.—	..Ind. & Cin. Ex.	Lv.—6 50 am
1 15 pm "	.. Cin. & L. Mail... "	10 50 am
5 35 pm "	...Freight........ "	5 30 am
5 10 pm "	...Freight.......... "	5

Trains daily except Sunday.

Geo. R. Bowen.

Plumbing, Steamfitting, Sewering.

Particular attention given to

Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc.

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

MEAT DOWN!

Boiling Meat............................	5c per lb
Roasts.................................	6 to 9c per lb
Stakes...............................	8 to 10c per lb
Sausage...............................	8c per lb
Hams..................................	12½ per lb

Lamb, Veil and Bacon, etc., at bottom prices at

HALLER'S MEAT MARKET.
66 South Calhoun street. oct20 3m

A. HATTERSLEY & SON

PLUMBERS

Steam and Gas Fitters.

—DEALERS IN—

GAS FIXTURES

Main Street, East of Clinton,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brass [illegible] and Lead Pipe [illegible] Pumps

SCALY; ITCHY SKIN

And All Itching and Scaly Skin and Scalp Diseases Cured by Cuticura.

PSORIASIS, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barber', Bakers', Grocers' and Washerwoman's Itch, and every species of Itching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, are positively cured by Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

PSORIASIS, OR SCALY SKIN.

I, John J. Case, D. D. S., having practiced dentistry in this country for thirty-five years and being well known to thousands hereabouts, with a view to help any one who are afflicted as I have been for the past twelve years, testify that the Cuticura Remedies cured me of Psoriasis, or Scaly Skin, in eight days, after the doctors with whom I had consulted gave me no help or encouragement.

JOHN J. CASE, D.D.S.

Newton, N. J.

DISTRESSING ERUPTION.

Your Cuticura Remedies performed a wonderful cure last summer on one of our customers, an old gentleman of seventy years of age, who suffered with a fearfully distressing eruption on his head and face, and who has tried all remedies and doctors to no purpose.

J. F. SMITH & CO.

Texarkana, Ark.

DUSTPANFULL OF SCALES.

H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by Cuticura Remedies. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought he must die.

ECZEMA RADICALLY CURED

For the radical cure of an obstinate case of Eczema of long standing, I give entire credit to the Cuticura Remedies.

L. B. RICHARDSON.

New Haven, Conn.

Sold by all druggists. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1.00; Soap, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTIFY the complexion and skin by using the Cuticura Soap.

IT FEELS GOOD.

Those worn out with pains, Aches and Weaknesses find relief in one minute in the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. At druggists. 25 cents.

CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing, the human voice, the mind—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and an Improved Inhaler; price, $1.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

RHEUMATIC PAINS.

Neuralgic, Sciatic, Sudden, Sharp and Nervous Pains and strains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the most perfect antidote to pain and inflammation ever compounded. New, original, instantaneous, infallible and safe. At all druggists. 25c., five for $1.00; or of Potter Drug Co., Boston.

A DISTINGUISHED PHYSICIANS ... IT STRIKES AT THE ROOT ... POSITIVE SWIFT & SURE ... OF THE DISEASE ... TRADE MARK ... DRAC ... CERTA ... A SURE ... INFLUE ... CRO

JOS. H. BRIMMER

The Only Practical

SIGN PAINTER

IN THE CITY.

Is making a specialty of

REPAINTING HOUSES

In the highest style of the art.

No 7 Harrison Street.

April 15 1y.

MADAME MORA'S CORSETS.

MOST COMFORTABLE AND PERFECT FITTING. Merchants say they give better satisfaction than any corset they ever sold. Dressmakers recommend them for their fine shape. **Cannot break over hips.** Are particularly liked by Ladies of full figure. The "CONTOUR" and "ALDINE" have the PATENT TRIPLE BACK, which covers the open space and protects the spine. The "LA REINE" has the popular REMOVABLE STEELS, which can be instantly taken out, WITHOUT CUTTING OR RIPPING. Ladies, ask for MADAME MORA'S CORSETS. No others have the celebrated French Curved Band. Beware of imitations offered to deceive the public. For sale by all leading dealers. Manufactured by

Madame Mora's Contour. L. KRAUS & CO.,
Madame Mora's La Reine. Birmingham, Conn.
Madame Mora's Aldine. J. G. Fitzpatrick & Co.,
Madame Mora's Comfort Hip. 71 Leonard St., N. Y.

A. A. Vantine & Co.,

879 Broadway, N.Y.

Direct Importers of Novelties & Staples FROM CHINA, JAPAN AND INDIA.

Receiving by every Steamer Goods suited to Dry Goods Houses, Stationers, China Stores and Fancy Goods Dealers, Particularly Adapted to HOLIDAY DEPARTMENTS.

Sample lots from $10 to $50 sent on application. Invoiced at our Lowest Jobbing prices.

GOLD EMBROIDERED SCREENS

Nov 26-3w.

The Mirror

is no flatt... Would you make it ... tale? Magn...

CONGRESS AND CAPITOL

THE SENATE MARBLE ROOM AND THE "REPS'" RETIRING ROOM.

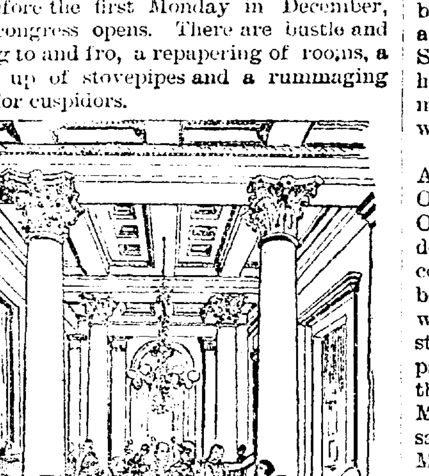
Some Things Expected of Congress—The Dead of Both Houses—Senate Lobby. The Constituent from Cross Eye. Crowded Quarters.

A tough story, worst of all, a true one, is told apropos of congressmen in Washington. Two gentlemen belonging to the navy applied for rooms at a certain Washington boarding house. They wore plain clothes, having, like other Americans, a prejudice against wearing a uniform when they could help it.

The lodging house mistress dismissed them shortly, and they thought rather crustily. She told them her rooms were full. They turned to go away. As they did so, one by chance made a remark to the other, which revealed that they were naval officers. The housekeeper overheard:

"Wait a moment," said she, "come back. I believe I can accommodate you. Pardon me, but I thought you were members of congress." Whether congressmen did not pay their board or what it was that had given her such a prejudice against them she did not explain, but she said she never rented rooms to members, as they are called in Washington.

But in a general way Washington city sleeps all summer and comes to life again just before the first Monday in December, when congress opens. There are bustle and running to and fro, a repapering of rooms, a setting up of stovepipes and a rummaging about for cuspidors.



SENATE MARBLE ROOM.

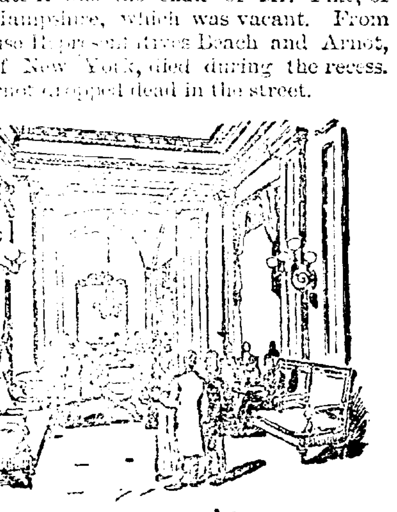
The greatest bustle and preparations are in the neighborhood of Capitol hill, at the north and south wings of that great building which looks like a squatty St. Peter's. Some of the rooms in the north or senate wing of the Capitol are among the most beautiful on this continent. A noted one is the senate marble room, which appears in the picture. If you go to see a senator while his assembly is in session you wait in the lobby and send in your card. If you are a distinguished person you will be taken to this beautiful room, where you sit and talk to the senator. Every part of the room is marble of different kinds. The effect is almost dazzling.

In the marble room it is, too, that senators hold consultations on bills under discussion or other matters they are anxious about. The room is splendidly upholstered and furnished with a rich rug carpet.

The rooms of the president and vice-president are among the show places of the senate wing. They are near the marble room, and are richly decorated and furnished. In the vice-president's room the visitor will see a picture for which congress paid $25,000. It is the portrait of Washington. Government bought it in 1832.

The Canada fisheries question seems to be the most important one at this last session of the Forty-ninth congress. What will be done with it nobody knows. It would look pusillanimous of us not to do something. There will also be an attempt again to pass an interstate commerce bill. This is to regulate freight charges on the long lines of railway. A California farmer some time ago shipped a car load of fruits and vegetables to Chicago, and when it was sold he was fifteen cents in debt. The freight charges amounted to fifteen cents more than the produce sold for. In the face of such facts it looks as though something ought to be done with interstate commerce. The constitution gives congress power to regulate it.

Every year now during the recess of congress somebody belonging to it dies. Every year, therefore, first thing, resolutions of condolence must be passed and an adjournment of some hours voted out of respect to the dead. This year the death of ex-President Arthur was announced in both houses. In the senate it was the chair of Mr. Pike, of New Hampshire, which was vacant. From the house Representatives Beach and Arnot, both of New York, died during the recess. Mr. Arnot dropped dead in the street.



REPRESENTATIVES' ROOM.

When a weary representative wishes to rest from his labors a brief time, or chat with one of his constituents from Cross ... he retires to the room you see in the picture, sinks gently into one of the richly upholstered chairs and gives himself up to ease with or without dignity. For this room which you see is the representatives' retiring room. It is not so imposing as the senate marble room, but still it is sufficiently dazzling to the eyes of the honorable members' back county constituents.

The problem which grows harder and harder to settle after each census, is how to seat the representatives. At the first United States congress there were only sixty-five members. There are now 325. After the next census this number will be still larger, unless the ratio of representation should be changed. At the first congress it was one representative to every 30,000 inhabitants. It is now one to every 151,912. Some of them will have to hang upon hooks outside, if the country keeps on growing so.

There is at last a prospect that the bursting shelves and cases of the congressional library will be relieved, though quite how soon no man knows. The ground is being cleared for the new library building. It will stand just south of the Capitol, and will be a noble structure. Many houses will have to be torn away to make room for it. Among them is the now historic mansion that Mary Clemmer Hudson owned and lived in.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

St. Louis to Have the First Statue of Him in America.

Once there was a man named Christopher Columbus. He had some connection with America in its so-called early days, but the people of the United States know very little about him. Probably he was not much of a man anyhow. He was only a common mechanic—a greasy wool carder. If he had lived in our time he could have been a Knight of Labor, and then his vote would have counted for something. Congressmen would have been proud to clasp the noble palm of a ... in the great army of those who consti... was the man who first found out there was a western continent. He thought there must be something on this side to balance the other side of the world, or else that half would fall off.

If the old man had it to do over again, probably he wouldn't discover America.

STATUE OF COLUMBUS.

Nothing satisfactory to him ever came of it. Sorrow and disgust pursued Cris to the end of his days. Queen Isabella's titled lords snubbed him, and thought he had very poor manners indeed. While he was on his third voyage to America those jealous of his fame at home raised bad stories about him, and the king of Spain ordered him to be sent home in chains. That was part of the pay he got for discovering America. He didn't even get the continent named for him. That poor satisfaction was stolen from him. He died so poor that he couldn't have paid for a doctor's prescription to go out of the world respectably on. And if he had known beforehand about Washington city and the United States congressmen, he certainly never would have discovered America. He would have minded his business and kept his eye on the wool carding line.

So far as is known there is not in North America this day a single monument to Cris. Our country treats him as everybody else did. One in St. Louis will be finished by 1892 and dedicated on the 400th anniversary of the discovery of San Salvador. Thus St. Louis will be the first to build a statue to the man who was the greatest crank of his time. The statue is the outcome of a movement on the part of St. Louis citizens. It is to be cast at the great government bronze foundry in Munich, as the Cincinnati fountain was. The same artist also designed it, Ferdinand von Mueller himself. It is to be of heroic size, standing ten feet high. In it Christopher the Crank is supposed to be standing at the prow of his vessel, beholding the first sight of land. The monument will be set up in Tower Grove park, and will have a pedestal designed by Professor Rohmeis, of Munich.

A Pleasant Idiosyncrasy.

Mr. Gorham, of the Agassiz museum at Providence, is said to indulge in the "pleasant idiosyncrasy" of keeping loose in his bedroom several full grown rattlesnakes which he has tamed and of which he makes pets. He sometimes honors his most cherished friends by admitting them to this apartment, and it is usually found that one visit is all that they are anxious to make. Mr. Gorham is said to be a natural snake charmer and to have the power of calling snakes from their coverts by whistling.—Chicago Times.

THE NEW DRESS FOR WOMEN.

Annie Jenness Miller's Design for a Hygienic Feminine Costume.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller is a graceful, bright young woman, who thinks for herself. She is an elocutionist to begin—a good reader and speaker. She has lectured successfully on various topics, some of them as bright and breezy as herself. One of these lectures is entitled, "Open the Windows and Let the Sunlight In."

Her maiden name was Annie Jenness, a Boston girl, until a fortunate Indiana merchant captured her and made her Mrs. Miller.

Before her marriage she lectured under the auspices of the Redpath Literary Bureau, of Boston, which was itself a credit to her ability. Being married, and happily at that, she yet had no intention of "settling down," as women are expected to do. On the contrary, she is still heard from, very much alive and very much in earnest.

Fashionable women's existence, likewise that of many unfashionable ones, has been a pilgrimage through a vale of tears for several years past. The great weight of their cloth dresses and huge cushioned bustles is something terrible to think of. Steels were put into their dress skirts to make them stand out. The weight of the goods crushed the corners of these steels and drove them into the flesh of women's backs, till in some cases the skin was actually scraped off their bodies as they walked. This was a frightful state of affairs, but women put up with it for the sake of being "stylish," the more fools they. It was not only gowns made by novices in which the steels in the skirt thus scratched and scraped, but those from the hands of the very highest high art manufacturers.

THE NEW COSTUME.

Mrs. Miller has enthusiastically set about remedying matters. She has aimed to produce a feminine dress which shall be free from bustles, bones, corsets, steels and even petticoats, and yet look pretty and "stylish."

How well she has succeeded you see from the picture. It represents Mrs. Jenness Miller herself in her new costume. It is attractive and artistic, something like the ancient Greek dress for women and having a Grecian border. It looks very well, one must grant, on Mrs. Miller, who is tall and slender.

But alas! alas! Suppose a 200-pound lady should indue herself in the new artistic costume. Would she not look like a beer hogshead with the American flag spread around it? Go to! One fears it won't do for fat women.

Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Letters are continually being received from all sections of the country telling of benefits derived from this great medicine. It is unequaled for general debility, and as a blood purifier, expelling every trace of scrofula or other impurity. Now is the time to take it. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists.

"Doc." Wilson is now said to be insane.

For Coughs and Throat Disorders use Brown's Bronchial Troches. "Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began thinking well of."—*Rev Henry Ward Beecher.* Sold only in boxes.

Cluverius has been respited until January 14.

They are Not Sorry.

There is one thing nobody ever regrets—that is, the day they first adopted Parker's Tonic as their regular family medicine. Its range is so wide, and its good effects so sure, that nothing else, except good nursing, are needed in a majority of cases. ...

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Arrival of the Noted Explorer Who Wants to Cross Africa Again.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

The picture here given of the African explorer will present him to our readers in a new face. The portrait of him familiar to most people is that of a worn, thin looking young man with white hair and a black mustache. He showed in every feature the perils he had passed.

Here, however, we have a handsome, well fed man, who looks as if the world went very well with him. Let us hope it does. There is nobody in America who tries to belittle the services Stanley performed for geography. It took the savants of Europe to do that. Stanley has just arrived in his own country, to make a tour of lecturing this winter. May he be successful. He is a brave man and true. Besides that, he is a newspaper man, and these deserve success in their undertakings if anybody does. They mostly work hard enough. It is said Stanley's hair turned from white to dark again after he got rested from his Congo exploration.

A romantic history is Stanley's. An orphan asylum in the Old World is hardly the place whence genius and fame would take their rise, yet thence starts Stanley. He was born in Denbigh, Wales, and his original name was John Rowlands. He had a right to change it if he wanted to, and he did so. Stanley was the name of a New Orleans merchant for whom the boy worked. When he was 13 years old he left the orphan asylum in Wales and started out to shift for himself. He shipped as cabin boy from Liverpool to New Orleans, and thus he first came to America. Few men have had so adventurous a life. During the war he served both in the Confederate and the Union armies. Then he wandered away to find Livingstone, and in another journey explored the Congo. These are his two greatest exploits. After he found Livingstone, Queen Victoria presented to the nameless orphan Welsh boy a gold snuff box. His Congo explorations opened up to civilization a water way nearly 6,000 miles long, through a rich and populous country.

The Wabash grand jury has indicted Abner Garner, who shot and seriously injured Henry Graves and his daughter, Saturday night, for assault with intent to murder. The trial will take place next week.

In the Dear Old Days.

We differ in creed and politics, but we are a unit all the same on the desirableness of a fine head of hair. If you mourn the loss of this blessing and ornament, a bottle or two of Parker's Hair Balsam will make you look as you did in the dear old days. It is worth trying. It is the only standard 50 cent article for the hair.

Jennie Saxton, the young Vermont forger, has been found guilty.

That weak back or pain in the side or hips you will find immediately relieved when a Hop Plaster is applied. It strengthens the muscles, giving the ability to do hard work without suffering. Take none but this, 'tis sure.

Cannon and ammunition are being shipped to British Columbia for the defense of Esquimault.

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a most wonderful remedy. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk, and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvelous food and medicine.

Newark, N. J., laundresses will organize to drive the Chinese.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

The card price of nails has been advanced to $2.40.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Jan 19-eodawly

The jury in the Mackey contest at Vincennes have heard nearly all the evidence and will place it before the legislature.

Rev. and ex Congressman J. Hyatt Smith is dead.

25¢ A BOTTLE SALVATION OIL KILLS PAIN

"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain." Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy: Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Stiff Neck, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Pleurisy, Sores, Frost-bites, Backache, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Sciatica, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, etc. Price 25 cts. a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—The genuine Salvation Oil bears our registered Trade-Mark, and our ... A. C. Meyer & Co., Sole ... Md., U.S.A.

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Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause is speedily controlled and stopped.

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is cooling, cleansing and **Healing.**

Catarrh. It is most efficacious for this disease, Cold in the Head, &c. Our "Catarrh Cure," is specially prepared to meet serious cases. Our Nasal Syringe is simple and inexpensive.

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Diphtheria & Sore Throat. Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous.

Piles, Blind, Bleeding or Itching. It is the greatest known remedy; rapidly curing when other medicines have failed. Our Ointment is of great service where the removal of clothing is inconvenient.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. Mothers who have once used The Extract will never be without it. Our Ointment is the best emollient that can be applied.

Female Complaints. In the majority of female diseases the Extract can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

CAUTION.

Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take no other preparation. It is never sold in bulk, or by measure.

Sold everywhere, Prices, 50c, $1, $1.75.

Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER COLD IN HEAD DEAFNESS HEADACHE TRADE MARK EASY TO USE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BRO'S, OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell.

50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

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A POSITIVE Cure without Medicine. Patented October 16, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate case in four days or less.

Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.

No nauseous doses of cubebs, copaiba or oil of sandalwood that are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coatings of the stomach. Price $1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular. P. O. Box 1533. J. C. ALLAN CO., 83 John St., New York.

CURE.

AT THE TROY STEAM LAUNDRY 48 & ...

SMOKE THE CROCODILE CIGAR HAVANA FILLED 5¢ HAS NO EQUAL

GRAY, KINGMAN & COLLINS CHICAGO.

LORD TENNYSON SPANISH HAND MADE 10¢ CIGAR WILL SUIT THE MOST FASTIDIOUS

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JANUARY

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Parties who contemplate purchasing a new type writer should examine the

HAMMOND TYPE WRITER

before deciding upon a machine. "It has many points of superiority over all others, and is inferior in no point," is the testimony of persons who have used all of the different type writers in the market. May be examined and circulars obtained at

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Circulars also at 22 Calhoun St., of

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PENNYROYAL WAFERS are successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Are Safe, Effectual and Pleasant. $1 per box by mail or at druggists. Sealed Particulars 2 postage stamps. Address THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH. Sold in Fort Wayne by Dreier Bro. Oct. 18-1y.

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TOYS!

Keil & Bro. have added a complete line of Toys to their line of

HOLIDAY GOODS!

Which makes it the most complete line of Holiday Goods in any one house in the state. These goods have been selected with great care and the lowest market rate and will be sold at rock bottom prices.

KEIL & BRO. - 56 Calhoun street.

JOHN F. CARVER,

DEALER IN

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HARDWARE.

ARGAND STOVES AND RANGES

Before purchasing elsewhere call and examine our line of stoves and get our low prices.

No. 50 and 52 East Columbia Street, Ft. Wayne.

HENRY C. GRAFFE.

Corner Calhoun and Columbia Streets

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds,

Watches,

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Silverware,

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—AND—

MARBLE CLOCKS,

(MY OWN IMPORTATION.)

Opera Glasses, Statuary, Barbatine, Vases, Card Receivers, etc.

From 25 to 40 per cent. reduction in Silverware.

Finest assortment exhibited in the city, such as Tea Sets, Water Sets, Ice Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Castors, Cups, Spoon Holders, Butter Dishes, Jewel Cases, Steel Pic...s and Crackers, Fruit Stands, Table Cutlery, Plated, Ivory and Pearl Handle, Forks and Spoons of every pattern, Solid Gold and Silver Headed Canes, and an endless variety of novelties of all kinds.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

My stock is the most complete of any ever offered in the city. ...

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1886.

NEWS OF THE STAGE

What Players, Playwrights, and Managers, Are Saying and Doing.

MOVEMENTS OF STAGE STARS.

News, Notes, and Gossip About Prominent Professionals on Both Sides of the Atlantic.

The Spuds in the Lobby.

See the spuds,
In their duds,
Standing in the lobby!
See their glasses!
Lord, what asses!
Yet they're rawther nobby!

See their canes
And the pains
That they take to show them!
Lots of collar!
Nary dollar!
So say those who know them.

See them stare,
Here and there,
At the passing ladies!
And the fair ones
Wish the stare ones
Had a job in Hades!

At the show?
Hardly!' No!
Not until it closes!
Then the lobby
Gets the nobby
Spud in all his poses.
—*Washington Critic.*

Why We Can't See the Stage.

"Say, old fellow, have you seen that the girls are going to wear high-crowned hats again this season?"

"No. Are they, though? By Jove, that's good."

"Good! I don't see anything good about it. Just think, a fellah can't see the stage any more. I consider it rather rough."

"You don't take the right view of it, old man. Don't you see, it will give us an excuse to move into the front row again."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Would-Be Actor's Chances.

"You have an excellent presence, a good figure, a pleading voice, and in fact all the requisites of a good actor," said the manager to a young man whom he wished to engage in his company. "Now, how would you like to travel with me, and go on the stage?"

"I don't care much about it," said the young man. "I have gone through considerable in the way of traveling by stage, and I believe I prefer to walk."

"Ah," said the manager. "Then there is another inducement I can offer. You stay with my company long enough and you are sure to have plenty opportunities of walking."—*Merchant Traveller.*

How Girls Buy Matinee Tickets.

Will Palmer, Hayman, and the staff of the Baldwin Theater were in the box office busy selling tickets for the matinee. It is not often that it takes more than one man to sell tickets at our theaters, but the novelty had brought them all out just to see the people rushing to buy them on this occasion. They were admiring the varied beauty of the young and giddy things who came up to the window. You know how girls buy tickets for a matinee?

"Have you any good seats?"

"How many, Miss?"

"Have you got any good seats?"

"How many, Miss?"

"Have you got any seats?"

"Tell me how many, and I'll show you where I can please you."

"Three."

"Where, Miss?"

"Three."

"Dress circle or orchestra?"

"Dress circle."

"There, Miss," showing place.

"Have you any in the orchestra?"

"There, Miss; three good ones."

"How much?"

"Four dollars and a half."

"Oh, my! That's too dear. I'll go up stairs."

"These here in the balcony?"

"I'll take three."

"There you are, Miss; two and a quarter."

"I think I'll go into the dress circle."

"These three, Miss?"

"Those will do."

"Four dollars and a half."

"I guess I'll wait till next week."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Booth as a Barn-Stormer.

HOW HE MADE SHYLOCK A PROPOSITION WHICH WAS ACCEPTED.

Once during the days of his early struggles Booth was "barn-storming" down in Virginia, at a place called Lee's Landing. The improvised theater was a tobacco ware-house, and it was crowded by the planters for miles around. Booth and his companions had arranged to take the weekly steamer, expected to call late at night, and between the acts were busy packing up. The play was "The Merchant of Venice," and they were just going on for the trial scene when they heard a whistle, and the manager came running in to say that the steamer had arrived and would leave in ten minutes, says the Buffalo *Times*. As that was their only chance for a week of getting away they were in a terrible squandary.

"If we explain matters," said the manager, "they will think they are being cheated and we shall have a free fight." Ned, of course, was Bassanio, and he resolved to rely on the ignorance of the Virginians of those days to pull him through all right. So, when old George Ruggles—who was doing Shylock—began to sharpen his knife on his [illegible] straight up to him [illegible]

"Now, I'll make you one more offer," continued Booth. "In addition to this big bag of ducats, I'll throw in two kegs of niggerhead terback, a shotgun, and two of the best coon dogs in the State."

"I'm blarmed if I don't do it!" responded Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco-raisers and coon-hunters to a man.

"And, to show that there's no ill-feeling," put in Portia, "we'll wind up with a Virginny reel."

When they got on board the steamer the captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play, remarked:

"I'd like to see the whole of that play some time, gentlemen. I'm blarmed if I thought that fellow Shakespeare had so much snap in him."

Paint and Powder.

HOW ACTRESSES MAKE UP THEIR FACES FOR THE STAGE.

"Nothing is so exaggerated or mysterious to the outside world as the 'Make-up' process of actors," said a prominent member of the profession to a New York *Mail and Express* reporter.

"Well, I suppose actresses adopt the same processes as fashionable women?"

"Not a bit of it. Actresses have to follow simple and quick methods to make up for a stage appearance. The actress who wishes to make a good appearance usually washes her face in water and then in bay-rum. Oriental cream or a whitish liquid is next applied with a sponge. When the face is dry it is then powdered with the finest chamois skin. Then the background, as it were, is ready, and carmine is delicately distributed with a fine velvet sponge over the features The lips next receive attention by the homeopathic application of a red liquid. All of this is done with incredible swiftness and without any apparent effort to obtain artistic effect. The particular part of the toilet now begins—penciling the eyebrows. A small camel's-hair brush, of the best quality, is moistened with the finest India ink, and work on the eyebrows is fairly inaugurated. A delicate line is also drawn under the lashes on the lower lid. This is the way the actress prepares to make her appearance upon the stage when she is personating a character that does not require her to look older than she really is. In that case, of course, she uses cosmetics and paints to produce wrinkles and the necessary aged appearance. Lead-pencils No. 1 are frequently used instead of India ink to pencil the eyebrows. The enameling process, which originated in France, is very rarely resorted to on account of its baneful effects. It gives the face a ghost-like, waxy look, and it is far from being beautiful. It is a perfect art, though, and frequently very old actresses can build a new and youthful face for the stage with enamel. Used to a great extent it fills the pores of the skin and poisons the muscular glands, producing disease. Some of the great and successful actresses, however, have outfits that a harem of Oriental women might envy. To enumerate a few of the articles: Glycerine, India-ink, powders, carmine, lead-pencil, sponge, powder-puffs, crimps, frizzes, chamois skin, pugs, braids, hairpins, piece of steel for short curls, tooth-paste, bay rum, Florida water, arsenic, nail-brush, tweezers for pulling out gray hairs, cardamon seed, dyes, aromatic pills for the breath, invigorators, sheet of zinc for curling hair, two hand glasses, besides other articles. The effect of long years of painting a face is quite visible and noticeable by the generally dead appearance of the skin. I would advise every actor and actress to pay a great deal of attention to scrubbing their faces after a performance. They do wash the paint off, but oftentimes, being in a hurry, they do not wash hard enough. There is an art in 'making-up' as well as in acting."

Stage Chat.

IF Mapleson is in luck he will bring over Lucca.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A WOMAN like Ellen Terry could make famous a much worse actor than Henry Irving is.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE idea has gone abroad that this is to be Edwin Booth's last season on the stage. Such is not the fact. Mr. Booth will play a year longer.

GEORGE KNIGHT, whose German dialect is the best on the stage, will have "Baron Rudolph" rewritten by Cazauran, and play it in New York next summer.

MLLE. RHEA has been offered the creation of the title role in a new play written for her by a prominent English author. It is proposed to produce it in London.

WILLIAM WINTER has in hand a life of Adelaide Neilson, a memoir of John McCullough, and a biographical account of all the members of the Wallack family.

NEW HAVEN *News:* "How do you like Bernhardt?" he asked. "Well, I don't exactly know; I,ve only seen her once." "But she has a wonderful repertoire." "Has she? Well, I must say the one she had on when I saw her didn't fit her at all in the back." And then it was as still as a store that never advertises.

IT is stated that Miss Rose Coghlan is one of the few ladies who can smoke and do it gracefully. She makes no bones about the habit and indulges in cigarettes whenever she feels like it. Mlle. Aimee is an inveterate smoker and rolls her own cigarettes. Mlle. Rhea has a weakness for the little Havana cigars that are made up especially for lady smokers.

A MAN in Dakota shot and killed a man in a theater during a performance. His crime was swiftly and terribly punished. He was ejected without having his money refunded, and a friend of the murdered man threatened to kick him to boot. [illegible]

OHIO STATE NEWS.

—The monthly report of the Lima oil field for November shows that during that month there were twenty-seven wells drilled, only one of that number being a dry hole. The production of these twenty-six wells range from a three-hundred barrel gusher down to a twenty-barrel pumper. The total production of the wells drilled in this month is 1,435 barrels. The production on the first of the month was 8,298 barrels a day, which, increased by the month's drilling, places the daily out-put of the field, but a little over a year old, at nearly 10,000 barrels. The production of the Sellers, Weaver, and Lamberton Wells is not included in the above report. The former well, nine and a half miles south, is in, and shows for a fair well. The Weaver, owned by Joe Evans, located four miles south, is in, and flowing about two hundred barrels. Johnston's Roberts No. 2 was shot, and is flowing about one hundred barrels.

—An accidental shooting occurred near Black Hand; a load of shot fired from the gun of Chris Cummings, engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, taking effect in the eyes and face of his companion, Elman Patton, a fireman, while the two men were out hunting. Cummings and Patton were walking along some distance apart, when the dogs made a point on a covey of quail. The birds flew up, when Cummings, not seeing his companion, turned quickly and fired. Patton fell mortally wounded. Cummings, seeing the injury inflicted, used all haste possible to get the young man to his home, where some of the shot were removed. The physician stated he could not live.

—Perry Stewart, a married man about thirty-five years old, one of the employes of the cotton mill, at Bellefontaine, was instantly killed. He was separating two cars on the mill siding, when the I., B. & W. local engine run in on the track with some cars. Stewart did not know they were switching, and when the shock came was caught between the bumpers of two cars and horribly crushed, dying instantly. He was a hard-working, sober, and industrious man, and leaves a widow with three small children.

—The suit of Conant Bros., of Toledo, against the Commissioners of Miami County, which has been pending in the Common Pleas Court of that county for several months, has been compromised. The Conants are to have the job, but at a reduction of about $8,000 on their original bid. The saving of this $8,000 may be credited to the opposition the several Miami County newspapers made to the original contract.

—The State Board of Charities, in its report, which was filed with Gov. Foraker, recommends that all State institutions be taken out of the hands of the politicians and be placed on a strictly non-partisan basis. The report favors a Board of Trustees for each institution, but wants them to be non-partisan—to be composed of two of one party and two of another.

—The Engineer of the State Public Works states that the work on extending the Ohio Canal so as to connect Columbus with the Ohio River at Portsmouth has been stopped by the high water in Ohio River. The excavations for the locks were about finished when the river rose and covered the entire bottoms through which the extension runs.

—"Hod" Fishback, aged 20, and a companion living near New Martinsburg, Fayette County, went to the woods to do some chopping, taking a shotgun with them. During a playful scuffle between the two for the possession of the gun it was discharged, sending the load of shot into the bowels of Fishback, killing him almost instantly.

—The second section of freight train No. 16, on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, ran into the first section of the same train near Sumittville, wrecking sixteen cars and both locomotives. The debris took fire immediately and was entirely consumed. No person was injured. The loss was $25,000.

—Trueman Casey, a young man aged 18, was killed at Vesuvius Furnace, Ironton, by a huge mass of slate falling on him. He was alone in the coal-mine at the time of the accident, and was not discovered until his non-appearance at supper caused a search for him.

—All the miners in the Seventh Ohio District, twenty-five hundred to three thousand, came out on a refusal by the operators to grant an increase of 5 cents per ton for mining. A long siege is expected, as both sides seem determined.

—Information has been received at the State Board of Public Works signifying that the U. S. Government is now ready to accept the Muskingum Improvement from the State and keep the same navigable from Marietta to Zanesville.

—A Mr. Foster, of Michigan, while looking out of the window of a train on the C., H. & D. Railroad near Middletown, was shot in the face by the accidental discharge of the shotgun of George Harding, who was hunting.

—The Orville Machine Company has started their works with a force of fifty men. The works have been idle for a year and a half, but are now under an entire new management and on a solid financial basis.

—The Marshal of Bellefontaine secured the arrest of Joe Buck and S. C. Harrington, at Peoria, Ill., on charge of burglary and recovered a large amount of property stolen by them from merchants at Princeville.

—Assistant United States Attorney Dodge at Cleveland, has rendered an opinion that prison officials violate the law when they open letters addressed to convicts.

—Counterfeit nickel coins are being passed on the merchants of Columbus in quantities. The coin is a splendid counterfeit, and passes readily. The authorities are after the "shovers of the queer."

—W. R. Coleman was arrested for stealing $1,000 from the County Treasurer's office at Ashland, and afterward attempted to commit suicide. Seven hundred dollars of the money has been restored.

—Gov. Foraker has appointed Major James L. Foley a member of the Police Commissioners' Board of Cincinnati, vice Robert J. Morgan, resigned,

—R. W. Wood, of Cincinnati, has invented a machine which will not only scrape the streets, but loads the dirt into a wagon as it is brushed up, and cleans up the gutters as it goes.

—Charles Gideon, a bell-boy at the Lagonda House, Springfield, fell through the elevator hatchway, a distance of two stories, and was badly, though not fatally, injured.

—It is proposed to [illegible]

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Perceptometry.

The mind eats an idea. The image absorbed must be either retained and digested or it must be vomited back into forgetfulness. This theory alone explains the fact that the rural-bred boy so uniformly excels in strong common sense the crammed occupant of our city schools. Constant retching destroys the vigor of the stomach; so, the perpetual cram of matter which nobody expects will be retained is making our school children mental dyspeptics. Readers of the biographies of self-made men note the fact that these self-builders had a very limited supply of printed matter; therefore such as they had was well digested. I have made this matter a subject of thought for several years. The profession of pedagogy can never obtain its due recognition until the mind's state is known beyond cavil. As a preliminary step to this desideratum I am perfecting an apparatus by means of which the operations of the mind may be noted and timed. I use a stop watch to take the time consumed in the absorption of an image by the brain through the ear and through the eye. By deducting the time employed by a mere mechanical repetition of the names of the images employed, I get the period actually consumed in the process of mental digestion. The difference of time required among a class of pupils to receive and return an image of the mind is really astonishing. It must be borne in mind that when an intelligible sound enters the brain through the ear, the brain must rapidly seize upon some standard object of the kind and build up a brain counterpart before the sound becomes live enough to return again to the teacher. Thus, if I call out "pig," the pupil seizes upon some mental picture of an animal familiar to all; it is erected in the brain structure and is then ready for reiteration. By going about a class of forty pupils, giving every one a word in rapid succession, I get the exact time of the exercise. By repeating to myself, in the same common time, the words used, I am enabled to get the difference of time between the receipt and delivery and the mere delivery. This time represents the period of mental digestion. I think the process can and will be reduced to a scientific basis. I think, too, that in the hereafter the services of a teacher will be measured in part by scientific calculation, such as here outlined. When this can be done there will be a new era for professional school teachers and a hegira for mere school keepers.—*San Francisco Call.*

Oleomargarine.

No person with a keen sense of taste can be deceived about oleomargarine. Butter is pure oil. Put a little in a warm place and see how quickly it liquefies. If the temperature comes close to boiling the butter is "oiled," and unfit for food. Try the same experiment with oleomargarine. It will not harm it, and you will find it difficult to melt it if you drop it in boiling water. It will dissolve like tallow, not like butter. It also cuts like tallow, with a sort of metallic glint. Oleomargarine, if "flavored" with true butter and made into "prints," always keeps the print in the original clear lines. You can handle it without crushing it. It seems as if it had just come off ice. The first time I ever found it on a table I thought it the handsomest butter I had ever seen. It was at a hotel in Saratoga, where board was $5 a day. I tasted it, could not swallow it. In two hours my mouth was sore, poisoned by pyæmic germs in this pretty butter! I did not connect the two things, and continued every morning to touch the butter to my tongue, in the vain hope of finding something eatable. After five or six days a well-known member of the Boston Board of Trade paused beside my table and said, "Mrs. Dall, I hope you are not trying to eat that poison?" And then I discovered what the substance was. The sore mouth continued for four months! I ought to add that oleomargarine is gritty, though the grit is very fine, and it will not cream smooth with sugar or without, like true butter.—*Caroline H. Dall, in Boston Transcript.*

Without Adequate Cause,

Or with apparently no cause at all, chills and fever, thought to be cured, germinates and refructifies in the system. This giant among diseases cannot be laid out with quinine. The only way to give it a final and extinguishing quietus, is to use persistently the national antidote to miasma poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which roots it out completely. The process of cure is, of course, much easier if the Bitters is used as a preventive, when the first chill is felt, but persons who are not acquainted with the nature of the symptoms are sometimes in error as to their cause, and neglect the simple and pleasant remedy, of all others best suited to check the progress of this dreaded and destructive malady. Visitors to, or sojourners in, malarious localities will, moreover, act the part of wisdom if they use the Bitters as a preparative. Rheumatism, constipation, biliousness, indigestion, and kidney troubles are removed by the Bitters.

The Mahogany Tree.

Full grown, the mahogany tree is one of the monarchs of tropical America. Its vast trunk and massive arms, rising to a lofty height and spreading with graceful sweep over immense spaces, covered with beautiful foliage, bright, glossy, light and airy, clinging so long to the spray as to make it almost an evergreen—present a rare combination of loveliness and grandeur.

The leaves are very small, delicate and polished like those of the laurel. The flowers are small and white, or greenish yellow. The mahogany lumbermen, having selected a tree, surround it with a platform about twelve feet above the ground and cut it above the platform. Some dozen or fifteen feet of the largest part of the trunk are thus lost; yet a single log not infrequently weighs from six or seven to fifteen tons, and sometimes measures as much as seventeen feet in length and four and a half to five and a half feet in diameter, one tree furnishing two, three or four such logs. Some trees have yielded 12,000 superficial feet, and at average prices have sold for $15,000.

A Bargain in Corner Lots

Is what most men desire, but to keep from filling a grave in a cemetery lot ere half your days are numbered, always keep a supply of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" by you. When the first symptoms of consumption appear lose no time in putting yourself under the treatment of this invaluable medicine. [illegible]

MR. GEO. DEUTERMAN, New York city, suffered nearly a month with a severe cough, and having tried several remedies without relief, finally used Red Star Cough Cure which, he says, proved "speedy and effectual."

A COUNTER-IRRITANT—the woman who offers ten cents a yard for forty-cent goods.

AT the masquerade ball in Adin last week, St. Jacobs Oil took the first prize. Nothing strange in this, as it is highly prized in every family where used—especially in ours.—*Bieber, Cal., Mountain Tribune.*

No Excelling Without Great Labor.

In all vocations of life it is practice that makes perfect. Whether it is the muscle, the eye, the ear, the voice, the brain, we are called upon to use, if we would excel, there must be constant and unremitting training. Von Bulow, the eminent pianist, says: "If I stop practice one day, I notice it in my playing; if I stop two days, my friends notice it; if I stop three days, the public notice it." Every young man and every young woman who would reach any exalted position in any field of labor will find that it must be attained at the price of great perseverance and constant watchfulness.

A Plague of Rats.

The inhabitants of Pitcairn island, who are descendants of the mutineers of the ship Bounty, are not able to raise grain on account of the large number or rats in the fields. These rats escaped from vessels that landed on the island and have multiplied to such an extent that they devour almost everything that is raised.

"Work, Work, Work!"

How many women there are working to-day in various branches of industry—to say nothing of the thousands of patient housewives whose lives are an unceasing round of toil—who are martyrs to those complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. Their tasks are rendered doubly hard and irksome and their lives shortened, yet hard necessity compels them to keep on. To such Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" offers a sure means of relief. For all female weaknesses it is a certain cure. All druggists.

"I HERD," is the way the cowboy begins his conversation.—*Chicago Eye.*

A SUPERIOR preparation for all diseases of the hair or scalp. Hall's Hair Renewer.

TO MAKE both ends meet is why the baby puts its toes into its mouth.

OLD pill boxes are spread over the land by the thousands after having been emptied by suffering humanity. What a mass of sickening, disgusting medicine the poor stomach has to contend with. Too much strong medicine. Prickly Ash Bitters is rapidly and surely taking the place of all this class of drugs, and is curing all the ills arising from a disordered condition of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

THE barrel, although not generally known as a musical instrument, is nearly all staves and chimes.

PURE Cod Liver Oil made from selected livers, on the sea-shore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

THE world always weighs a man in the balance. The balance is at his banker's.

MAY always be relied upon for curing colds or coughs. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

WHEN is the "winter of discontent?" It must be after a fall in prices.

Important to all Who Work

For a living. Write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will send you full information, free, showing you how you can make from $5 to $25 and upwards a day and live at home, wherever you are located. Some have made over $50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All ages; both sexes. All is new. Great incomes sure from the start. Fortunes await all workers who begin at once.

"ROUGH on Rats" clears out rats, mice. 15c.
"Rough on Corns"—hard or soft corns. 15c.
"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.
"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder, 10c.

WIDE awake 3 or 4 hours every night, coughing.—Get immediate relief and sound rest by using "Rough on Coughs" Troches, 10 cents.

THE mother's favorite cough medicine for the children and adults is "Rough on Coughs" Troches, 10c. Liquid, 25c.

LIFE PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

Out of the Fire

Only those who have suffered from salt rheum in the worst form, can know the agonies caused by this dreadful disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing salt rheum, as well as all affections of the blood.

"I owe the same gratitude to Hoods Sarsaparilla that one would to his rescuer from a burning building. I was tormented with salt rheum, and had to leave off work altogether. My face about the eyes, would be swollen and scabbed, my hands and a part of my body would be raw sores for weeks at a time, my flesh would seem so rotted that I could roll pieces from between my fingers as large as a pea. One physician called it type poison, and gave me medicine accordingly; but salt rheum cannot be cured in that way. Finally I bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It helped me so much that I took a second and third bottle, and was entirely cured. I have not been troubled with salt rheum since." A. D. ROBBINS, Hagar Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health.

It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young.

As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at $1.00 a bottle.

"DON'T PAY A BIG PRICE!"

65 Cents Pays for a Year's subscription to the Weekly American Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y., without premium—"the Cheapest and Best Weekly in the World." 8 pages, 48 columns, 16 years old. For One Dollar you have one choice from over 15) different Cloth-Bound Dollar Volumes, 300 to 900 pp., and paper one year, post-paid. Book postage, 15c Extra. 50,000 books given away. Among them are: Law Without Lawyers; Family Cyclopedia; Farm Cyclopedia; Farmers' and Stockbreeders' Guide; Common Sense in Poultry Yard; World Cyclopedia; Danielson's (Medical) Counselor; Boys' Useful Pastimes; Five Years Before the Mast; People's History of United States; Universal History of All Nations; Popular History Civil War [illegible]

YOUNG and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association Buffalo, N. Y.

SWEET are the uses of adversity, but most people prefer sugar.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, &c., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.*

IS IT not strange that the masculine singers do not start a bass bawl club?

"BUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney, bladder, and urinary diseases. $1. At druggists.

"ROUGH ON BILE" PILLS.

Small granules, small dose, big results, pleasant in operation, don't disturb the stomach. 25c.

"ROUGH ON DIRT."

Ask for "Rough on Dirt." A perfect washing powder found at last! A harmless, extra fine, A 1 article, pure and clean; sweetens, freshens, bleaches, and whitens without the slightest injury to finest fabrics. Unequaled for fine linens and laces, general household, kitchen, and laundry use. Softens water; saves labor and soap. 5c. 10c, 25c. At druggists or grocers.

A QUESTION ABOUT

Brown's Iron Bitters

ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times, "How can Brown's Iron Bitters cure everything?" Well, it doesn't. But it does cure any disease for which a reputable physician would prescribe IRON. Physicians recognize Iron as the best restorative agent known to the profession, and inquiry of any leading chemical firm will substantiate the assertion that there are more preparations of iron than of any other substance used in medicine. This shows conclusively that iron is acknowledged to be the most important factor in successful medical practice. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that prior to the discovery of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS no perfectly satisfactory iron combination had ever been found.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, Headache and Neuralgia—for all these ailments Iron is prescribed daily.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, however, does not cure in a minute. Like all other thorough medicines, it acts slowly. When taken by *men* the first symptom of benefit is renewed energy. The muscles then become firmer, the digestion improves, the bowels are active. In *women* the effect is usually more rapid and marked. The eyes begin at once to brighten; the skin clears up; healthy color comes to the cheeks; nervousness disappears; functional derangements become regular, and if a nursing mother, abundant sustenance is supplied for the child. Remember Brown's Iron Bitters is the ONLY iron medicine that is not injurious. *Physicians and Druggists recommend it.*

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.

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ALL MEN suffering from Nervous Debility Vital Weakness, Wasting Ailments, *from any cause*, send for particulars and advice for self home cure. Dr. J. Rennert, Peru, Ind.

PATENTS R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. ☞ 17 years' experience.

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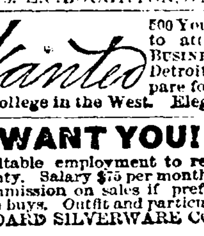

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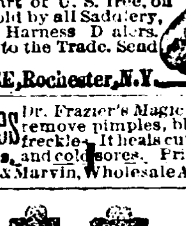

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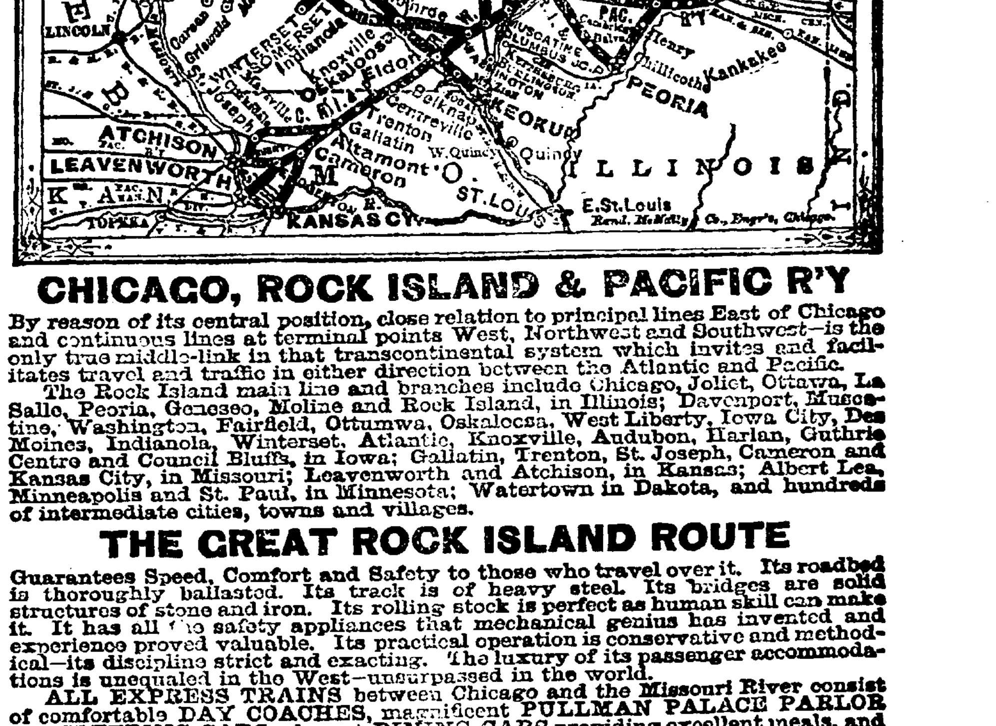
J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

Young Ladies Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment will remove pimples, blackheads and freckles. It heals cuts, burns, chapped hands and lips, and cold sores. Price 50 cents. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Agts, Toledo, O.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequaled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

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A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kankakee, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

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FACE TO FACE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Sad mortal! couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonist schools,
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the bubble of midnight fools
Ere the morning of truth be born:
But I, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of death.

I tell thee his face is fair
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gloom in his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand Springs;
His smile is the fathomless beam
Of the star-shine's sacred light,
When the Summers of Southland dream
In the lap of the holy Night:
For I earth's sadness above,
In a kingdom of halcyon breath—
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—
But they hold few mysteries now—
And his pity for earth's farewells
Half furrows that shining brow;
Souls taken from Time's cold tide
He folds to his fostering breast,
And the tears of their grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest:
And still, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on a light that is love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars impearled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is souring world by world,
With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of Death grow sweet,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flush of his winged retreat:
And I, earth's sadness above,
Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the luster of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.
For voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Discloses the goal of goals:
And from heaven of heavens above
God speaketh with bateless breath—
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!

NELLIE'S NOBLE DEEDS.

BY ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

"Thimble Alley! Oh, what a dreadful place; but there's no one can mend my laces equal to Mrs. Smith. Little boy, does Mrs. Rachel Smith live here?"

"Yes'm, fifth story, first door to your right," and the ragged urchin eyed the fine lady with wide, open eyes.

"Lor', ain't she some?" he said, to a near companion, "all shiny-like and soft. Whopee! if mammy had some o' her finery we'd have a holiday dinner well as Biddy O'Brien."

"Ha! ha! ha! Tim," roared the other, "the idee of a dinner out o' finery."

"I meant to say it, you know well enough. I wonder who she is?"

But in the meantime Nellie Strong had reached the fifth floor and stood, almost out of breath, gazing about the wretched hallway where poverty held sway.

"How can they live so?" she thought. "What horrid odors, and there's a half dozen babies crying below. Poor little things!" then she knocked on the door before her.

"Come in," called out a woman's voice.

Nellie pushed the creaking door open and entered the small, bare chamber.

At its one window a woman sat mending some costly lace. In a corner on a cot reclined a pale, young girl. There was no fire in the room, although the air was keen and frosty.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith. I called with some work; I wanted this lace mended particularly before the ball, and so I sought you out myself."

"Yes, Miss Strong; be seated, pray. Let me look at the lace, please?"

Nellie took the one vacant chair and turned her bright eyes upon the pale young girl on the cot.

"Are you an invalid?" she gently inquired.

"Oh, yes; I have been one always. I never could walk, but I do not suffer much now."

"You don't mean to tell me that you have lain here all your life!" cried Nellie, "and never saw anything but these bare walls?"

"Almost all my life. It isn't so bad for me as you would think. The neighbors are kind, and mother brings me a flower now and then, and we talk of what might be if I could grow stronger. Talk is cheap," smiled the invalid.

"I don't think I could do this before Wednesday. Will that answer, Miss Strong?"

"Oh, yes," said Nellie, carelessly, "it does not matter at all. But tell me, Mrs. Smith, have you ever consulted a good physician about your daughter?"

"I have often wished to do so, but could not afford it."

Just then a little tow-headed, dirty-faced girl of five or six years thrust her head in the doorway.

"Please, Miss Smith, the baby's worser. Mother thinks it's dyin'."

"Oh!" exclaimed Nellie, "whose baby?"

"An Irish woman's down stairs. An attack of croup; the weather has been cool, and the little fellow caught cold. Yes, Mary, I'll come. You'll excuse me a moment, Miss Strong."

"Yes; but may not I go, too—poor little baby?"

And timidly drawing her silken skirts about her, she followed Mrs. Smith into the room of the Irish washerwoman, where upon a straw bed lay a little six-months-old baby dying, as was evident at a glance.

"He's the third one," sobbed the poor mother. "I've only four left, and his father couldn't stop work long enough to see him die, his boss is that hard on him. My baby! oh, my baby!"

Nellie drew out a bill from her purse and placed it in the poor mother's hand.

"You'll need things for—for the funeral," she said, softly; "take it. I'll come and see you again."

"Lord love your sweet face," cried the woman, with a wild fit of weeping. "You're that kind, mum, I don't know how to thank you. It'll be the first dead child that I could ever pay for its coffin. Oh, how sweet he'll look all in white!"

As they passed out of the room of death a party of men came up the stairs bearing a limp form between them.

"What is it?" asked Nellie, of Mrs. Smith, drawing closer to her.

"Some accident, evidently. What has happened, Pete?" she inquired of one of the men.

"Mr. Swasher fell from the building, a matter of twenty feet, and we think both his legs are broken. There comes the doctor."

"Poor man," sighed Mrs. Smith. "I don't know what will become of his family; he was their only support. You look inexpressibly pained. These things are common enough to all large tenements. We see sorrow and suffering around us continually."

And she wondered why the lady followed her up to her room again.

"I wish," said Nellie to the invalid girl, "you would allow me to send you our family physician; he is one of the best in the city. I think he can help you."

"Oh, if you only would!" exclaimed the mother. "Lulu might be helped, I have always believed."

"Yes; and, Mrs. Smith, you need not hurry about the lace. I don't think I'll need it, but I'll pay you for the work now. And—you ought to have a fire—good-day."

Before Mrs. Smith could get her glasses on to examine the bill in her lap, her visitor had gone.

"Oh, Lulu!" she exclaimed, "it's a twenty-dollar bill; she's made a mistake."

But Lulu wiped away a tear [illegible] wan cheek, and smiled up in [illegible]

room. "How big a check is to be called for, pet? Don't be too hard on your old father."

Nellie did not reply at once; she took her place at the table, glanced over the dainty appointments, the snowy damask silken fine, the costly silver, the beautiful flowers, the rare fruits, and all the luxuries that wealth can give. Then her eyes wandered to her two fair young sisters, and her mother's face behind the tray, and lastly to her father's face, who just now was regarding her with smiling, quizzical eyes.

"Papa," she said, flushing slightly, "I—I want a generous check, true enough, but I think I'll rearrange my programme."

"I thought so," smiled her father. "What a tell-tale face you possess. What's the latest freak? out with it."

"Oh, Nellie, everything was perfect; invitations all ready to send out. You're not going to spoil our party," cried her sisters.

"I hope not," said Nellie; "but first I want to tell you all about my visit to Thimble Alley."

She told it as it was, and at its close the youngest of the girls exclaimed:

"I know now, Nellie; you thought what a big sensation your party would make in Thimble Alley."

"Yes," said Nellie, "if papa is willing."

"My eldest born," said her father fondly, "your papa's purse has a long string, still it might be stretched too far. I always did dislike the fuss of a party, and I guess I can trust your prudent head to control your tender heart. Give the Thimble-Alleyites a generous dinner on your birthday and what you will. I'll see that Dr. Moore calls upon the lace-mender's daughter."

Not fairy hands, oh, no! but human, loving hands that did the work; some of them rough and black that shoveled in the coal into the empty boxes; some of them small and chapped that helped along their dinner. But when the stars shone out, not one in that large tenement building went to sleep cold or hungry on that holiday night.

"Mother," said Lulu softly, "the doctor says I will soon be well enough to wheel my chair all around, and that possibly, some day, I may walk about with the help of crutches."

"Yes, my darling, I know."

"And when I told him all about Miss Strong's noble deeds, and praised her tender heart, he smiled and looked so pleased I read his secret. May Heaven bless them both."

"Amen," breathed her mother tearfully.

Short Sermons.

I long ago dun made up my mind dat aiverage humanity expects too much on dis airth, an' dat we am all too selfish to really enjoy ourselves.

If we plan fur a huckleberry excurshun we look fur dry weather, no matter how much our naybur's co'n an' taters want rain.

If dar am any danger of spring frosts we expeck dey will fly ober our garden an' light down on somebody else's truck-patch.

If we take in a tramp over night we expect him to be honest an' grateful. If anybody else takes in one an' gits beat, our vardict am dat it sarved 'em right.

We doan' know of any pertickler reason why lightnin' should strike our ba'n, but we kin furnish half a dozen reasons why it should burn ba'ns all around us.

We expeck cyclones now an' den in de nateral order of fings, but we doan' expeck 'em to hit our eand of de county. We am sorry fur sich people as was in de way, but dey orter bin som'ers else, you know.

We expect to git de big eand of de trade when we swap hosses wid a man, but if we diskiver dat we hev been cheated we want de law to punish him for a swindler.

Moas' of us am willin' to take our chances on matrimony, if de gal am good-lookin' or de young man has cash, but when de rollin'-pins begin to fly we blame our friends dat dey didn't warn us.

If we lose our pocket-book we argy dat de pusson who find it am as bad as a thief if he doan' return it. If we find some one else's pocket-book we—well, it comes like pullin' teeth to let go.

We respeck our naybur, but we want our beets an' cabbage an' onions to keep about a week ahead of his.

We begin in October to predict a mild winter, an' if we happen to git one we kick like a steer de nex' summer bekase we hev to pay mo' fur ice.

I tell ye, my frens, when I come to realize jist what a queer piece of clay we am, an' how much workin' ober we need to come out perfeck, I can't wonder ober de shoutin' and hurrahin' in Heaben when one of us grown folks finds his way in.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pleasanter.

Old General Malone, who was at one time quite prominent in Arkansaw, but who has fallen into political desuetude, attended church regularly, but never failed to doze off to sleep immediately after the preacher introduced his subject. One day old Parson Sanderson stopped the General in the street and said:

"Brother Malone, how did you like my sermon yesterday?"

"First rate."

"Now look here, brother, you didn't hear a word of it."

"I heard as much of it as of any sermon I ever heard you preach."

"That's the trouble. You've never heard any of my sermons. Why is this?"

"Because I go to sleep, I suppose."

"But why do you sleep?"

"Because I am sleepy."

"Why don't you take something to keep you awake during services? You annoy me very much. For goodness sake, take something to keep you awake."

"My dear brother, the reason I never take anything to keep me awake is because I find it pleasanter to take something to make me sleep."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Mottoes.

For a prize-fighter—"He that is down need fear no fall."

For a seamstress—"Be what you seem to be."

For a Wall street speculator—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

For the silver dollar—"I would rather die than be debased."

For the fashionable dressmaker—"Worth overcomes ill-will."

For a messenger boy—"He who runs may read."

For a negro minstrel—"The bones are for him who comes late."

For a lover whose fiancee has a glass eye—"With all thy false eye love thee still."

For a riding class—"Every one has his own particular habit."

For a boy who wishes to hire out to a dime museum—"Two heads are better than one."—*Life.*

THE biggest cannon that England has, or has ever had, has arrived at Woolwich from Sir William Arm- [illegible] The new weapon is [illegible] forty-four feet in [illegible] and one-fourth [illegible] actual weight

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Senator Arthur P. Gorman is the son of a respectable citizen of Washington, and the grandson of an Irishman. Educated at the public schools in Howard County, Md., he was appointed, when thirteen years of age, a page in the Senate of the United States. Prompt, truthful, and attentive to whatever was intrusted to him, he was gradually promoted until he became the Senate Postmaster. Among his warmest friends was Andrew Johnson, and when he was removed from office because he always spoke well of the President, Mr. Johnson appointed him Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fifth District of Maryland, which place he held until the Grant administration came into power. Entering into Maryland politics, and thoroughly acquainted with parliamentary law, he was elected Speaker of the House of Delegates and afterward State Senator. When forty years of age he was elected United States Senator, defeating William Pinckney Whyte, who was the representative of the aristocratic element in Maryland. That element at once commenced a merciless warfare against Mr. Gorman, but he was in no wise daunted, and in 1880 he was re-elected Senator by a large majority. He is rather an under-sized, squarely built man, with jet-black hair, a Roman nose, a clean-shaven face, very dark-blue eyes, and a decisive manner. He is noted for his fidelity to his friends, and at the same time he often forgives those who have shamefully treated him, but who come to ask favors of him. He did much toward securing the election of Mr. Cleveland as President, and has had the satisfaction of seeing that what he did has been fully appreciated at the White House.

It was a noteworthy fact that as the time approached for the selection of a candidate by the Republicans, Ohio presented four names. General Grant, the conqueror of the rebellion, who was without experience, qualifications, or capacity as a civil ruler, was evidently the choice of the loyal people of the North. The old Abolitionists and the national banks favored Chief Justice Chase, who possessed brains, personal dignity, and ability to perform the duties of the Executive. Stanton was the martyr-candidate of the contractors, an unscrupulous man of action and decision, bold, audacious and unshrinking; and the Western Reserve brought forward bluff Ben Wade, feigning fanaticism and stoical virtue, but a mere mother of strong words and profane epithets. A few spoke of a fifth Ohio candidate for the nomination in General Sheridan, but he promptly sat down on every demonstration in his behalf "like a little man." It soon became evident that General Grant would be nominated. State Republican conventions, Union clubs, and newspapers of all political shades declared their preferences for General Grant, the New York *Herald* finally coming out for the "conqueror of the rebellion," with these lines by General Halpin (Miles O'Reilly) as a text. They afterward became historic:

So, boys, a final bumper,
While we all in chorus chant,
For next President we nominate
Our own Ulysses Grant.

And if asked what State he hails from
This our solo reply shall be:
From near Appomattox Court House,
And its famous apple tree;

For 'twas there to our Ulysses
That Lee gave up the fight:
Now, boys, to Grant for President,
And God defend the right.

Chief Justice Chase was treated with less favor by another poet, who thus described his visit to Ohio to rally his followers:

Says Salmon P.
Chase, says he:
"I'll fish, by Jupiter Ammon!"
He went to Ohio,
And threw in his fly—oh—
But never a sign of a Salmon.

When Congress met in December, 1866, Representative James M. Ashley, of the Toledo district of Ohio, commenced operations as chief impeacher of President Johnson. He had begun life at an early age as a clerk on a trading-boat on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, driving sharp bargains with the plantation darkies on the banks, in the exchange of cheap jewelry and gay calicoes for cotton and eggs. Next he undertook to learn the art and mystery of printing, studying law meanwhile, and finally located in Toledo as the editor of a Democratic paper. He was not a success as an editor, and went from the sanctum into a drug store, where he put up prescriptions "at all hours of the night." Joining the Republican party in its infancy, he obtained an election to Congress, but failed to create any sensation until he mounted the hobby of impeachment, which enabled him to advertise himself gratuitously, without expense. He was a rather short, fat man, with a clean-shaven face, and a large shock of bushy, light hair, which he kept hanging over his forehead like a frowsy bang threatening to obstruct his vision. He passed much of his time in perambulating the aisles of the House, holding short conferences with leading Republicans, and casting constant glances into the ladies' gallery. A man of the lightest mental caliber and most insufficient capacity, he constituted himself the chief impeacher, and assumed a position that should have been held by a strong-nerved, deep-sighted, able man.

George Watterson, who died at Washington on the 4th of February, 1854, was one of the oldest and most esteemed citizens of the metropolis. A witness in early childhood to the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol, he manifested throughout his life a constant devotion to the interests of the national metropolis. To his early and untiring labors, pursued through all vicissitudes, may be mainly ascribed the success of the great enterprise of erecting in this city the monument to the memory of the Father of his Country by the contributions of the people; and with that proud memorial of a nation's gratitude his name is indissolubly associated. Honored by various public trusts, he discharged them all with ability, and in all displayed the same strict integrity, diligence, and loyalty to duty which marked his character in private life. He was also distinguished for his love of letters, as manifested by his frequent compositions on moral, political, and literary subjects. Though ardent in temperament, he was modest and unobtrusive in manner.

Mrs. Hayes exercised a greater influence over public affairs than any lady had since Dolly Madison presided over the White House. Tall, robust, and with a dignified figure, the whole expression of her face, from the broad forehead, which showed below her hair, worn in the old-fashioned style, to the firm mouth and modest chin, bespoke the thoughtful, well-balanced, matronly woman. Notwithstanding the [illegible] steward received, midway in the repast, a glass of Roman punch, which was nearly all potent St. Croix rum. Such was its invigorating effect that it was named "the life-saving station." While Mrs. Grant had always denounced the White House as not suitable for a President's residence, Mrs. Hayes was charmed with it. She once took an old friend through it, showed him the rooms, and exclaimed: "No matter what they build, they will never build any more rooms like these." She had the lumber-rooms ransacked, and old china and furniture brought out and renovated, ascertaining, when it was possible, its history. Every evening after dinner she had an informal reception, friends dropping in and leaving at their will, and enjoying her pleasant conversation. Even the women spoke well of her, and some flattered her.

Paul Jones and the Teapot.

In early days Kirkcudbright town was a port of some little importance, with a foreign trade, and with ships that often passed the Pillars of Hercules and brought home the spoils of the East from the Levant. "Ane rich towne full of merchandise was Kirkcaldy, according to Hector Boece, and as recently as the early part of the present century Kirkcaldy had some trade with the West Indies, and casks of rum and sugar and negro servants from the plantations were not unknown upon its quays. A West Indian vessel hailing from Kirkcaldy was commanded by one Paul Jones, son of the Earl of Selkirk, in St. Mary's Isle. Some difficulty with the carpenter of the ship, ending in the carpenter's violent death, was the cause, according to Paul's enemies, of Capt. Jones deserting his native land and taking the side of the American colonists in their struggle with the mother country. How Paul Jones with his tiny squadron defied the naval power of England and insulted her flag along her own coasts is familiar to every reader of Cooper and Allan Cunningham. But a curious incident was the visit of the Captain to the scenes of his youth and his descent upon St. Mary's Isle, when the sailors cleared the Earl of Selkirk's residence of its plate, carrying off even the silver teapot from which the Countess was about to partake of her Bohea. In justice to Paul it must be said that he had not authorized the plunder, and he subsequently returned every article taken, including the silver teapot, which the Countess long preserved—tea leaves and all—as a memorial of the event. A story is in this connection told against the Burgesses of Kirkcudbright, how after long and earnest deliberation, while the enemy's craft was lying in the bay, they summoned up resolution as night drew on to train a gun against the ship and even to fire it off. Upon which, the rebel ship making no reply, the townspeople came to the conclusion that they had disabled her, and to complete the good work and send her altogether to the bottom they fired round after round till the morning's dawn revealed the fact that the rebel had sailed silently away, and that the objective of this cannonade, which seemed little the worse for its pounding, was a tall rock that stood forth from the middle of the bay.—*All the Year Round.*

Base-Ball.

The poor umpire is out on the ball ground. There is a limp in his gait, and he carries a cane. He is an old vet, and played a right lively game before he was wounded. The ball struck him on the knee-cap, and when he was discharged from the hospital he was placed on the retired list.

What are they doing now?

The man at the bat made three strikes, and the catcher has thrown the ball to first base.

Is the man out?

Some say he is and some say he isn't.

What does the umpire say?

He has not had a chance to say anything yet on account of the uproar.

Why do the two nines gather so closely around the umpire? He ought to have a little fresh air.

They are going to bulldoze him.

Has he rendered a decision yet?

Yes, he has pronounced the man out.

Who struck the umpire?

The short stop.

Who is that man kicking the umpire on his game leg?

That is the man whom he declared out.

It is a shame to kick, strike, and abuse a lame man.

True, but look at the third baseman, who is creeping up behind him with a club in his hand.

What is he going to do?

He finds that it is necessary to kill the umpire to stifle further discussion.

Has he struck him yet?

No, he has not hit him on the back of his head, because the umpire has just reversed his decision.

Gone back on what he said in the first place?

Yes, he now says the man is not out.

Who fired that shot?

The left fielder of the other club.

Who is he shooting at?

The umpire.

Why?

Because the umpire reversed his decision.

Why, they have killed the umpire for going back on his first judgment!

Yea, but what is the difference? He would have been killed anyway by the club on the other side. It is six to one and half a dozen to the other, and an umpire might as well die for an old sheep as a lamb.—*Texas Siftings.*

What Worried Her.

She was young and beautiful, with eyes as bright as her diamonds, and hair as long and sleek as her sealskin sacque; and as she tripped into the office of the weary editor his face brightened, and he laid himself out to do the polite. After accepting the customary courtesies, she remarked:

"I'm just out here from Milwaukee with my pa, and I notice that a great many of your papers here have been publishing portraits of beautiful ladies. Now, I hope——"

"That's all right, madam; we will respect your scruples."

"But I was going to say that——"

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that score, madam. This is a decent family journal, and is conducted by men who have too much respect for womanly purity to print the portrait of a woman who did not seek notoriety, and we have no desire to compete with certain journals engaged in that line of business."

"What I wanted to say," said the young lady, starting to go, "is that I have just been photographed at the 'Bang up' gallery, and I hope you won't take advantage of my neglect to call like men and tell any comic [illegible]

THE HINDU WIDOW.

There is hardly a class of living beings whose wretched condition appeals more strongly to the humane feelings of charitably disposed persons, and in whose woeful state there is more scope for the display of philanthropic efforts, than the widows among the Hindus, in India. Very few people in Europe have even the remotest idea of the miseries and horrors which Hindu women undergo after the death of their husbands. The Hindus themselves do not fully know the sufferings of their widowed sisters and daughters; much less do they care to alleviate the hardships of their bereaved countrywomen, or to improve the general status of the female population of India. The cries of the helpless creatures who are doomed to lifelong widowhood hardly find an echo beyond the four walls of the Indian zenana.

The evils of widowhood in India are manifold, and the system of early marriage makes them tenfold intense. Among the Hindus, a boy who is hardly out of his teens is married to a girl who has barely passed twelve summers; and it often happens that a wife loses her husband soon after her marriage, and then she is initiated into the horrors of a widow's life ere she has passed her very girlhood. Even if the would-be husband, after the formal engagement has been made, dies before the ceremony of marriage, the girl is condemned to widowhood for all her life.

A Hindu woman's period of temporal happiness ceases, irrespective of her rank or wealth, directly she becomes a widow. When a young man dies his parents and friends are in deep mourning for him, expressing the greatest grief for his untimely loss; but few people understand or care to comprehend the utter wretchedness in which he leaves his young wife, who is yet too tender and inexperienced to bear with even the commonest hardship of this world. No sooner has the husband breathed his last than the young wife is made to give up all tokens of the married state, and to forego all pleasures and luxuries as utterly unsuitable for her present condition.

The formal period of mourning for a widow in Bengal lasts for one month. During this time she has to prepare her own food, confining herself to a single meal a day, which consists of boiled coarse rice, simplest vegetables, ghi, or clarified butter, and milk. She is forbidden to do her hair, and to put any scent or oil on her body. She must put on the same cotton sari day and night, even when it is wet, and must eschew the pleasure of a bed, and lie down on the bare ground, or perhaps on a coarse blanket spread on it; in some cases she cannot even have her hair dried in the sun after daily morning ablution, which she must go through before she can put a particle of food in her mouth. The old women say that the soul of a man after his death ascends to heaven quickly and pleasantly in proportion to the bodily inflictions which his wife can undergo in the month after the death of her husband. Consequently, the new-made widow, if not for any other reason, at least for the benefit of the soul of her departed husband, must submit to continuous abstinence and excruciating self-inflictions. The widow is, in fact, looked upon as the "evil one" of the house.

In the Northwest Provinces of India widows suffer treatment far worse than that to which their sisters in Bengal are subjected.

A widow among the respectable classes in this land of rigid Hinduism is considered and treated as something worse than the meanest criminal in the world. Directly after the death of her husband she is shunned by her relations and friends, and, as if her breath or touch would spread among them the contagion of her crime—the natural death of her husband—they do not even approach near her, but send the barbers' wives, who play an important part in all Hindu ceremonies, to divest her of all her ornaments and fineries. These mercenary persons often proceed to their task in a most heart-rending manner; but that is the command of their mistresses, and they must obey it. No sooner has the husband breathed his last than these hirelings rush at their victim and snatch off her earrings and nose-rings.

Ornaments plaited in the hair are torn away, and if the arms are covered with gold and silver bracelets, they do not take the time to draw them off one by one, but holding her arm on the ground, they hammer with a stone until the metal, often solid and heavy, breaks in two; it matters not to them how many wounds are inflicted, even if the widow is but a child of six or seven, who does not know what a husband means; they have no pity.

At the funeral the relatives of the deceased, male and female, accompany the corpse, and all, rich or poor, must go on foot, the women, with their veils drawn over their faces, following, and last comes the widow, preceded by the barbers' wives, who take great care to keep her at a respectable distance from the main body of the mourners, shouting out as they go along to warn the other people of the approach of the detested widow. Soon after the party reaches the river or tank, near which the cremation takes place, the widow is pushed into the water, and there she has to remain, in her wet clothes, away from all the other people, until the dead body has been burnt to ashes. And when all of them have started for home the widow is led along by the barbers' wives, her clothes soaking wet, and she mutely bearing the rudenesses of her barbarous guides. This custom is rigidly observed in all seasons and all circumstances. It sometimes happens that if she is of delicate health she breaks down in the middle of her journey and falls dead. And death is her best friend then.

When she returns home she must sit or lie in a corner on the bare ground, in the same clothes, wet or dry, which she wore at the time of her husband's death. She must be content with only one very scanty and plain meal a day, and must often completely abstain from all food and drink. Her nearest and dearest relations and friends shun her presence, as if she were an accursed viper, and if ever they approach near her it is only to add fresh indignities to her miserable lot. They make her the butt of the vilest abuses and the most stinging aspersions. She is a widow, and she must put up with her lot, and thus she drags on her miserable existence, with no ray of comfort to cheer her sad soul, and no spark of pity to lighten her heavy heart.

On the thirteenth day after the funeral the widow is allowed, after necessary ablutions, to change the clothes that she has worn since her husband's death. Her head, which was covered [illegible]

Six weeks after her husband's death the widow has again to wear those clothes—the very sight of which sends a shudder through her inmost soul—which she had put on for the first thirteen days. She can change them only on one condition, that she must go on a pilgrimage to the holy river Ganges (which is often impossible on account of distance), and perform ablutions in its purifying waters. After that she has to wear the plainest cotton dress, and live on the simplest single meal a day, only varied with frequent fasts.

The widow who has no parents has to pass her whole life under the roof of her father-in-law, and then she knows no comfort whatever. She has to meet from her late husband's relations only unkind looks and unjust reproaches. She has to work like a slave, and for the reward of all her drudgery she only receives hatred and abhorrence from her mother-in-law and sisters-in-law. If there is any disorder in the domestic arrangements of the family, the widow is blamed and cursed for it. Even death cannot save a widow from indignities. For when a wife dies she is burnt in the clothes she had on, but a widow's corpse is covered with a coarse white cloth, and there is little ceremony at her funeral.

Tea Drinkers' Diseases.

It is not a little curious that the diseases arising from the wrong use of tea should be met with in greater frequency in countries foreign to its growth. It might have been supposed that where production went on, there would be found those evils that attend the consumption of tea in their greatest extent; but such does not appear to be the case. The diseases due to tea are well known to doctors, but the public seem to be strangely indifferent to the teachings of their medical advisers in these matters.

Recently, in France, M. Eloy has reminded medical men how vast is the number of diseases owing an allegiance to the dominion of Queen Tea. The list of headings in M. Eloy's paper is well calculated to arouse attention, and, we hope, to lead to some abatement of this widespread disorder. America and England are the two countries that are afflicted most with the malady arising from the excessive consumption of tea. Individuals may suffer in a variety of ways. It is customary to speak of acute, subacute and chronic "theism"—a form that has no connection with theological matters. It is possible to be a "theic" by profession or a "theic" by passion.

The predominance of nervous symptoms is a characteristic of theism; general excitation of the functions of the nervous system may be observed; or the weakness may be noted more especially in the brain as distinguished from the spinal cord. Perversion of the sense of hearing is not at all an uncommon symptom—patients hearing voices that have no real or objective existence. The irritability that overtakes women so frequently may sometimes be clearly traced to an excessive indulgence in afternoon tea. It is a mistake to suppose that it is the poor seamstress who is the chief sufferer from theism. No doubt the tannin which tea that has been standing long contains does a great amount of mischief, but the derangement that it causes hardly belongs to that class of diseases with which we are at present concerned. Rather does theism belong to that genus of disease in which morphinism, caffeism and vanillism are found.

The habit of tea drinking is one that grows on its victims like the similar ones of opium or alcohol. Taken in strict moderation, and with due precautions in the mode of preparation, tea is like alcohol, a valuable stimulant; in its abuse there is also a certain analogy. There is hardly a morbid symptom which may not be traceable to tea as its cause. This is a fact that general practitioners often use to their own satisfaction and to their patient's advantage, if it happen to be that kind of patient who does not object to make some sacrifice in order to be rid of troubles.—*Lancet.*

Orangeism.

The society of the Orangemen was founded in 1795. The first lodge was formed in Armagh and the name was taken in honor of King William III., Prince of Orange. The object of the society was avowedly to uphold Protestant institutions and interests, and thus to counteract the Roman Catholic associations known as "The Defenders." The two opposed societies were soon involved in a fierce hostility, as nearly all of the peasants belonged to one or the other, and wherever they met in any numbers fighting and riots were sure. The order waned somewhat in the early days of the century, but in 1827, when the Duke of Cumberland became Grand Master, it revived. In 1828 and 1829 a number of fights occurred which were suppressed by the militia with difficulty. In 1835 the British Parliament ordered an investigation of the association. It was found that thirty-four regiments of the army had Orange lodges; that there were 145,000 Orangemen in England and 125,000 in Ireland. As the order was declared subversive of the peace of communities, Orange clubs in both England and Ireland were broken up in conformity with a resolution of the House of Commons. Orangeism was revived, however, in 1845, and still exists largely in the British islands, though its professions there are forbidden by law. It was introduced into British America in 1829, and as its meetings are not illegal there its political influence is very great and its membership enormous. A number of lodges also exist in the United States.

The Paper Tree.

The principal material used in the manufacture of paper used in Tonkin is the paper tree, which grows in abundance on the mountains in the environs of Sontay. The dried bark is macerated and then rubbed up in mortars, so as to reduce it to a fine pulp, the latter being extended with a certain quantity of water, in order to form a clear paste which is sized with an infusion made from the shavings of the gomao tree. The paper is manufactured sheet by sheet, by means of delicate bamboo screens, which the operators alternately dip into the paste, take out therewith a thin sheet of paper, which is deposited upon a board. At the end of the day these sheets are put into a press in order to extract the moisture from them, and are then dried by placing them, one by one, upon a hot masonry wall, after which they are put up in packages and trimmed. Each operative makes 1,000 sheets a day. The thickness of the paper depends on the consistency of the paste, and at one establishment as many as 80,000 sheets are capable of being produced daily.

HUMOR.

IF a man adopted all the plans advertised for saving money what a time it would take.—*Texas Siftings.*

IT is the girl whose pa is scant
Financially—has lots of boodle—
Who with a ribbon drags around
The city's streets a tiny poodle.
—*Boston Courier.*

IF every dog has his day, we wish that the dogs to whom belong these days would be off with them.—*Boston Post.*

A MARRIED couple who are dumb never quarrel. At least, they never have any words together.—*Texas Siftings.*

BOUDOIR reflections, by a young lady of a "certain age"—It is easier to get your back hair than your hair back.—*Judy.*

"THERE'S a coolness between us," said the sea captains to each other when an iceberg passed between their ships.

THE newly made bride may be witty
Or stupid, 'tis small matter which;
The maiden inquires if she's pretty,
The youth wants to know if she's rich.
—*Boston Courier.*

THERE is a suspicion that old man Hamlet, of Denmark, was a shoemaker, from his son's remark: "Take him for awl and awl, we shall not look upon his like again."—*Boston Bulletin.*

AN old maid school teacher declares that any woman who is fool enough to get married ought to lose her place. (N. B.—She has stood ready to lose her place any time these last thirty years.)

LITTLE Boston boys can buy pie with postage stamps. When they haven't any stamps of their own they steal them from their employers. This is wicked, of course, but little Boston boys must have pie.—*Puck.*

HEAD of the house—"Where's the pitcher of beer?" Boy—"Ma's clothes got on fire and I grabbed up the beer and threw it on her to put out the flames." Head of the house—"I want you to understand that beer costs money. Anybody'd think you were born with a gold spoon in your mouth."—*Tid-Bits.*

"O, ISN'T it a lovely night, Adolphus? Just fancy how delightful the nights must be in the Orient! The azure blue sky, the perfume of the flowers, the soft tinkling——" "I tell you, Miranda, dear, I prefer the nights they have in Alaska. They're just immense." "Immense, Adolphus?" "Yes, for courting. They're so long, you know."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A BLITHESOME Grasshopper danced and sang the Summer through, and put in his Spare Time disregarding and jeering at the Advice of a Laborious Elderly Ant, his Uncle, who warned him that his Course of Conduct was not getting the Baby dressed. Winter came, and Simpson & Co. stared the Thoughtless Insect in the Face. But just then the Ant died of Overwork and Insufficient Nourishment, leaving the Grasshopper, his Sole Heir, to revel in his Hoarded Wealth. We learn from this Fable not to despise Patient Industry—in our Elderly Relatives.—*Puck.*

BISHOP TUTTLE, whom I remember as a bright-eyed boy, was once journeying on horseback over a corduroy road, when he met a settler whose heavily loaded team was shipwrecked in the mud. In a minute he was off his horse, had put his stout shoulders to the half-buried wheel, and sent the horses on their way rejoicing. The gratified owner of the establishment looked at his black-coated rescuer curiously and said: "Who be you, anyhow?" "I'm a Bishop of the church," said "Dan," the prelate, once more his dignified self. "Wa-al," replied the native, "I don't know what a Bishop be, but I know you're a d—d good fellow. Let's have somethin' out of the bottle."—*Cor. Philadelphia Record.*

THE PRIZE ESSAY.

She left the crowded platform and
The air was filled with cheers,
Her essay was so sweetly blent
In mingled smiles and tears.
Her subject "Woman's Mission" was;
She treated it with care,
And showed the line of noble names
Of women wise and rare.
"Oh, do not think to wed," she said,
"A slave unto the ring,
'Tis better far, in fancy's flight,
To soar on freedom's wing.
"Too prone we are to think," cried she,
"That marriage is the goal
To which each maiden's pathway tends,
And all life's currents roll.
"My voice is still for liberty;
No bonds of love for me!
I'll show the world a happy sight—
A spinster wisel, free!"
She tripped away amid the flowers
That flew from far and wide;
In just four months she was, of course,
A proud and happy bride!
—*Cleveland Sun and Voice.*

A Story of Amisch Hospitality.

One night an Amisch brother was startled by a noise in his chicken house and went out to investigate. As he approached the hennery a man came through the door and started down the lane. Immediately afterward a voice from the roof whispered:

"I say, Bill, aren't you most through?"

"Yes," whispered the Amisch brother; "there's just one fat rooster I want to get."

"Here," he added a moment later, reaching out his hand, "put it in the bag."

The unsuspecting chicken thief leaned over, and was surprised to feel a brawny hand clutching his wrist.

"Come down," said the farmer, and the thief came down.

Without a word the farmer marched his prisoner into the house, and, putting him into a garret, locked the door. In the morning the farmer opened the door and looked in with a smile.

"Come down to breakfast," he said, with the greatest courtesy.

The detected chicken thief was a farm hand and a neighbor, and shame worked its own punishment when he saw the farmer's family around the table.

"Sit down," they said, and then they waited upon him as though he were a distinguished guest.

But the "guest" ate but little that morning, and when after breakfast the Amisch brother took him by the hand and led him to the door, and bade him "good-day" as though nothing wrong had been done or dreamed of, he went away vowing that he had bagged his last rooster, and that the Amisch were trumps.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

SOME one suggests that trees after transplanting may be kept alive by burying a row of flower-pots filled with water around the body and over the roots of the trees. The moisture which will percolate through the bottom and sides of the pots will be so gradual that two-gallon ones will hold enough so as not to require refilling for some time, and the roots will be kept moist till such time as they begin to sprout afresh.

[illegible] a peasant [illegible] with

WE

Will do all we can to make it profitable for you to attend the

GREAT SALE!

— OF —

Linen Handkerchiefs,

Silk Handkerchiefs

— AND —

Silk and Cashmere Mufflers

Now in progress at our store. The crowds who have come are a great many. It is the

GREATEST SALE!

ON RECORD FOR

Large Variety and Cheapness

In Fort Wayne in this Line.

WE INVITE COMPARISON

at an advance of

ONE-HALF

on this immense purchase.

☞SEE FOR YOURSELF.

ROOT & COMPANY.

Home Made Mince Meat!

SARATOGA CHIP POTATOES
FINE FRESH CANDIES,
FINEST BUNCH RAISINS,
NEW NUTS,
CANNED ASPARAGUS,
GOTHA TRAFFLE SAUSAGE,
PLUM PUDDING,
COOKING WINES.

Pyke's Grocery,

80 Calhoun Street.

Aug. 15-1y

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE
—OUR—
NEW FALL STOCK
—OF—

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS

At prices that defy competition.

Sole agents for the celebrated Gray Bros.' Shoes, every pair warranted.

C. SCHIEFER & SON,

8 East Columbia St. oct12tf

SIGN OF THE ALLIGATOR.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE MY
—STOCK OF—

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers!

Also a large assortment of

HOLIDAY SLIPPERS

At prices that cannot be beat. Custom work and repairing neatly and promptly done. Don't forget the place.

M. APP,

106 Calhoun Street. 20tf.

Candy Candy Candy Candy Candy Candy

SEND

1, 2, 3, 4 or $5 for a sample retail box by express of the

BEST CANDIES

In America, put up in elegant boxes and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. ☞Express charges light. Refers to all Chicago. Try it once. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,

Sept. 20-3m Chicago.

LOOK!

I have just received through my brother (now living in Chicago) a full line of Plaques, Albums, Bisc and Nankeen Dolls, Fancy Baskets, Whisk Broom Holders, Jap Mats, Toilet Sets, Fancy Dishes, Cheap Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, etc., at the lowest Chicago Market Prices.

C. A. GOODWIN.

[illegible] GOODWIN & BRO.,

[illegible] Broadway.

Are You Looking for Something New?

Suitable and acceptable gift for father, husband, brother, son or the other fellow? see our
Japanese Silk Smoking Jackets.
China Silk Initial Handkerchiefs.
Crepe, Silk and Cashmere Neck Wraps.
Dressing and Morning Gowns.
"Our Own" Special Novelties in Neckwear.
The handsomest designs in evening goods.
Egyptian Curios in Sleeve Buttons and Scarf Pins.
Kid Mitts, Kid Gloves, all shades, for street and evening.
Everything at our usual prices. We do not put on a holiday pressure. See!

SANTA, SAM, PETE & MAX.

The "Boss" Clothiers.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, DEC. 11, 1886.

THE CITY NEWS.

The city council meets Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Pottlitzer went to Lafayette at noon.

Miss Lizzie Stemen, who has been seriously ill, is better.

Mrs. Robert Ogden is visiting Mrs. Henry Mergy at Wabash.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Winch of Fort Wayne, Sundayed in Decatur.

John Ferguson and wife returned from northern Minnessota yesterday.

"Lost in London," a great show, for the last time, to-night at the Academy.

Hannah M. Work sues Wesley I. Work et al. for partition. Bell & Morris are attorneys.

The "Gypsy Baron," a great operatic attraction, will be given at the Temple next Wednesday evening.

Fred Hambrock has taken out a permit to build an addition to his house on lot 15, McLaughlan's addition, to cost $250.

Charles H. Foster sues the Pennsylvania company. Damages, $200. Injury to stock at Arcola. L. M. Ninde is attorney.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana road are harvesting their ice crop at Rome City, commencing Saturday to put up six to seven inch ice which is pure as crystal.

Charles Seeman, employed at the Peters box and lumber company, had his hand caught in a buzz saw yesterday. Dr. George Stemen, the surgeon, thinks he will lose one finger.

Miss Lena Fleming, daughter of County Clerk Fleming, of Jay county, was recently married to D. H. Eyman, at Portland. Mr. Fleming formerly lived in this county.

David S. Redelsheimer was fined $1 and costs yesterday by Justice Ryan, for provoking Hugh Stewart. The fine and costs amounted to $18. Mr. Redelsheimer appealed the case.

Michael Housback, a machinist in the Wabash shops, had his hand badly crushed yesterday by a cylinder head falling on it. Dr. Geo. Stemen attended him and sent him to the Peru hospital.

Judge O'Rourke yesterday dissmissed the divorce case of Sarah A. Miles vs. David Miles, and in the case of Letitia Woods vs. John B. Woods on note, judgment for plaintiff, $112 was given.

Sheriff Nelson returned yesterday from Indianapolis, bringing with him a discharged insane patient. THE SENTINEL regrets to say that Mrs. Nelson's mother, who is ill at Indianapolis, continues to grow worse.

J. M. Keyser, for several years foreman of all the painters gangs on the eastern division of the Wabash road, has resigned, and will engage in other business at his home in Fort Wayne. His successor is George T. Clasphill, formerly a sub foreman under Mr. Keyser.

The Huntington *News-Express* says: "Frank Forbes, the oldest son of Conductor James H. Forbes, went to Fort Wayne Thursday, with the expectation of securing a job of braking on the Pittsburg road, he having been promised a situation on that road by Trainmaster Walton."

Engineer Robbins, better known as "old spiker," who ran several years on the Wabash between Lafayette and Fort Wayne, and since then on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad between Fort Wayne and Chicago, is now running an engine on the elevated road in New York City.

The patent spark arrester, invented by Master Mechanic Barnes, of the Wabash, is attracting considerable attention in the railroad world. It is said that it will save the Wabash $75,000 of coal bills this year, while all trains make schedule time, and are as heavy as any road in the country. A stock company with half a million capital will be formed to further introduce it.

The sermon of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, published with this issue of THE SENTINEL, was preached at Cleveland, Ohio. Its subject, "Off the Track—How to Get on Again," need not lead the public to believe that it is addressed to railroad men exclusively. It will do good to all classes, and a man who does not know the difference between the air brake and the "cow catcher" on an engine, will find that it fits his case precisely.

Mrs. M. V. B. Spencer was at Decatur this week.

Hon. Wm. Fleming returned last night from Indianapolis.

Manager O. L. Perry insists that the blue birds were singing this morning.

The engineers and firemen on the Pennsylvania road are slowly forming assemblies of Knights of Labor.

Dr. A. B. Chaffee, of Roanoke, poisoned himself Thursday and died in great agony. He had been a sufferer from diabetes.

The Wabash *Plain Dealer* says: "Harry McMonigal goes to Fort Wayne Monday to accept a position on the *Gazette*."

The Michigan City *Dispatch* says: "Nothing has been heard lately regarding the Fort Wayne Jenny Electric Light company's suit against the city. We guess it will not amount to much."

The Vulcan valve oil, being experimented with on the Wabash locomotives is meeting with great favor. Passenger locomotive 1051 ran 125 miles recently, and but one pint of oil was used to lubricate the machinery.

The Huntington *News-Express* says: "Charles Johann, son of Mr. Jacob Johann, who has for some time had charge of the St. Louis bridge and tunnel line, has been appointed general foreman of the shops here, in the place of George D. Brook, acting master mechanic."

The Huntington *News* says: "The Wabash train east yesterday noon stopped near the Chicago and Atlantic crossing long enough for the owners of a big bull-dog, which had jumped off at the station, to run back and secure him. It was more of a courtesy than would be shown to an ordinary passenger."

Conductor A. Dennis and Engineer C. B. Stratton, with engine 1031, are gathering up the old ties between Fort Wayne and Toledo. They began at Garr Creek and will continue eastward until all are picked up. The section men over whose sections the train passes will do the loading. It will take over a month to complete the job.

The agreement of the Wabash and the Iowa Central to become members of the Northwestern Freight Traffic association is regarded as another important point in securing harmony in that compact, as both lines have heretofore persistently refused to enter the association. Said an official of the Wabash: "We entered the association and made concessions because we could not afford to see rates demoralized."

The Wabash road earned in November $916,381; increase over earnings corresponding period, 1885, $106,404. Since January 1 the earnings of this road were $11,728,796; increase over earnings corresponding eleven months of 1885, $801,142. It seems unfortunate that a road which has the earning capacity of the Wabash should be in the hands of a syndicate of as little principle as those now manipulating its financial affairs.

In a recent interview at New York, Mr. John C. New, editor of the Indianapolis *Journal*, said: "Now the law in our state is that if a candidate is inelligible at the time of the election, the candidate receiving the next highest number of votes takes his place." This is precisely the premises Judge Lowry has maintained in his contest against Captain White. It is improbable that Mr. New will be written down as a fool.

Mr. Jesse R. Straghan, of this city, is chief engineer of a new railroad project in southern Indiana. The company proposes to construct a line of road midway between the Vandalia and the Vincennes roads—a line almost identical with the proposed route of the Eel River road—through the counties of Marion, Hendricks, Morgan, Putnam, Clay, Owen and Sullivan. The objective point is the coal fields and incidentally the stone quarries and the timber country of western Indiana.

According to the Indianapolis *News*, in that city the present telephone law has been successfully evaded, and will probably be repealed this winter. At least the Bell company are preparing to insist on a repeal and the question will certainly come up for their consideration. A gentleman, who ought to know, says that the Central Union has made more money since the present toll system was put into operation than under the per annum tax. Many patrons fall below $5 per month but the bills of others so largely exceed this rate that the general average is brought considerably above $60 per annum for each instrument.

Dr. George W. Loag sat pleasantly before his desk in the county clerk's office this morning when THE SENTINEL man grasped his Spartacus-like hand. "I am just home from Indianapolis," said the doctor. "We had one of the most pleasant and successful reunions ever held by the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Indiana, both in point of attendance and number of candidates. The rapid growth of the order would seem to indicate that its social features are beginning to be appreciated by Masons generally throughout the state. In 1880 the Rite had a total membership of 363; in 1883, 533, while now it has 863 members in good standing, having more than doubled itself in six years. The work this week was done by Indiana consistory, S. P. R. S., which has authority to confer the chivalric and philosophic grades, composed of fourteen degrees—nineteen to thirty-two, and was in charge of Joseph W. Smith, commander-in-chief, and John T. Brush, master of ceremonies. Thirty-eight candidates were elected and duly invested with all the rights and privileges of their fellow members."

Mr. George McKinnie returned from the east last night.

Gust Lankenau, the deputy postmaster, has a pug dog.

Harry Edmunds, operator on the Nickel Plate at Linden, Ohio, is home on a visit.

Mr. Charles P. Glazier, superintendent of the DeKalb county infirmary, is in the city to-day.

The Barnes divorce case is on trial before Judge O'Rourke. The plot is located in the Odd Fellows hall and racy testimony is given.

Pat Moran and George Hartman were hustled before Acting Mayor Ryan this morning. The fellows were committed to jail for drunkenness.

In the suit of John F. Yerks vs. Adam Burrier, the superior court jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for $100 and Judge Chapin pronounced judgment accordingly.

There are 1,070 boys and 1,053 girls in the Catholic parochial schools of this city and county, educated by forty-six teachers. The enumeration was made for official purposes.

Mr. W. D. Harner, of Springfield Ill., and party, occupied a box at the Temple during the presentation of the "Gladiator," last night, he being a personal friend of Mr. Downing.

Councilman Doehrman says that it was only promised that the people of the Eighth ward would assist in paying the expenses of beautifying the Hayden park. Mr. Doehrman is a staunch champion of the interests of his precinct and has weight in the council.

The Citizens' Reform league, adjourned from last Monday evening, will meet on Monday evening next, at 7:30 o'clock, for the transaction of important business. The meeting will be held in the lecture room of the medical college, on Barr street: Let all who feel interested in this work show it by their presence at this meeting.

Mr. Robert Downing and his company presented the tragedy of "Spartacus, the Gladiator," in a magnificent way to an intelligent and delighted assembly at the Temple last night. Mr. Downing essayed the part of the Thracian in masterly style, his support adding to his laurels. Mr. Downing has been asked to play "Julius Cæser" as a return engagement and THE SENTINEL again welcomes him.

The county commissioners yesterday established the Schwalm ditch, in St. Joe township. The reviewers on the Brindle ditch in Lafayette and Pleasant townships were allowed the privilege of amending their report to resubmit next Friday morning at 10 o'clock. The hearing on the Zeimmer ditch, in Springfield township, was postponed until Wednesday at 10 o'clock. The commissioners can do no better work than approve drains that will make every foot of the county fertile and useful.

A Toilet Necessity.

Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap is a toilet necessity amongst refined people. Their Toilet Soaps the standard.

The great ladies sales and the great presentation will continue all next week. Every lady attending the sale will receive a present free of charge. The Fair, 27 Calhoun street.

A Genuine Curiosity Shop.

James M. Kane & Bro., as usual will be headquarters for all holiday toys and presents. Their stock is more complete than ever, and it would require a whole page of THE SENTINEL to enumerate the thousands of articles to be found there. In the basement are Rocking Horses, Sleighs, Doll Carriages, Express Wagons, and more of the bulky wooden articles piled tier upon tier to the ceiling. On the second floor, Dolls by the thousand of every description and price. And there were Dogs, Cats, Horses, Elephants, Camels, Lions Tigers, Bears, and all the wonders of the animal kingdom. Also Traveling Bags, Portmonies, School Bags, Pocket Books, Albums, Smoking Sets, Toilet Sets, Work Stands, Baskets, Writing Desks, Magic Lanterns, Balls, Toy Books, Scrap Books, Bisque Figures, Christmas Tree Trimmings, Accordeons, Harmonicas, Music Boxes, Cutlery, Combs, Brushes, Masquerade Goods, Wheelbarrows, Bird Cages, Trunks, Children's Furniture, Games and ten thousand other articles? We simply ask everybody interested in Holiday Goods to call and see the greatest stock ever shown in Hoosierdom, and satisfy themselves of what can be found.

Gold watches at auction at your own price, at The Fair, 27 Calhoun street.

Big Strike at Ward's Cheap Crockery Store.

Best Irin Stone China dinner plates, 70c per dozen.
Best Iron Stone China cups and saucers 70c per dozen.
Best Iron Stone China bowl and pitcher 75c.
Best Iron Stone China covered chambers 60c.
Good lamp chimneys 3c each.
Decorated chamber sets $3.
Bargains in glass ware at half price.
Hanging Lamps $2 50 each.
Fifty-six pieces, tea set, $3 50.
Silver plated castors, tea sets, butter and pickle dishes.
1847 Roger Brothers knives, forks and spoons.

Thomas Ryan will remove his Meat Market and Oyster Depot, on Monday, the 13th inst, from the corner of Barr and Berry streets to 108 Calhoun street, to which all are invited to call.

Roger Brothers knives and forks at auction. No. 27 Calhoun street. 1t

IT'S COLD

Enough to make Ulsters, Storm Kings, Pea Jackets and all kinds of warm garments a genuine blessing to the fortunate wearer. We have a good line of these Frost Defiers in different Fabrics such as Chinchillas, Worsted, Meltons and Cassimeres—Plain or in Fur or Plush Trimmings.

We would be pleased to have you come in and see "These Beauties."

FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE,
[illegible] Calhoun Street.

THE MIKADO.

The Opera to Add an Additional Charm to the G. A. R. Exhibition To-night.

The G. A. R. art and loan exhibition at Library Hall continues to attract great crowds. THE SENTINEL could not even attempt to describe its wonders, novelties and features of interest. It must be seen to be appreciated.

To-night the first rendition of selections from, "Mikado," by home talent, will be given. The following is the cast:

Three Little Maids.... { Miss Mamie Burdick, Miss Eloise Perrin, Miss Mary Randall }
Duett—Nankipoo................F. K. Stafford
Pitti Sing.....................Miss Mary Randall
Peep Boo........................Eloise Perrin
Koko..............................J. T. Siebold
Poobah.............................A. L. Haddon
Koko—Solo..........................A. T. Lukens
Yum-Yum—Solo....................Miss Katie Hughes
Katisha..........................
Miss Mamie Burdick and J. T. Siebold.
Mikado Solo.........................A. T. Lukens
Solo—Koko..........................J. T. Siebold
Chorus—John Dougall, Irvin Randall, Larry Randall, Joe Heit, Wallace Mungeon, George Bourie, Ed Haddon, Chas. Guise, Will Pettige and Horace Hanna.

The company will be accompanied by Reineke's full orchestra.

Sunday School Concert.

The Sunday school of the Christian church will give a concert to-morrow evening in their church, corner Jefferson streets. All are cordially invited to be present as a pleasant time is anticipated. Admission free. Following is the program:

Song.......................By school
Devotional exercises....Superintendent
Song...................Ladies quartet
Recitation...........Annie McCollum
Recitation...............Ollie Broacis
Solo—Piano.............Rachael Boles
Recitation...............Grace Howell
Exercises..............By infant class
Song...................Ladies quartet
Reading....................Lizzie Irwin
Solo—Vocal............H. B. Lopshire
Recitation..........Libbie Rhinesmith
Recitation.............Frank Alderman
Solo—Vocal...................Lola Stout
Song.........................By school
Benediction ....

The suit of the First national bank, of Huntington, vs. Fred Springer, of Sheldon, is on trial in the superior court. Mr. Springer signed receipts for strawberry and raspberry plants and to his dismay the papers developed into promissory notes.

The total value of live stock injured by trains on the eastern division of the Wabash, in November, was but $e50.

Old and young, rich and poor, all unite in testifying to the merits of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The cashier of the German bank of Baltimore, August Weber, esq., recommends Salvation Oil for headache, sprains and neuralgia.

Buy Electric Lustre Starch.

It Beats the Record

See What Santa Sam, Pete & Max are at, Giving Their Patrons Presents by the Wholesale—Read The List:

S. W. Wass, Monroeville, Ind., took a fine bicycle.
Madison Klingler, 49 East Main street city, sett fine silver plated harness.
Sam'l. Eby, Heller's Corners, Ind.
Willis Smiler, State Line, Ind.
L. Wohlfrom, 309 Broadway, city.
Wm. Eberhart 94 Buchanan street, city, were each presented with a splendid silver watch.
Calvin Bowman, Lafayette township.
A. D. Kyle, Ossian, Ind.
V. Erdel, Aboit township.
Were made happy with a first-class overcoat.
Henry Stalt, corner Calhoun and DeWald streets, wore off a fine fur cap.
Phillip Michael, New Haven, Ind.
M. Gruber, 16 Witt street, city.
Casper Seybold, 83 Barthold street, city.
G. W. McKee, 87 Barthold street, city.
Were each presented with a half barrel of flour.
Putnam Hall, Monroeville, Ind.
F. Bescaucon, 319 Hanna street, city.
Mr. A. Didier, 134 Schick street, city.
Fred Lipe, 81 Madison street, city.
A. Bell Zanesville, Ind.
W. B. Murphey, 216 East Washington street, city.
Wm. Simons, Monroeville, Ind.
F. Hildebrand, 57 Baker street, city.
were each made happy with a choice ham.
1,000 capital presents, including a $500 city lot, to be given our patrons. We are showing the only entire new stock of winter clothing, etc,, shown in Fort Wayne.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

Indiana's "Boss" Clothiers.

Grand Opening

Of Holiday and Fancy Goods, at Keil Brothers, No. 56 Calhoun street, Tuesday evening, December 14, at 7 o'clock. Everybody cordially invited.

KEIL BROTHERS,
56 Calhoun Street.

Use Electric Lustre Starch.

Why, you could do no better than go to Meyer & Neimeyer's and select a Christmas present for your friend such as a seal skin cap or a handsome muffler.

Try Electric Lustre Starch.

I have a good second hand upright piano, stool and spread at 139 East Jefferson St., for sale at $6 per month until paid. 9-4t

Grand opening of holiday and fancy goods at Keil Brothers, 56 Calhoun street, Tuesday evening, December 14, at 7 o'clock. Everybody cordially invited. Keil Bros., 56 Calhoun street.

FOUND.—Silk umbrella at Western Union Telegraph office.

FOR RENT.—Barn for two horses and wagon. 152 Griffith street.

LOST—On Friday evening, a [illegible] between the south depot and the [illegible] of William Fleming, a brown leather [illegible]. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at this office. [illegible]

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS! WORTH READING

Greatest concentration of holiday presents ever shown in Fort Wayne can be seen at Foster's Furniture store. Make your selections at once and have them laid aside until you want them.

Fringed Turcoman curtains at $4.90 at Foster's. Window shades made and put up by expert workmen at much less than usual charges. Beautiful lace curtains fearfully cheap. Curtain poles of all kinds.

If a piece of furniture sold at Foster's fails to give entire satisfaction they make it good without charge. Do you know of any other furniture house which does this.

At Foster's Carpet store they continue selling all the best makes of carpets at absolute cost. The stock comprises the choicest and latest productions of the most celebrated looms of the country.

At Foster's Carpet store they have just opened a big lot of fancy China mattings, worth 30 cents a yard, which they are selling at 15 cents. Particularly nice for bedrooms.

The show windows of the Foster Furniture and Carpet Co. are worth coming down town especially to see. They display some of the most beautiful holiday gifts ever seen in the city.

No person with cash in hand can afford to buy furniture, carpets, lamps or toilet sets elsewhere in Fort Wayne than at Foster's. Frequently their prices will be found fully one-third less than goods of the same quality elsewhere.

Decorated crockery toilet sets make an elegant addition to a nicely furnished bedroom, and are always acceptable wedding and holiday presents. At Foster's Furniture store they are retailed at wholesale prices.

The most beautiful lamps ever shown in Fort Wayne are at Foster's. They are in antique brass, oxydized silver, barbidienne bronze, electro bronze and silver, and other late finishes.

Go to the Model bakery for Sunday supply and delicacies, 88 Barr street. s&w

Hickory, beech and sugar wood at the Raccoon Coal and Wood Yards. Telephone 260. J. W. DYER, Agt. eodtf.

Nothing equal to Electric Lustre Starch.

Good supply of all sizes of hard and soft coal in stock and under cover. Also dry sugar, beech and hickory wood, at lowest market price. Telephone No. 54. J. M. MODERWELL. 10-2t.

Neiderberger, at 96 Calhoun street, has an elegant display of fine French candies for the holiday trade. Give him a call.

Fine holiday present—Caligraph type writer.

GENTS' HOSE!

250 dozen Gents' Improved, Seamless, All-wool Half-Hose in all colors Former price 35c.

PRICE NOW 21 cents.

Globe Warehouse

58 Calhoun Street,

MASONIC TEMPLE.

J. H. SIMONSON......................Manager
F. E. STOUDER.......................Treasurer

The Greatest of All New York Casino Successes.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 15, 1886.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

First production in the city of Strauss' latest and greatest opera

The Gypsy Baron!

Presented by the CONFRIED ENGLISH CO. A Great Cast, including Laura Bellini, Prima Donna soprano; Helen Von Donhoff, Jaques Kruger, Jennie Reffert, Fred Urban, Henry DeLorme, Gustavus Hall, Lyda O'Neil, Sig Taglirl.

GRAND MARCH 100—People on the stage—100

Prices, 50, 75 and $1 00.

RABUS!

THE

Artistic Tailor!

Having the largest stock in the city, is now prepared to furnish to his patrons all the latest novelties of Foreign

SUITINGS AND OVERCOATS!

AT PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Call and examine my IMMENSE STOCK, at

No. 16 West Berry St.

FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS GO TO

AUGUST BRUDER

JEWELER!

— DEALER IN —

Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Spectacles, Etc.

98 CALHOUN STREET.

1886. ESTABLISHED 1859

CLOTHING!

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

J. G. THIEME & BRO.

Manufacture all their Clothing and guarantee them to be the

BEST MADE AND BEST FITTING Clothing

sold in Fo[illegible]

37

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, 1886. PRICE FIVE CENTS

IF

YOU

CAN'T

TELL

WHAT TO BUY FOR

Christmas

Presents!

we invite you to call at

GEO. DEWALD

& CO.'S

And we are certain of being able to help you out of your difficulty. If you want something handsome we would suggest one of these

ELEGANT BLACK

Satin Rhadames!

Which you can buy for $1.15 per yard, worth $1.35. Or, the quality at $1.25 per yard, worth $1.50. Or, the one we are selling at $1.50, which has been our $1.65 number.

Or something in our superior

BLACK GROS GRAIN

SILK STOCK!

at special prices for the season. We give you for your money the best silk in the market in any quality you wish at 65c, 75c, 85c, $1.00, $1.15, $1.25, $1.35, $1.50, $1.65, $1.75 and $2.00 and upward. Or, that greatest bargain in silk ever offered in this city, the $1.50 quality of

BLACK

Faille Francais!

which we are having such an enormous sale of at $1.25 per yard.

We have not space to mention the things to please you in our

Colored Silk

—AND—

Satin Stock!

but would ask you to look at the $1.25 Colored Rhadam and compare it with anything you find elsewhere at $1 50, Or examine the

Colored Satin Duchesse!

at 65c per yard, and compare it with the 85c and $1.00 goods at other places. Or the largest line of special

HOLIDAY GOODS

IN THE CITY.

GEORGE DEWALD

HE IS LAMENTED.

Mr. O. A. Simons' Death the Sole Topic of Conversation—His Wealth and the Funeral Arrangements.

THE SENTINEL can add but little today to the sensational particulars of the suicide of Mr. O. A. Simons, so fully detailed in its columns last evening. Coroner Dineen reviewed the remains yesterday afternoon and will conclude his investigations Monday. Mr. J. C. Peltier immediately thereafter prepared the body for burial and all that is mortal of the dead banker rests under a shroud in the front parlor of his home, on Brackenridge street.

His brothers and sisters arrived here last night and sad were the scenes as they bent over the form of their brother. His mother was expected this afternoon. She is very feeble and strong hearts trembled at the thought of her seeing her dead son.

It seems that his illness assumed a phase sufficiently grave to prompt Mr. Simons to prepare for the worst and the night before his death Judge Taylor and Mr. P. A. Randall formulated, or at least made additions to his will. On a table in his room were notes of his property and business interests and the points involved in the electric light patent, which Judge Taylor, as counsel, was considering, preparatory to their advocacy in the courts. The document will, of course, not be opened until after the funeral.

Mr. Simons had but few intimate friends, but to them he was true and steadfast. He was a man of generous public impulses, notwithstanding that he led a recluse life since the death of his wife and babe. He watched public events closely, weighed men in his keen mind and made investments that would have placed him among the millionaires of the country within ten years. As it is, it is estimated that he has accumulated three quarters of a million dollars. He owned $105,000 of First National bank stock, worth $180,000, and $20,000 of old national bank stock, worth $37,000; also $95,000 of Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railroad stock worth $50,000 and $25,000 of debenture bonds worth $20,000 and other stocks in the Electric Light company, Organ company and other sources that will make his cash securities worth at least $300,000. He had fully $100,000 invested in the lumber company at Cadillac, Michigan, and owns a farm of eleven hundred acres at plymouth worth $100,000. He owns three valuable farms in this county and large tracts of pine lands in Michigan and Mississippi. All this will foot up over $700,000 and he does not owe a dollar in the world.

He was president of the First National bank, president of the Mitchell Lumber company, of Cadillac, Mich., president of the Fort Wayne Jenney Electric Light company, and a director in the Star Iron Tower company, a director in the Jenny Electric Light and Power company and identified with nearly every public enterprise in the city.

He has not actively officiated with any church, but was a Mason and a member of Summit City lodge of this city.

The First national bank was open today but for necessary business and everywhere the sole topic of conversation is the sad suicide of the president. His death brings sorrow to many a heart and out of respect for his memory at least 100 people absented themselves from the theatre last night.

Messrs. R. T. McDonald, Perry A. Randall, George H. Wilson and Ceil Higgins were selected by the relatives to make arrangements for the funeral. They have named Tuesday morning, at 11 o'clock, as the time of burial. The remains will lie in state Monday afternoon and the public will be permitted to view them then. The funeral services will be conducted at the house by Revs. D. W. Moffat and D. S. Kennedy. At 4 o'clock, this afternoon, the committee met to select pall bearers.

As we go to press Hon. Wm. Fleming, J. H. Bass, S. B. Bond, C. D. Law and Will Morris had been selected as pall-bearers, with others to name.

Reduced His Shortage.

WABASH, Ind., Dec. 11.—John M. Huffman, of Hartford City, treasurer of Flack Foot company, who was, a few days since, reported $10,000 short in his accounts, has succeeded in turning up funds enough during the past twenty-four hours to reduce the amount to $1,400.

The Shirk Case.

WABASH, Dec. 11,—The jury found a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $5,010 in the case of the estate of Lieurance vs. estate of E. B. Shirk. The verdict was agreed upon at 4 o'clock yesterday morning.

Stern Parents Did Not Avail.

MARION, Ind., Dec. 11.—The social sensation of the hour here is the marriage of Mr. Charles E. Moore, foreman of the *Chronicle* office, and Miss Glenn ... of Robert Horne, proprietor of the ... hotel, secretly and quietly last Saturday evening at the residence of Rev. W. I. Weaver, pastor of the Baptist church. The courtship of the young couple has been a stormy one, owing to the opposition of the bride's parents, and the purpose was to keep the wedding a secret until the wrinkled visage of fate should assume a more benevolent aspect.

IT IS CRUEL.

Geo. Esmond Driven Mad by the Idle Rumor That He Shot Mr. O. A. Simons.

MESSRS. Ceil Higgins, R. T. McDonald and Geo. H. Wilson at noon emerged from the late home of Mr. O. A. Simons, where they were to make arrangements for the funeral. At the corner of Calhoun and Brackenridge streets, they encountered Mr. Geo. Esmond. It was proposed to consult him relative to the pall bearers and with that purpose he was addressed. "Get away from me. Don't come near me," cried Mr. Esmond, who attempted to evade his friends, eyeing them all the while as would a maniac.

"Why, what's the matter, George," rejoined Mr. Higgins, who at the same moment grasped the man by the arm.

"They accuse me of killing Mr. Simons down town and you know I loved him."

The gentlemen gathered about him to assure him of their condemnation of the report when Mr. Esmond again grew furious and said: "Let me go. I want to get away from this town."

It took three men to hold him and while their strong arms grasped him he was seized with a fit and writhing in agony fell to the sidewalk. He was conveyed to Gumpper's bakery and medical aid summoned. His wife was soon at his side and he seemed to recognize her momentarily, but all else to him was blank.

Later the man was removed to his home and it is doubtful if he regains his reason, although at this writing he is resting easy. Some one is responsible for this cruel business and for which there is not the slightest foundation. Neither is there any truth in the rumor that Mr. Esmond poisoned himself. It would seem that there was enough grief in this family circle, without any brutal attempts to add to the sorrow. Mr. Simons had no better or dearer friend than Mr. Edmond, and during the latter's illness Mr. Simons was his daily caller. Mr. Esmond has been in failing health for years, therefore this shock is doubly hard on him.

MONSEIGNEUR CAPEL

Newspaper Slanders Upon Him to be Legally Resented.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 11.—Monseigneur Capel, in view of the stories that were published recently reflecting on his personal character, threatens to take steps for legal redress. The reverend gentleman proposes to institute libel suits against the *World*, the *Times*, the *Star* and other papers in the city of New York.

Found Dead in a Street Car.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Dec. 11.—Oliver Kelly, about twenty-four years, clerk in Haworth's drug store, dropped dead in a street car yesterday morning, while on his way to work. There was no one in the car at the time, and the driver found him lying dead on the floor. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of death.

Sion S. Bass Post Officers.

The following were elected officers of Sion S. Bass post last evening:

Post commander—James Peltier.

Senior vice commander—George D. Adams.

Junior vice commander—Colonel J. W. Whitbaker.

Chaplain—Henry Brown.

Quartermaster—H. O. Crosby.

Officer-of-the-Day—John Holiday.

Officer-of-the-Guard—L. O. Leach.

Delegates to the Encampment—Frank Alderman, C. A. Zollinger, Henry Zollinger, C. Thurman, Frank Weldon, C. Griswold, A. M. Barrock, G. D. Adams and M. M. Thompson.

Alternates—J. Dawkins, John A. Soliday, Jasper Edsall, H. B. Woolsey, James B. White, George Brown, Theo. Bley, Geo. Nale and Christ Hottler.

Congressman-elect Baker on His Muscle.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 11—Hon. John Baker, congressman from the Eighteenth Illinois district, and who defeated Wm. R. Morrison, pleaded guilty before Justice Leidart, at Belleville, last Thursday, to the charge of assault and battery on a reporter and was fined $50 and costs. It was an election quarrel.

Diseased Indiana Cattle in Texas.

DALLAS, Dec. 11.—About a month ago Curry & Huston, of Connersville, Ind., sold at auction a herd of Jersey heifers, they imported, to Dallas stockmen. Two days ago a number of herds near the city, with some of the purchased animals among them, showed the most pronounced symptoms of pleuro-pneumonia, and they were killed.

SERVE THE LORD.

The Lord Jesus Kindly Says: "If Any Man Open the Door, I Will Come In and Sup With Him, and He With Me."

"And a voice in the heart of His silence saith:
One day, ye shall understand."

Go some where to church.

Read Talmage's sermon. It will do you good.

Let every parent and every child read the article headed "Our Young Men."

The union revival services of the M. E. churches will continue at the Wayne street church next week.

Third Presbyterian church. Morning theme: "Abraham's Wife, or Bible Womanhood;" evening, "The Mighty God In Love With the Sinner."

Preaching at the usual hour at the Second Presbyterian church, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., by Rev. W. C. Herrendeen, of Chicago. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. All are welcome.

Services at the Simpson M. E. church to morrow. Rev. J. T. Nongel, the evangelist, will conduct the service in the evening. Regular revival services will continue through the week.

Regular services at the parlors of the R. R. Y. M. C. A., on the Sabbath, at 2:30 p. m., standard time. Do not fail to be present. These meetings are very interesting. All men are welcome.

Trinity M. E. church, north side. Services in the morning by Messrs. Seaman and Pittinger, from the college. In the evening, song service at 6:30; preaching at 7 o'clock by Dr. C. B. Stemen.

Rev. L. W. Munhall, of this state, is rapidly coming to the front as an earnest christian worker. He has been engaged to commence a protracted meeting in Talmage's church, Brooklyn, beginning with the new year.

You are warmly invited to come to the First Presbyterian church to-morrow. Strangers always welcome. Morning service commences at 10.45 and evening service at 7.30. Sabbath school at 9.30 a. m. Come.

A number of christian workers from the three Presbyterian churches meet every Saturday evening for prayer in the Second Presbyterian church lecture room. The meeting this evening will be led by Mrs. D. B. Wells.

Come to the Baptist church promptly at 7:30 o'clock to-morrow evening and you will secure a good seat. The chorus choir numbers sixty voices. Attendants at the service will receive a printed slip with the hymns to be sung.

You are invited to worship with us at the Congregational church on the morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Subjects: "The Last—Have we any of Them Left?" and "Knowledge of Truth—How Acquired." J. C. Cromer pastor.

Life is a burden imposed upon you by God. What you make of it that it will be to you. Either a millstone around your neck, or a diadem on your brow. Take it up bravely, bear it on joyfully, lay it down triumphantly.—*Gail Hamilton.*

The prayer meeting of the Young People's society of the Baptist church occurs Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock and will be led by Mr. W. S. Harrison, who urgently requests his friends and the public to come and enjoy a season of prayer and praise.

You are cordially invited to attend divine service at Grace Reformed church, East Washington street. Rev. T. J. Bacher, the pastor, will preach at 10:30 a. m. on "The First Deposit of Grace." In the evening at 7:30, "Landmarks of Faith." Come and welcome.

At the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow there will be service at 10:30 by the evangelist, Rev. P. E. Hudson, of Alliance, Ohio. Sunday school at 2 o'clock. Union revival service at 7:30. Let all the people attend. Free seats, splendid music, earnest workers, and a hearty welcome.

Trinity church, Rev. W. N. Webbe, rector. Morning service at 10:30 a. m. Offertory solo by Mr. D. S. Griffith. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. At this service the order adopted by the late general convention will be used for the first time. Solo and duet during the offertory by Miss Hinks and Miss Burdick. Sunday school at 2 p. m. All are cordially invited.

Let every church in Fort Wayne commence the beginning of the New Year with a protracted meeting. Let the Lord's work be pushed forward in a more active manner by our ministers and we will guarantee that our city will soon contain more earnest and zealous workers for the Lord. Our Methodist brethren have already started the christian ball a rolling and we look for great results from them. Let other churches fall in line.

Berry Street M. E. church, Rev. D. C. Wolpert, pastor. The celebrated evangelist, Rev. John T. Nance, "Camp meeting John," will occupy the pulpit at 10:30 a. m. to-morrow. In the evening the Wayne and Berry street congregations will unite in the union revival services at the Wayne Street M. E. church. Class meeting at 9 a. m. Sunday school at 2:15 p. m. Church corner of West Berry and Harrison streets.

PASTORAL LETTER.

The Methodist Ministers Issue the Following Epistle to the Faithful of Fort Wayne.

The Methodist Episcopal churches of our city are now engaged in union revival services.

That there may be a successful meeting and many precious ones brought to the cross, permit the following kind suggestions:

Attend every service, if possible.

Take seats in front; sit near together.

Endeavor every day to invite some one to attend the meeting.

Pray in secret once a day for the success of the meeting.

Try to bring at least one soul to Christ.

Each day speak to some one about his soul's interest.

Take part in every services if time and opportunity are given.

Let none hear you idly saying,
There is nothing I can do,
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you;
Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly, when He calleth,
Here am I, send me, send me."

Yours, in Christian work,

C. W. LYNCH,
Presiding Elder of Fort Wayne district.

D. C. WOOLPERT,
Pastor Berry Street M. E. Church.

F. G. BROWNE,
Pastor Wayne Street M. E. Church.

A. T. BIGGS,
Pastor Simpson M. E. Church.

L. H. MURLIN,
Pastor Trinity M. E. Church.

Services are now being conducted in the Wayne Street M. E. church every night.

A FEW WORDS

With the Railroad Boys—One of their Number Shows How They Can Be Lifted Up.

P. M. Arthur, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive engineers, at the reception tendered the brotherhood in New York city, October 25th, among other things said: "We can clasp hands with the Young Men's Christian Association in their work. While they do not go to the railroad companies and tell them what wages they should pay, they are engaged in the grand work of lifting men; and when you lift a man, no matter what his occupation is, he will be a better railroad man, and any association that has this object in view and seeks to accomplish that work, I say, is worthy of the support of every honest man and woman in the land. I am glad to know that God has put it in the minds of the railroad managers to establish reading rooms where any one, engineer or other employe, is at liberty to spend his leisure hours, and may find interesting reading matter, games and amusements of every good kind. How much better that is than to force them to find amusement elsewhere as they used to do long ago. In those days if you wanted to find a railroad man—you needn't get angry if I tell you the truth—where would you find him? Let us be honest; you could always find him in the liquor saloons. These are facts. There is little of that kind, I say, going on now. There may be here and there isolated cases, but they are the exceptions, not the rule, whereas twenty-five years ago it was the rule, and I know it to be a fact. I know that these reading rooms, established by the railroad managers in different parts of this country are doing a grand work.

"I would urge upon young men who are employed upon our railroads to strive to be men, and I want to say that notwithstanding we have good men in our organization, I wish I could say that every man was a Christian man, because I regard that as the highest type of manhood."

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—The weather indications are as follows:

Indiana, fair weather, followed by rain or snow, slightly warmer.

Michigan, rain or snow, nearly stationary temperature.

A stranger tried to commit suicide on Locust street at noon, but the people drove him away while his face was blue from inhaling a drug.

Mr. Henry E. Fisher, of the *Staats Zeitung*, took out his first and second papers to-day and was admitted to full citizenship.

"When some deep and immedicable wound" takes your breath away send for Salvation Oil.

"When the swallows homeward fly," is the time when coughs and colds begin to appear. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures every case. Price 25 cents.

FOR $125,000.

A Big Firm, With Mills in Indiana and Kentucky, Fails.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 11.—The business public was startled to-day by the announcement of the failure of Jno. and W. F. Howe & Co., manufacturers of blankets, flannels &c., and commission merchants at 130 West Pearl street. They made an assignment to J. Chandler Harper. Their estimated liabilities are $125,000. Assets nearly the same, but claiming they shall be able to pay 100 per cent. They are the owners of the Carrollton woolen mills at Carrollton, Ky., and the Madison woolen mills at Madison, Ind.

A BIG FIRE.

A Michigan Woolen Mill, Valued at $180,000, Burned.

CLINTON, Mich., Dec. 11.—The extensive woolen mills of this village burned this morning. Loss, $180,000. The building was lighted by gas made from gasoline. The pipe had burst, filling one room with gas. Eddie Codding, a boy, went into the room with a lantern and an explosion followed. The boy was badly burned but was rescued alive. Ed Hutchinson, a carder, jumped from the window and had his leg badly hurt. Insurance, $80,000.

PATRIOTS.

Military Heroes Exchange Greetings at the White House.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—The president, although suffering from rheumatic pains in his knees, was able to resume his official routine to-day. He received an unusually large number at visitors in the forenoon, including members of the Gabriel R Paul post, G. A. R., of New Jersey, now on a visit to this city. As the Grand Army men were filing out of the east room Generals Sherman and Sheridan, who had just concluded a visit to the president in his private office, descended the stairway and were immediately recognized by many veterans. The two eminent generals stood in the hallway and shook hands and exchanged familiar greetings with the G. A. R. men as they passed out.

GOVERNOR GRAY

Very Mildly Crushes a Fort Wayne Correspondent.

"I don't often take public notice of what some of the party papers say about me," said Governor Gray to an Indianapolis *News* reporter yesterday morning, "but there was a statement in yesterday's *Journal* that was so ridiculously false that it possibly needs attention. A Fort Wayne writer says, in relation to the senatorial contest between Mr. Eli Brown and I. B. McDonald, that, as the first named is a supporter of mine, I have refused to issue a certificate of election to his opponent. Anybody that knows anything about such matters knows that I haven't any more to do with issuing certificates of election to senators than you have. They are issued by the clerk of the county, or by the sheriff if there is more than one county in the district. I absolutely have nothing to do with it. Besides that, I don't know that Mr. Brown intends to contest the seat, as is charged, and I don't suppose he does."

THE DEATHS.

Sixteen People Summoned to Give an Account of Their Stewartship.

The following is the list of deaths since our last report:

Henrietta Smith, aged 10 days, exhaustion.

Michal Kimmel, 66 years, paralysis.

Child of Frank Wisenmutel, 1 day, exhaustion.

Mary Ann Reinhold, 31 years, consumption.

Gabriel Tourrier, 60 years, dropsy.

Maria T. DeWald, 8 years, dropsy.

Lottie M. Scheid, 8 years, croup.

Sim W. Miller, 22 years, railroad accident.

James W. Ryan, 53 years, rupture of a blood vessel.

Gertrude Miller, 6 years, inflammation of the bowels.

Agnes Brown, 21 years, consumption.

Celia W. Pond, 37 years, consumption.

Oscar Simons, 53 years, suicide.

Caroline Hoeppner, 49 years, lung fever.

John C. Lacmle, 28 years, dropsy.

Carl Poehler, 78 years, dropsy of the heart.

Telegrams announcing the death of Mr. O. A. Simons were sent to President McCullough, of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railroad company, to Superintendent Metheany, and Auditor Gorham, at Grand Rapids; Gy. Tam, in Mississippi; Ed Fitzgerald, in Mancenolie, Mich., and the manager of his big lumber interests in Michigan. ... they forced h...

HEADQUARTERS

— FOR —

FOOT WEAR!

— AND —

LOWEST PRICES.

Actually Leaped into

POPULARITY

Because of such PRICES as these:

Men's Heavy Arties, $1.00.

Men's Rubber Boots, all sizes, $1.85.

Men's Felt Boots, $1.00.

Ladies' Warm Felt Slippers, 35c.

Ladies' Kid Button, glove Tops, $1.00.

Ladies' Rubbers, 25c.

Little Boys' Boots, 7, 8, 9 and 10s, 50c.

Brooks & Reynold's Best Oil Pebble Goat Button, $2.00; regular price, $3.00.

EVERYTHING AT

BOTTOM PRICES!

CHEAPEST

SHOE STORE

IN INDIANA.

Massachusetts

Shoe Co.

Next to Meyer Bros. Drug Store

3 KEYSTONE BLOCK 3

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1886.

THE STYLES.

Some of the Very Latest Decrees of the World of Society.

A GLANCE AT THE FASHIONS.

Including Many of the Minor Accessories Which Make or Mar Otherwise Complete Toilets.

Gloves.

Black kid gloves promise to be in very general use for even the most dressy toilets. They are without ornament save plain stitching, are very long and in mousquetaire style. There are elegant new gloves in pearl shades with heavy black stitching, also pale straw and biscuit shades with black. While undressed kid gloves are preferred in Paris to those that are finished, they do not obtain the same degree of favor here. Many ladies object seriously to the feeling of undressed kid and will not wear it under any circumstances. It does not retain its shape as well as dressed kid, and is not nearly so durable.

Bracelets.

Bracelets are shown in great variety and in some unique and elegant styles. All strictly fashionable bracelets are either in narrow flexible bands or hoops of slender wire. There are no broad bands of rigid metal in the novelty cases, the general effect being light and delicate rather than strong or durable, although as a matter of fact these slender bracelets are the more durable of the two styles. There are some very pretty checker-board patterns in emeralds and diamonds, also in rubies and diamonds. A choice bracelet shows a very large black pearl and a diamond, set one on each end of a loop of gold. The ends pass each other so that when on the arm the two gems are side by side. A fine bracelet of beaten gold is set with very large fresh-water pearls.

Bonnets and Hats.

Nothing is more mysterious than a bonnet, says the New York *Telegram*. It is apparently so easy to construct, and yet the slightest turn of a fold or loop of ribbon will make or mar the effect. While a preference is given some shapes, anything is fashionable, and the chief aim is to have something becoming. A very simple, yet pretty, bonnet is of black velvet. Two flat steel ornaments completely cover the crown. A large fold of velvet, lined with gray silk, is plaited against the front, the ends forming wings. The strings are of heavy ribbon, of the shade of the silk, and are folded across the back. A large round felt hat has a double-faced brim, the under side corresponding in color with the high peaked crown. To the right of the front three-inch ribbon is fastened with small pearl-headed pins. From this point it is carried to the top of the crown on the left side, and made into a large bow, the loops mingling with five heavy tips in shaded colors to match the left.

War on the High Hat.

Now that war has been declared on the high hats worn at the theaters, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, good tactics would suggest some graceful way for the fair enemy to retreat. This may be done by giving a description of a few very l oming theater caps or sacks which can easily be carried in the hand or pocket, taking up no more space than a handkerchief. Escorts will readily be found who are willing to take charge of these precious trifles which are not crushed in carrying, and can be adjusted either in the lobby or after taking one's seat. A very pretty capote can be made in this way. One corner of a triangular scarf of pink cashmere is either cut off or turned underneath for about eighteen inches, and this bias edge or fold is laid over a stiff piece of capo lace five inches wide and long enough to go around the face. A band of garnet velvet or a rich lace is laid upon this foundation about one inch from the edge, and two rows of large pearl beads furnish a face trimming showy enough for any theater. Dainty scarfs of cashmere or surah, of any soft and becoming tint, with ruffles of Spanish lace about the face are also exceedingly dressy, and wearing these is a commendable step toward the foreign custom of removing the hat and letting the hair handsomely dressed be the only ornament for the head. If escorts will express approval and encourage this sensible innovation the war on hats will be virtually ended.

Tea Gowns and Fans.

This seems to be the season when tea gowns are in request, says the Philadelphia *Record*. Many wear them for home dinners. Why they should be called tea gowns it is impossible to conceive. A bed gown would be more appropriate when you take into consideration the loose, falling-to-pieces look they give to the wearer. However, people will wear them, and consequently they must be written about. A new one just from Paris is of dandelion plush, with a pinky tinge in the red. It was rather long-waisted at the back, with heavy gathers, three large buttons marking the waist. It had a jacket basque at the side, with more large buttons, the whole of the front consisting of a drapery of lace caught down here and there with lapis of ribbon and long bows. The lace was ...ged over soft silk of a lighter ton... It was lined with blue, and a narrow plaiting of the blue just showed occasionally when the wearer moved. This lace was the new Aquitaine point, the pattern thick and heavy.

A dark-green satin had the edge of the pointed bodice outlined with cord; the front was pink, but the green satin down the sides had handsome galloons of green beads, and pullings of pink appeared at the edge of the basque.

A less costly gown was made of light-blue cashmere, with a deep puff to the elbow of the sleeves, the rest of the arm covered with black velvet; a collar of the velvet and mitered strips of the same to keep the fullness in its place at the back and front.

A petunia plush had a front of light-peach silk, veiled with black esprit lace, curving in tiny plaits from the waist and allowed to flow. The tea gown which most resembled an ordinary dress was a golden-brown terry ottoman, fitting the figure closely, velvet covering the front breadth.

A tea gown made in figured nun's veiling, porcelain blue on cream, opened over a soft porcelain silk, the sleeves cut on the cross. A Watteau plait appeared at the back, which was part and parcel of the ruff, the same piece forming also the revers in front. A girdle of metal chain-work confined the fullness at the waist.

A very exquisite brocade of a large Venetian pattern in gold and white was made with a Watteau plait, so arranged that it could be dropped to the waist and there simply added to the drapery, and the back of the bodice was complete without it. The fullness of the front drapery was so planned that bodice and skirt were in one, the material uncut falling in indescribable cross-way folds.

There is quite a distinction between fans used in the summer and those that appear in winter. The former are usually light and simple. Feathers do not seem appropriate for day use. But as fans are seldom used at this season of the year except for evening, feathers are not only appropriate but also beautiful. This year the stiff quills of the swan have been dyed to suit the color of the dress, and consequently are very popular. But the new fans, destined specially for the use of young ladies, are provided in gauze to match the color of the toilet, and besprinkled all over the surface or in a series of lines with spangles of silver, steel, or moonlight, according to the taste of the purchaser. For the wealthy there are no lack of the costly lace fans, in which diamonds are introduced as monograms. Some of the newest transparent black lace fans have a cascade of black lace on the outer rib, fastened here and there with diamond brooches, so that, if possible, they are rather prettier closed than when open. The lyre-shaped fans with pearl handles are very popular, and the feathers employed for them are very beautiful, especially the tufted marabout.

Among the popular styles in the folding fans are those made of gauze mounted on ivory or wood sticks. Some of these are hand-painted in artistic sketches, flowers, landscapes, birds, or figures, and a combination of all. Crepe lisse folding fans showing nearly all the combinations in the summer-dress goods, handsomely embroidered, are among the novelties. A special novelty in Japanese folding fans is shown in painted crape. The mount has gold or silver figures in bright colored designs on the crinkly surface of the crape, and the effect is very pretty. Flat Japanese fans of embroidered silk, with the embroidery alike on both sides, are very handsome. There are also fans of similar material with odd-shaped frames that form the mount into a shallow bowl-shaped surface.

Fashion Fancies.

Black silk stockings are very stylish with red shoes.

In Paris most of the bonnets are worn without strings.

Beads and bugles find a place on all manner of garments this season, beginning with bonnets and gloves and ending with shoes and stockings.

The new burnt-ivory ornaments are very fashionable for buttons, buckles, and brooches. Some exquisite carving is seen in the lately-imported trifles.

Silver filigree jewelry is again becoming popular. Some of the pieces are very handsome, made of fine wire so as to resemble net or lace work. Butterflies, flowers of all kinds, and bee hives are arranged for head ornaments. There are also necklets, lace pins, bracelets, and various other kinds of ornaments in this work.

Something entirely new has been recently imported, comprising long panels and fronts for skirts, with bretelles for bodices, in jets and jewels. These passementeries surpass anything ever before manufactured in this line, and are marvelously rich and beautiful; but, alas! can only be secured by those having large bank accounts.

Evening fans of gauze, hand-painted and with carved ivory sticks, are among the novelties. They have feather tips made of ostrich plumes turned into a circle. The combinations of color and material, as well as the designs, are exceedingly tasteful and elegant. Ostrich-feather fans are shown in new and attractive designs. There are fewer fancy-feather fans than were shown last season, the ordinary form of closing fan being generally preferred.

A late fancy in pretty and expensive trifles consists of a small mirror within a golden case, to be suspended from the waist by a chain four inches long. The case closes with a spring, and may be of plain gold or antique silver, or may be elaborately enameled or jeweled, according to the fancy or the length of the purchaser's purse. One very lovely style shows the owner's monogram engraved on the back of the ...ith diamonds

WOMAN.

A Budget of Entertaining Gossip Relating to the Tender Sex.

FEMININE CHARACTERISTICS.

Matters Sober and Statistical, with a Spice of Humor, Prepared Specially for Our Fair Readers.

Allowances Must Be Made.

A Scotch lady, at her daughter's wedding, was asked by an old friend whether she might congratulate her on the event. "Yes, yes," replied the mother, "upon the whole it is very satisfactory. It is true Jeanie hates her good man, but then there's always a something!"

A Sad Death.

Mrs. Hendricks—You remember young Mr. De Lde, who was so much in love with that Smith girl?

Mrs. Bennington—Yes. It was said that her refusal nearly broke his heart.

Mrs. Hendricks—He is dead.

Mrs. Bennington—Indeed! How dreadful it is. I suppose he just wasted away?

Mrs. Hendricks—No; he was run over by a circus wagon.—*New York Sun.*

The Count Waits.

"My dear," she said, as he finally laid down his newspaper, "how did your last deal in wheat come out?"

"Lost about $20,000," he growled.

"Why, you said you were sure of making $50,000?"

"So I was, but I didn't."

"That's a downright shame! You know that Nellie is to marry Count Italiani, and that he wants $20,000 for his title."

"Can't help that."

"Well it's awful mean. Nellie is waiting for her count and her count is waiting for his money, and here you drop $20,000 as if your daughter's happiness was the last thing to be thought of. I don't believe you have a father's heart in you!"

The Wealthiest Woman in Ohio.

While I was in Cincinnati recently, says a correspondent of the New York *World*, I rode out one day past the beautiful residence of Mrs. George Ward Nichols, whose husband died a short time since. It is on the Grandin road, East Walnut Hills, near the old homestead of Joseph Longworth, who was the largest real estate owner in Cincinnati and a very rich man. He died a year or two ago and left Mrs. Nichols a great fortune. She is said to be the wealthiest woman in Ohio. Her income is estimated at $200,000. She and her brother, Nicholas Longworth, inherited the bulk of Joseph Longworth's fortune. She had another brother, Dr. Lang Longworth, who died about five years ago. He was a very estimable gentleman. She and Nicholas Longworth are the only surviving children, and she is the younger of the two. She is about 35 years old, of small stature, and pleasant manner, but she was never beautiful. She is the founder and proprietress of the Rookwood Pottery, which is celebrated throughout both Europe and America on account of the exquisite work turned out there. The pottery craze that seized the country some years ago finally focused itself on Cincinnati and has remained firmly lodged there ever since. Every form of art in Cincinnati is subordinated to decorative pottery, and there are more accomplished amateurs in this line in that city than there are in all the other American cities combined. It is almost as essential to a woman's good standing in society in Cincinnati that she should know, or profess to know, something about working in potter's clay as that she should keep apace with the fashions in the matter of her personal attire. This state of things has been brought about mainly by Mrs. Nichols. She is a very intelligent and energetic lady, and seeks some constant employment. She works at the Rookwood Pottery every day from 8 till 1 o'clock, and is very deeply absorbed in the improvement of the wares turned out by the establishment. Her works find ready sale in New York, the principal agency of which is at a house of such eminent standing as Tiffany's.

The Woman of Influence.

In these days one is certainly impressed with the prominence of literature as a sphere for the woman of influence. When we think of the thousands of high schools and academies throughout the land in which, next graduation-day, some maiden in white will read an essay on "The Genius of George Eliot," we may well say, with Rufus Choate: "After all, a book is the only immortality." And surely the reader is impressed with the way in which a young woman's genius, even if not of the very highest order, may retain its hold after her death, on seeing the late statements of Mr. Routledge, the great publisher of cheap books in England, as to the continued demand for Mrs. Hemans's poetry. In the last generation the pure and melodious muse of this lady had great reputation; the first American editor to speak of her popularity was Prof. Andrews Norton, father of the present Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, and one of the most cultivated critics of his day. Now comes Mr. Routledge and gives the figures as to his sales of the different poets in the year ending June 12, 1885. First comes Longfellow, with the extraordinary sale of 6,000 copies; then we drop to Scott, with 3,170; Shakespeare, 2,760; Byron, 2,380; Moore, 2,270; Burns, 2,250. To these succeeds Mrs. Hemans, with a sale of 1,900 copies, Milton falling short of her by fifty, and no one else showing more than half that demand. Hood had 980 purchasers, Cowper 800, and all others less; Shelley had 500, and Keats but 40. Of course this is hardly even an approximate estimate of the comparative popularity of these poets, since much would depend, for instance, on the multiplicity or value of rival editions; but it proves in a general way that Mrs. Hemans holds her own, in point of readers, fifty years after her death. What other form of influence for man or woman equals this?

Yet there may be other modes of action. That of Florence Nightingale, for instance, modestly vindicating a woman's foresight against the dullness and red tape of a whole War Department; and returning from the most superb career of public service that ever woman had, with ruined health, but with such universal love and reverence from the Crimean army that a statue would have been erected to her by a penny subscription had she not refused it. That of Clara Barton, or Dorothea Dix, or Mary Livermore, or Jean Lander, or Mother Bickerdyke, in our own civil war. That of many a worker in the Associated Charities of our large cities; or of those special organizations which were almost always carried on, thirty years ago, under the ablest leadership and treasurership of men, but which have been steadily falling more and more, during that period, into the hands of women. That of many a woman of society, so called, who recognizes in "society" itself a sphere for conscientious duty—so that the tone of a whole town or city may sometimes be said to be kept up or let down according as the leading "society woman" is a person of character or a doll. That of many a woman in some log cabin on the frontier, whose "society" consists in a dozen children of her own and perhaps two or three more taken in from charity: the woman who, nameless and noteless, maintains that average quality among our American people that can always be relied upon to send from obscurity a Lincoln or a Grant in time of imminent need. Beyond all these, perhaps, in total influence, ranks the great army of women teachers, spreading their unseen and daily labors through every school district from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate; smoothing the waste places, equalizing all our civilization, doing the most for the poorest; and again, in the upper regions of education, rising into the work of such missionaries of the highest training as Mary Lyon in the past, or Alice Freeman in the present. Compared with these, how petty seem the little struggles for position and etiquette.—*Col. T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar.*

WHAT $120 DID IN A COTTAGE.

Thirty-one dollars went into the sitting room and never came out; $19 sat down round in the form of rattan rockers, two painted in cherry and interwoven in the back and arms in pink with tissue paper rolled tightly, two in black, with yellow, and two in the original, with blue; $5 lay on the floor in golden-brown and seal-checked matting; $4 looked very cheery in 49-cent yellow China pongee, hung with small brass rings on a bamboo cane, covering a number of shelves, on which were the the light novels of the day; 75 cents dropped into the carpenter's hand when the last nail was driven in a tete-a-tete, and $2.00 looked radiant in its light-flowered, ercotome-covered cushion; $1 in two gilded kitchen stools, gayly decorated at the top of each leg with different shades of tissue paper.

In the dining-room $8 was metamorphosed into eight pine chairs, varnished with white varnish, which, with a cushion, each covered with a different share of China pongee silk, and tied to the legs with a pretty bow, looked well worth the money; $6 appeared very substantial in a dinner-table; $1.50 in a leather hambrequin, around a wide shelf, cheaply does the service of a buffet, and seemed proud of the family silver; $2.00 in 24-cent cheese-cloth and lace, used as sash draperies in all the windows, gave a clean cottage prettiness to the whole house; $16 in an ivory-white painted bedroom set, lighted up the cherry-stained walls and floor of the first bedroom; the opposite room appeared cool and sweet, with its walls of baby blue and a $16 set of the same hue. The golden-brown and seal matting 31½ cents per yard left $25 to skip into the next room and be changed into an ash-stained set and cherry-colored matting.

When the summer came around the boys of the family shouted with joy, "Hurrah for the Thousand Islands!" The girls danced with glee, and the proud father called from the deck of the boat, as he waved his hand in farewell to his friend on the shore, "Come up and see us now, Robert, in our island home." The friend enviously muttered under his teeth, but he never knew that the "Island Home" only cost $620 to build and furnish.—*Decorator and Furnisher.*

AN HONEST DERATION.

"Ten cents, sir!"

"W-what for?"

"For that sandwich you have just eaten."

"Why, but excuse me, my dear fellow—indeed, sir, I can't pay you for that. I am surprised that you should request it. It would be a very great wrong for me to pay you for that sandwich!"

"You rascal, you, what do you mean! What excuse can you offer for cheating me out of my money in this fashion? Perhaps you can tell me why it would be wrong to pay an honest restaurant-keeper ten cents for one of his best sandwiches?"

"It would be a gross injustice to my other creditors, sir. My liabilities are already enormous, and my assets are scarcely nothing. I am owing $80,000 to different individuals and corporations. After I pay my old bills I shall be very happy to settle for that sandwich. Come, now, don't be stuffy; you will get your money all right—eight or ten years. Good-day, sir."—*Tit-Bits.*

THE JUVENILES.

Entertaining and Instructive Stories for the Little Ones.

WHAT A SISTER SACRIFICED.

"Put to the Test," or How Faith Encouraged Her Little Brother to Study—Odd Tricks.

Put to the Test.

Such an outcry was heard in the dressing-room of the school one morning, when Faith Jewett took off her hat! There seemed to be nothing amiss with the sweet face and neat dress; but, looking more critically, you could not help noticing that the soft, golden hair was brushed smoothly away from the broad forehead, without even a suspicion of crimp or frizz. May Carter, whose hair was banged even to her aristocratic eyebrows, was the first to make audible her surprise.

"What a fright you are, Faith!" she said. "What is the matter?"

Faith seemed not to care; she only laughed merrily and said, "I've renounced frizzes and bangs, girls; but I can't tell you why; it's quite useless to ask me."

"Is it a vow?" asked one.

Faith laughed and again refused to answer a single question. Only her mother and brother Hugh knew the secret she kept from even her dearest friend; but had you been in Mr. Jewett's pleasant sitting-room the evening before, you would have known all about it. Faith and Hugh were there alone, occupied with the morrow's lessons, when Hugh, with a yawn, closed his books and threw himself on the lounge by Faith's side.

"Oh, Hugh!" said Faith, "you haven't learned your lesson so soon, have you?"

"I guess so," answered Hugh, lazily. "It's a great born, anyway."

Faith scarcely heard him, so absorbed was she in examining a school report which fell from the table.

"Hugh," she exclaimed, in dismay, "how low you are! Almost at the foot of your class! How can you be so lazy?"

"I don't care," said Hugh. "What difference does it make?"

"Father and mother care, and so do I."

"Pooh!" replied Hugh, reaching out his hand and pulling the fluffy hair that nearly shaded her eyes; "you care more for your frizzes than you do for your brother."

"You know better!" was the indignant reply. "I'd willingly wear a cap if I could see you at the head of your class again."

Hugh laughed in a most incredulous way, saying, "I've a good mind to try you, my loving sister. I have it!" he continued. "If you will comb your hair straight back to-morrow, I'll study two hours in the evening."

"Only one day?" asked Faith, faintly.

"Any day. I'll study two good, honest hours any evening after you have done as I say."

Faith's thoughts flashed back to Hugh's grammar-school record; she remembered his ambition, his interest in lessons, and his pride in the high standing he usually maintained; she had great confidence in his ability, and knew that his idle habits and lack of interest were sources of anxiety to his father and mother. Her hesitation caused Hugh to say, mockingly: "How much she does love her dear brother! She'd wear a cap and spectacles if he would only study!"

"I'll do it to-morrow, Hugh," she said, quietly.

"I doubt it, sis," laughed Hugh; "won't she look fine, ...gh, with that 'brow of love' standing out in all its prominence?"

A flush crept over Faith's face as she thought how very unbecoming it would be, but she only said: "I must tell mother, Hugh."

"Of course," was the reply; "and she won't let you make such a guy of yourself. Mind, it must be combed right over back, so, and braided closely."

"I understand," answered Faith, cheerfully.

Faith was late at breakfast the next morning, and when she took her seat at the table Hugh's exclamations drew attention to the smooth, neatly-braided hair. Her mother's encouraging smile enabled her to bravely bear jokes and laughter, and no one guessed the trial this little sacrifice cost her. Hugh was true to his promise, and faithfully, though with many a yawn and groan, spent the allotted time with his books. Day after day passed, bringing no change to the unbecoming arrangement of Faith's hair; she thought Hugh's uncomplimentary remarks almost cruel sometimes, but she could bear all patiently as she saw him gradually become so absorbed in his lessons that he sometimes forgot to notice the expiration of the hours of study. She could scarcely believe that a month had passed when Hugh came from school one day triumphantly waving his report. "Hurrah!" he cried, as his mother took the paper, "A No. 1! It's all your work, Fay; give us your hand!" and Faith suddenly found herself whirling about the room with a rapidity that nearly took away her breath.

"You can't think how surprised they were at school," continued Hugh; "they cheered, master and all, but they don't know what a sister I have; I don't believe there's another girl in school who would make a fright of herself a whole month for love of her brother; I call that unselfish, don't you, mother?"

Hugh's appreciation of this little sacrifice more than repaid Faith for the annoyance she had felt, and his evident pleasure at regaining his position was to her a pledge of future success. His ambition was aroused, his love of study revived, and there seemed little danger that he would fall again into idle habits.

Odd Tricks.

If you want to see curious sleight-of-hand performances, you must go to India. No jugglers in the world can compare with those who practice their curious art in that far-away land.

They have neither curtains nor tables, boxes, nor drawers, nor do they wear loose embroidered mantles with large sleeves, as western wizzards usually do. An Indian juggler is clothed only with a strip of muslin fastened around his body. His limbs are bare. He stands in an open courtyard without a tree, a grass-plot, or the shelter of a tent; and in the midst of a ring of spectators, all gazing at him with intense watchfulness, he calmly performs tricks which look like miracles.

For instance, he extends to you his empty hands. You see that there is nothing in them. He stoops down, picks up two or three pebbles, rubs his hands together and presently there is a shining silver rupee.

Again he shows you his bare hands, picks up the rupee, breaks it in two, or pretends to do so, and there are two coins. He breaks these again and again until he has ten or a dozen, and where the money has come from or where he had it hidden no mortal can tell.

The basket trick is a favorite and very mysterious one. The basket is shown you empty. It is turned upside down in your sight. You know perfectly that there is nothing beneath it; but the juggler sings a little song, "Mieow! mieow!" is heard; he lifts the basket and out jumps a cat. Sometimes, instead of "mieows" one hears the barking of a dog or the cooing of a dove, and one of these emerges instead of Madame Puss. More amazing still it is to see puss there by herself at one moment, and the next, on the lifting of the basket, to behold her the center of a happy family, kittens crowding by her side and a bird perched on her head. Sometimes a child is placed under the basket and the juggler dances wildly around it, thrusting long lances and knives into the bamboo until blood comes out and the spectators are horror stricken.

But just as they are ready to interfere, a merry laugh will be heard on the edge of the circle, and there will be the little one quite unhurt, and how he escaped from the basket, or where the red fluid which looked like blood came from, is not explained.

A French traveler saw a juggler set a large top spinning on the end of a stick, which he balanced on his forehead. The top then stopped revolving or went on at the word of command, just as if it had been alive. Some of the jugglers dance airily on a loosely-fastened rope, fix their bare feet, and earthen jars on their heads. One of them was seen to walk along the rope without a misstep, although buffalo horns were tied to his feet.

I think you will agree with the general opinion that if you want to see really clever tricks you must go to India.—*Harper's Young Folks.*

DOCTOR AND PLUMBER.

By the way, I must tell you a story of a controlemps which proved a rather serious joke to that archjester, Mark Twain. It has never been put into print, I think, but comes from the best authority to me. Every one has heard of that house on Farmington avenue in Hartford which is so peculiar and picturesque that tourists go to see it aside from the interest attaching to the home of an American author. It is called a combination of Mark Twain and Queen Anne architecture, and is a most attractive and comfortable domicile. Some years ago, when Mr. Clemens was absent for several months from home, Mrs. Clemens, who is a lady of quiet tastes and a devoted mother, thought she perceived that her little girls were ailing. Filled with quick alarm she sent for the family physician, who, a prominent practitioner, had a large-sized bee in his bonnet, which was named "sewer gas." He told the lady that her darlings were doubtless suffering from malarial troubles, induced by imperfect drainage, and that the plumbing of the house was probably defective or out of repair. She was much alarmed and in a sad quandary in her husband's absence, the more so as she knew he had taken great pains to secure perfect sanitation in the household arrangements. Sending for a plumber, of course the rival of the man who put in the pipes, she asked him to make an examination. The good man was horror-stricken at the condition in which he said he found things. He condemned the whole system, and was given the contract to tear out and replace the plumbing and make secure the safety of the inmates of the house. Of course the expense was enormous, but the doctor said it was justifiable, and the plumber was righteously indignant at the man who originally did the job. About the time the change was completed Clemens arrived home and the wife flew to his arms with an account of their narrow escape from illness and perhaps death. It was then that the funny man arose in his wrath, and the manner in which he cursed gas, doctor, and plumber was said to have been an education in the comprehensive possibilities of the English language. The fact was, that in order to avoid possible danger, he had made his house to drain into the river that passes below his grounds, the pipes were not connected with any sewer, and the really fine work of the best plumber in town had been torn out and far poorer work put in, to ease the fond fears of a loving mother, carry out the whim of a too scientific physician, and add some $1,500 to the pile of a rapacious plumber.—*Hartford ...*

Instead of t... lottnes R... sixty-fi... ...

FUN.

When a dog is mad he generally travels at a very rabid rate.

Looking down on the vista of things to come—a dog gazing at a string of sausages.

"Carpets are lower than ever," says an advertiser. How can that be? They were on the floor before.

The comedy of life begins in the cradle, the drama at the altar, and the tragedy ends at the grave.

The cunning thief will enter a stable, purloin several sets of harness, and depart without leaving a trace.

Men generally commence to undress by pulling off their boots, women their hair. Many will say 'tis false.

If the sea could pick up the dropped stitches from his sire's work, his own work would require but little unravelling.

When a friend points out your fault he arouses your anger. When an enemy does the same thing he gains your respect.

The difference between a poor angler and the fish he tries to catch is this: The angler baits his hook and the fish hooks his bait.

"It's a very funny thing," remarked Bass, meditatively. "I sat by the river all day with baited breath and never caught a thing.

Customer—Waiter, I don't think much of this chop! Waiter—You're the third gentleman as've complained about that chop. I shall have to give it to one of our regular customers. (Takes it away.)

The best way to clean a chrome, Ethel, is to lay it to soak in turpentine over night, and then hang it before an open fire to dry. Hang it close, Ethel, hang it close. Push one corner under the grate a couple of inches.

Bertie—Mr. Schuyler, are you a very strong man? Schuyler—No, not so very strong, Bertie. Bertie—What did ya mean then when he told sister at the breakfast table to-day that he saw you with a heavy load on last night?—*Judge.*

Waiter (insinuatingly, after bringing customer's change)—Would you believe it, I've had three tips to-day? Customer (pleasantly)—Indeed? Three is a lucky number. Odd numbers are always lucky. Thank you for telling me. I'm not going to spoil your luck by making the number even. Good day.—*Boston Courier.*

Acton—I have just been reading the last issue of your paper, and I tell you candidly that I regard you as one of the greatest writers of this or any other age. Editor—Hold up, now. If you keep on talking that way I'll have to say in common decency that you are a good actor, and my conscience will not permit me to do so.—*Texas Siftings.*

Why is it that so many men love to sit in front of a livery stable on a summer evening? The odor isn't savory, yet there you will see certain men planked in chairs, tipped back against the wall, usually, night after night. It requires some dexterity to avoid running over them in driving in or out. They are somewhat elderly men for the most part, neatly dressed, and of very respectable appearance. Perhaps they are opulent and retired livery-stable keepers themselves, so irresistably attracted by the smell of the stable that they can't keep away.—*Texas Siftings.*

CHURNING SONG.

To and fro, to and fro, slowly swings the churn;
To and fro, to and fro, crimson roses burn;
Downy scarlet poppies sway,
Where the morning breezes play;
To and fro, to and fro waves the rocking fern;
Over the clover, far away,
Laden bees and perfumes stray,
Mingled with the catbird's lay;
To and fro, to and fro,
In the sunny glow.

Rocks a cradle to and fro (while the chorus I swing):
In the maple, rocking slow, children of a king;
Monarchs of this castle fair,
Horseback builded, hung in air;
Golden robins, to and fro, flash on vivid wing;
From the nest the young birds call,
Oak leaf sandoons, soft and small,
Like the moment's footsteps fall;
To and fro, to and fro,
Swift they come and go.

—*Lillian M. Thompson, in Good Housekeeping.*

WHY THEY COULDN'T KEEP WARM.

"Talking about fast running," said the conductor of the fast mail out on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, "we make some daisy runs with this train when we get behind time. One day last winter we had trouble keeping the cars warm. The fires wouldn't burn worth a cent, and we nearly froze to death. Fire up the the best we could, we couldn't keep any heat in the durn stoves, an' what do you s'pose the trouble was? Well, sir, I'll tell you. Now, I don't believe in this lyin' bout such little things. I don't take no stock in those stories about travelin' thirty miles in twenty-four minutes. I don't know how fast we were going on the occasion I'm tellin' you about, but the trouble with them 'ere stoves was, the train was goin' so darnal fast it made a draught in the flues strong enough to draw all the fire an' coal right up the chimneys. Yes, sir, instead of burnin' the durned coal just sailed up and disappeared as fast as we put it in the stove."—*Chicago Herald.*

QUITE PLAUSIBLE.

"Children!" spoke the Sunday-school superintendent, after he had finished reading the story about Jacob's ladder, "I will now or any question you may desire to ask about this remarkable dream of Jacob's ladder."

"Well, sir," asked a little boy, "what good was the ladder when the angels had wings?"

This seemed to be a poser, and the good superintendent to gain time pointed to anot... and said:

"Tom... that question!"

...ittle fellow and

...angels

SABBATH READING.

Spiritual Matters That Should Engage Your Serious Attention.

SOME BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

"The Humble Exalted," Showing the Means God Uses—A Moslem School in Syria—Near at Hand.

The Humble Exalted.

God chooses the humblest instruments. He passes by the tempests, and waters the fields and gardens with his imperceptible dew. He passes by the great elephant, and bestows the hues of sapphire and amethyst upon the tiny hummingbird. He passes by the lofty pine and huge elm tree, and lavishes blossom and perfume on the violet. All history teaches the same truth. Moses was the son of a poor Levite; Gideon was a thresher; David was a shepherd boy; Amos was a herdsmen; the apostles were ignorant and unlearned; Zwingle was a shepherd; Melanchthon, the great theologian of the Reformation, was an armorer; Luther was the child of a poor miner; Fuller was a farm-servant; Carey, the originator of the plan of translating the Bible into the language of the millions of Hindostan, was a shoemaker; Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, was a last-maker; Dr. Milne was a herd-boy; Adam Clarke was the son of Irish cotters; John Foster was a weaver; Jay, of Bath, was a herdsman; Dr. Livingston sat at the loom while he studied Greek. Last and greatest of all, Jesus of Nazareth was the despised and rejected of all men. He had not whereon to lay his head, yet to Him shall every knee bow of things in heaven and of things on earth.

A Moslem School in Syria.

Lately, the mother of three girls, through some influence brought to bear upon her by the Moslems, made a solemn vow that her girls should attend school no more, and sent them to their teacher. She told the children, "All you can do is to pray to God to change your mother's heart; and I will pray also."

They said they would; but added, "Mother cannot change now, because she has made a vow, and would have to pay a great deal of money to the Sheikh." Time passed on. Behold, one morning there were the girls in their usual places. The teacher saw the elder one was very eager to tell her something, and gave her an opportunity.

Then she burst out, quite excited, "I know God hears prayers. Yes, I know; now I know. Every day I have been going to a quiet place at the top of the house and praying to God to make mother send us back, and this morning she said, 'You may go to school again.' Did you pray, teacher?" "Yes," said the teacher, "I was praying too." "Now I know," said the child again.

Prayer had evidently become a reality to her little heart. Perhaps another member of the mission helped to get these children back, though unknown to us at the time. This was old Mousa, our gate-keeper. He is a Christian; and knowing the father, who sold fruit in the bazaars, had a talk to him about it, which did some good. It is pleasant to feel that even our servants are helpers to the work.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

Near at Hand.

It is stated that Howard spent his youth in dreams of heroic deeds and impossible ventures for the help and elevation of uncivilized nations. Being captured while at sea by a French privateer, his attention was drawn to the cruelties practiced on prisoners, and on his release he began an inspection of the jail in his native village. The reform he inaugurated spread throughout all the prisons in Europe. Charles Dickens, while a boy in Jones' school, was in the habit of writing romances for the amusement of his companions of the most vague and lofty character. His great fame came to him through his pictures of Mrs. Minns over the way, of the policemen, shop-boys, butchers, and cooks who came in his way in his daily walks in the streets of London. A middle-aged merchant in one of our large cities complained a couple of years ago that he had been thwarted in his true work in life.

"My hope was to carry Christianity and civilization to some heathen nation. Then I should not have lived in vain. But I have been anchored here inexorably."

"The heathen has come to you," said his friend, nodding to a Chinese laundryman, with his wooden shoes and pig-tail, who was passing.

The hint was taken. Mr. Blank went to Ah Sing's laundry and made a friend of him, persuaded him to come with four of his friends to his house, twice a week, to learn "Melican 'ligion." There are now nearly seventy Chinese men in a Bible class taught by Mr. Blank, of whom a large percentage are sincere Christians.

It is the habit of young and imaginative people to search the far horizon for their career, their work and rewards in life. Of one fact they may be sure, that when God has work for a man to do in the world, he puts it within his reach. The great authors and painters of all ages have earned success by depicting that which was most familiar to [illegible] Here in our every-day life, [illegible] away a tear, [illegible] place kinsfolk, trade [illegible] led up in h[illegible] urround[illegible]

he is about his daily work. An humble work-woman taught an English shoemaker the happiness of a spiritual life. On the shoemaker's wall was a map, and the shoemaker looked at it at times while at work, and it conveyed to him the impression that the larger part of the world was ignorant of the inward light and joy that made of his life a psalm. The map haunted him night and day. It became an inspiration, and in the heart of this man English evangelical missions were begun. He is honored here, but we cannot doubt that the poor work-woman has her reward in being among those who, having turned many to righteousness, "shine as the stars."

Miss Alcott, whose own life has been very practical and useful in meeting the duties of her home and town, was once handed an autograph book, and asked to write a sentiment in it. She wrote, "Do the duty that lies nearest you." The thought recalls those simple but telling words of Scripture, "He first findeth his own brother Simon." But work for others does not end where it began; it is progressive; its influence grows, and is eternal.—*Youth's Companion.*

IMPORTANCE OF THE PERSIAN MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The young wife does not immediately assume the responsibilities of her position. Carefully tended as a bride for the first year of her wedded life, she willingly remains under the tutelage of her mother-in-law, if she have one, or if she be the daughter of a widow her mother usually accompanies her to her new establishment. Mothers-in-law have a better time in Persia than in some other countries. There they are regarded as the natural guardians of the inexperienced bride and the proper care-takers of the young mother and her infant offspring. From the mother-in-law are learned the arts of housekeeping. Under her eyes all purchases are made from the huckster or female peddler, for a visit to the bazaar by a young wife before she has blessed her husband with children would be considered a scandal among the upper, middle, or tradesman class. Only among the very poor or the villagers does the young wife, save on ceremonial occasions, leave the shadow of her husband's roof-tree during the first year of her marriage.

But the first year of wifehood has passed away, and relatives and friends have been summoned to celebrate the happy birth of a son or daughter. If the former, then indeed is the position of the wife a happy one. She receives the congratulations of her friends and acquaintances and holds high festival. Her husband dignifies her by the title of "Mother of Hassan," or whatever the little one's name may be, and from that day her own name is no longer used. If she is only blessed with a daughter, still she is not cursed with sterility, that terror of the Oriental woman; and she may hope that heaven may yet bless her with a son.

Consulted in all matters, the Persian wife is her husband's trusted confidant and counselor. "But she is veiled, the poor thing, closely veiled!" exclaims the pitying Englishwoman. Yes, she is veiled. And loath she would be to part with what she looks on as a distinction and a privilege. To her the veil is the badge of modesty and the token of respectability.

And has she any accomplishments, any education, or is she merely the mother of the children? These questions are easily answered. Many of the Persian middle-class women are highly educated, according to Oriental ideas. They read and often write poetry; they sing and play, as a rule, well, and are mistresses of all the arts of plain and fancy needlework; cooking is a second nature to them; pastry-making and confectionery are among their pleasures. The accomplishments of the poor ones are naturally of a more useful kind. They are good cooks and bread bakers; they make the clothes of the entire household; they often are able to add largely to the daily income by their knowledge of some business or trade, and none of them are idle.—*St. James Gazette.*

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

When news is dull and items scarce the city reporter always has one steadfast and reliable support to fall back on, a haunted house. No matter how often the old racket is worked it never fails of success. There has been no period in the world's history, probably, when a haunted house had not a peculiar and potent charm for the public. They revel in it, or would if the ghosts did not occupy it too exclusively with their own revels. Tell the public that a certain house was haunted and it may as well be, for the public henceforth will never believe otherwise. And after they have regarded it in that light for a while they indignantly resent an insinuation that there may be some mistake about it.

There are people who seem to have a penchant for living in haunted houses.

There is a fascination about it. They enjoy no sleep at night, on account of the pranks of their ghostly callers, and no repose during the day, because of the curious groups who are attracted there by the rumors of supernatural visitations. And yet they won't move, at least while the sensation lasts. They like the notoriety involved, and are perhaps soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust that, as it might be difficult to secure another tenant for a house reputed to be haunted, the landlord of the uncanny premises may continue to trust them for the rent.—*Texas Siftings.*

"YES, certainly," said a young man to an old bachelor uncle who was about to [m]arry; "settle as much on your young [illegible] you can, for her second husband, [illegible] not have a penny!" [illegible] come off, and the [illegible] uncle's [illegible]

THE RIBBON.

The Part It Has Played in History.

(Boston Traveller.)

A ribbon is a symbol. From the knot which burns in the turban of the Sybil to the simple bow of blue on the forehead of "La cruche casee," how ribbons reappear in art, in poetry, in history, or in legend! A ribbon fastened the crown of laurels around the brow of Cæsar; a ribbon sewn with pearl held the veil of Clotilde, the pious wife of Clovis. Chivalry fought for ribbons. Edith with her swan-like neck recognized her Harold on the field of Hastings by the scarf which she had embroidered for him. On the sword of the young warrior appears always the ribbon of his well-beloved. A blue ribbon fell from the knee of the Countess of Salisbury: It became the order of the garter. A red ribbon bound the curls of Mlle. de Fontanges. It was changed to the crown of a dutchess. A white ribbon made into a cockade on the hat of Henry IV. gained the battle of Ivry. Later on these ribbons, red, blue, and white, became the French colors, and went round the world as the "tricolor." The Renaissance is full of glorious ribbons, given, lost, and retained. In the history of past loves these little links remain when years have changed, and after portraits have been effaced by tears and kisses. Mary Stuart died for a black velvet ribbon, which she gave to Leicester, which he always wore. Elizabeth could not forgive that. Buckingham was assassinated for certain white satin ribbons with diamond tags—the dear and dangerous present of Anne of Austria. A rose and silver ribbon carelessly detached from the King's coat was found in the corsage of Mlle. de la Valliere; it betrayed their secret. Agnes said to Arnolphe: "He has taken the ribbon which you have given me." Perrin Dandin cries out in "Les Plaideurs:" "Each of thy ribbons costs me a sentence." Behold the cross of St. Louis, dipped in the blood of the heroes of Steinkirk; what a glorious stained ribbon! The blood of the warrior has deepened and the sun of Austerlitz has faded the ribbon, the red from which hangs the cross of the Legion of Honor! No age cherished red ribbon like the eighteenth century. Is not that the age of Watteau, of lakes and moonlight, with lovers, shepherdesses covered with roses, white lambs led with blue ribbons? The age of Pompadour! For men the knot on the shoulder and the sword commemorated the tenderest superstitions of chivalry. The grand cordon of even the cross of the commander was secondary to the bow in his laces.

What a variety in ribbons. The Fontenoy, the Marie Antoinette, the Jean Jaques, the Estelle, the Heloise, the Chenbia, the watered ribbon, the satin ribbon, the figured, the flowered, the brocaded, the Chinese, the American, the Turkish. The mourning ribbon comes last, tying the bonnet of the weeping widow or heart-broken mother. Massena marched to victory with a ribbon of Mme. Recamier, which she had taken from her ball-dress. He wrote to the beautiful giver: "This charming ribbon, given by Mme. Recamier, has been carried through many battles by the General Massena; it has always brought him victory." For a cockade Paris has been on fire six times; during the league, during the Frond, during the Revolution, under the Directoire, during the Hundred Days, in the Three Glorious Days, and to-morrow, perhaps. And Mussett, mingling war and pleasure, writes: "Happy he who can put the cockade in the cap of Mimi Pinson." The ribbons of the Crimea and Italy ornament the uniforms of the gay dancers at balls. To-day we wear the ribbons of Tonquin at our fetes. It is our latest victory. After all, glory is not a vain work. We find our heroes of to-day so fascinated with the cross of the Legion of Honor that they are willing to dip the ribbon which fastens it in their blood. We bow before these young heroes who in an age of money-getting will give their youth, their pleasure, their life to defend their country, asking no other recompense than a bit of red ribbon. Like the men of the past, they will die for that little symbol which means: "It is sweet and pleasant to die for one's country."

SCIENTIFIC NONSENSE.

Floating on the current of newspaper literature is an item stating that if in the deep stillness one listens to a faintly-heard sound, like that of the ticking of a watch, it will be noticed that at irregular intervals the tones are wholly inaudible, while at other times they are distinctly recognized. The item also says that an Italian scientist has ascertained by experiments on different persons that the intervals of silence usually vary between seven and twenty-two seconds; while the periods of sound-perception are between seven and eleven seconds in duration with a maximum of fifteen. He also found that the variation was not due to extraneous sounds nor to the blood circulation or respiration, and concludes that it results from the inability to keep the attention for long periods at a sufficient degree of tension for the perception of faint sounds, or possibly to a variable physiological receptivity in the auditory nerves.

This is like much of the "scientific" information found in the columns of the daily papers, except that its statements are more easily disproved than those of items of its class are usually. It is true that sounds made by some machinery do vary in intensity or loudness; but it is also true that in the ticking of many watches and clocks no such rising and falling in sound can be detected. In my house are two clocks which exhibit the peculiarity mentioned, while the third clock and my watch do not show any irregularity of sound. Placing two of the clocks side by side, it was found that while the sound of the ticking of one rose and fell rhythmically the other beat steadily and uniformly. Moreover, it is found that when one of the clocks "whispers," as the children call it, to one it whispers at that instant to all who may be listening. The "scientific" explanation of the variation in sound is that there are irregularities in the mechanicism too slight to seriously affect its usefulness, but great enough to affect the sound it makes.—*Chicago Times.*

HOW ONE SHOULD BATHE.

In a general way, it may be said that cold bathing is salutary when a vigorous habit exists; it is injurious when the general strength is too feeble to admit of reaction under its influence. It is also to be employed when the system is relaxed by indolent habits, sleeplessness, and mental unrest. During convalescence from fevers and tedious illnesses, its cautious use is productive of good results. Persons who "take cold" easily will find the daily bath of cold water a most effectual means of prevention. The corpulent need its tonic influence; the same may properly be said of the dyspeptic and those of the so-called bilious temperament.

Many who might prudently indulge in cold-water bathing do so at first with fear and trembling. But this reluctance can easily be overcome. To learn to regard it as a luxury one should begin with tepid water, lowering the temperature each day. A cold bath should always be of short duration. Its benefit is in the first impression made on the skin and nerves. The impression should always be sudden. The effect is then uniform. If the water is entered hesitatingly, the blood is driven from the lower extremities to the upper parts. The shower-bath is especially advocated for its sudden and general shock, and its application to the head. Very many lack the conveniences of bathing, and yet none can be denied sponge baths. These are easily applied and are a general luxury. The ancient theory that, after violent exercise, and while perspiring freely, the body should be allowed to cool before immersion is no longer accepted. It would certainly be judicious to exercise before bathing, the body's temperature being thus elevated and reaction after the application of cold insured.

The average duration of the bath should be from five to ten minutes for children, fifteen minutes for women, and but little longer for men. To delay much beyond these periods is a pernicious practice, inviting debility and injury. On leaving the water the body should be rubbed with a coarse towel until the skin is heated and reddened. Afterward a brief brisk walk should be taken. Those who feel weak and depressed would do well to take a cup of tea or coffee. More powerful stimulants should rarely be used.

After diving, or when the head has been submerged and the nasal passages are filled with water, bathers will frequently make violent expulsive efforts to clear them by closing first one nostril and then the other. The danger is that in so doing they sometimes force water from the back part of the passage up the tube to the middle ear, causing a "crackling sensation," and lay the foundation for catarrhal inflammation. By taking a deep inspiration, suddenly closing the mouth and expelling the air through the nose, it will be equally as effectual and the danger referred to obviated.

WOMEN RESPONSIBLE FOR WAR.

I for one would fain join in the cadence of hammer-strokes that should beat swords into plowshares, and that this cannot be is not the fault of us men. It is the fault of woman. Wholly hers. Only by your command or your permission can any contest take place among us. And the real reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe is simply that you women, however good, however religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pains of others. Now, I just tell you this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. I tell you more, that at whatever moment you chose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner. You know, or at least you might know if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many widows and orphans. We have none of us heart enough truly to mourn with them. But at least we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with these. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for His killed creatures. Your praying is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience enough in you for this. Let every lady in the upper class of civilized Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds she will wear black—a mute black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, or evasion into, prettiness, I tell you again, no war would last a week.—*Ruskin.*

TWO WAYS OF COURTING.

"So you are paying attention to the handsome Miss Dashaway, George? You're lucky. I was making attempts in that direction myself, but my wooing was a failure."

"Ah! indeed; how did you proceed with your wooing?"

"I told her I loved her."

"Yes."

"And asked her if she would have me."

"Yes."

"'Twas no good. What did you do?"

"Nothing. I simply treated her to ice cream and strawberries. Never spoke a word of love."

"And you are solid with her now?"

"I am, [illegible] bet."—*Boston Courier.*

GOSPEL IN HANDSHAKING.

Christian People Do Not Give Proper Encouragement to the Outcast Who is Willing to Return.

An Able Discourse by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

The text was Proverbs, xxiii. 35: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for something better, he said: "When shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by uneradicated habit and forced down hill by his passions he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more."

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck; suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already gone astray, how is he to get back? That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this morning to such. There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear such a discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incarcerated. Now, if there be any in the house, come with an earnest purpose, yet feeling they are beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, and that the sermon can hardly be expected to address them, then, at this moment, I give them my right hand, and call them brother. Look up. There is glorious and triumphant hope for you yet. I sound the trumpet of gospel deliverance. The church is ready to spread a banquet at your return, and the hierarchs of heaven to fall into line of bannered procession at the news of your emancipation. So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are the obstacles of your return, and then how you are to surmount those obstacles.

The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier to go down than it is to go up, it is easier to do wrong than it is to do right. Call to mind the comrades of your boyhood days—some of them good, some of them bad. Which most affected you? Call to mind the anecdotes that you have heard in the last five or ten years. Some of them are pure and some of them impure. Which the more easily sticks to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed certain courses of conduct—some of them good, some of them bad. To which style of habit did you the more easily yield? Ah! my friends, we have to take but a moment of self-inspection to find out that there is in all our souls a force of moral gravitation. But that gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a soul fallen may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward heaven. Force of moral gravitation is in every one of us, but there is power in God's grace to overcome that force of moral gravitation.

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I do not believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication. He knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property, ruining him, body, mind, and soul. If that man, being an intelligent man, and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat up stream, is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclination in our hearts, and our bad habits, we are sailing down stream, but the moment we try to turn we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara, and try to row up stream.

Take a man given to the habit of using tobacco, as most of you do, and let him resolve to stop and he finds it very difficult. Twenty-one years ago I quit that habit, and I would as soon dare to put my right hand in the fire as once to indulge in it. Why? Because it was such a terrific struggle to get over it. Now, let a man be advised by his physician to give up the use of tobacco. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a line of figures. He cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has tried to stop smoking! After a while he says: "I am going to do as I please. The doctor doesn't understand my case. I am going back to my old habit." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has gone back to smoking.

Oh! the fact is, as we all know in our own experience, that habit is a taskmaster; as long as we obey it it does not chastise us, but let us resist and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking juggernauts. During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night and tossed over the falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids and through the awful night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. Oh, how hard it is to arrest them. God only can arrest them. Suppose a man, after five or ten or twenty years of evil doing, resolves to do right? Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries, "God help me!" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clinches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the window of a wine store. It was one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with tantalizing and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but he is riding a monster, wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death leap. How many there are who resolve on a better life and say: "When shall I awake?" but, seized on by their habit, cry: "I will try it once more; I will seek it yet again!" Years ago there were some Princeton students who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the company back from the air hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the place. But one young man with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out: "One round more!" He swept around and went down, and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. It is the one round more.

I have also to say that if a man wants to return from evil practices society repulses him. Desiring to reform, he says: "Now, I will shake off my old associates, and I will find Christian companionship." And he appears at the church door some Sabbath day, and the usher greets him with a look, as much as to say: "Why, you here? You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this seat right down by the door!" instead of saying: "Good morning; I am glad you are here. Come; I will give you a first-rate seat, right up by the pulpit." Well, the prodigal, not yet discouraged, enters a prayer meeting, and some Christian man, with more zeal than common sense, says: "Glad to see you. The dying thief was saved, and I suppose there is mercy for you!" The young man, disgusted, chilled, throws himself back on his dignity, resolved he never will enter the house of God again. Perhaps not quite fully disgusted about reformation, he sides up by some highly-respectable man he used to know, going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street! Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, and instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand offers him the tip end of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face.

Oh, how few Christian people understand how much force and gospel there is in a good, honest handshaking! Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt that thrilling through every fiber of your body, mind, and soul, an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable. We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live 1,000 miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is, we must keep our respectability, though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there come to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, people almost throw their hands up in horror, as much as to say: "Isn't it shocking?" How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I don't know, unless they have an especial train of cars, cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself! They cannot go with the great herd of publicans and sinners. O ye, who curl your lip with scorn at the fallen, I tell you plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured, and the refined, and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch, covered with filth and abomination! It is not because you are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you that, brought up in Christian circles, and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the fallen?

I think men also are often hindered from return by the fact that churches are too anxious about their membership, and too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up his sin and return to God, and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of church he is going to join. O my friends! it is a poor time to talk about Presbyterian catechisms, and Episcopal liturgies, and Methodist lovefeasts, and Baptistries, to a man that is coming out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the gospel. Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a life-boat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man out of the boat: "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live in my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk about the non-essentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins, if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? O you ought to have, my brother! an illumined face, and a hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way. Take hold of the same book with him, though his dissipations shake the book, remembering that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way; but I am now to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps, and how the shackles may be unriveted, and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained.

First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God. Go to him frankly and earnestly, and tell him those habits you have, and ask Him if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go with a long rigmarole people call prayer, made up of "ohs" and "ahs" and "forever and forever amens!" Go to God and cry for help! help! help! and if you cannot cry for help just look and live. I remember in the late war I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals after the battle, and I said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh! it is no small thing, when a man is nervous, and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around him and says: "Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then, as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true, and cannot believe it, and looks up in God's face, God lifts His right hand and takes an oath, an affidavit, saying: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth."

Blessed be God for such a gospel as this! "Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God there is a full loaf for every one that wants it; bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table. I remember when the Master Street Hospital in Philadelphia was opened during the war a telegram came saying: "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night, be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows. As they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags most gently, and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

Then also I counsel you, if you want to get back, to quit all your bad associations. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed. Among the 1,400,000,000 of the race not one instance. Go home to-day, open your desk, take out letter paper, stamp and envelope, and then write a letter something like this:

"My old companions: I start this day for Heaven. Until I am persuaded you will join me in this, farewell."

Then sign your name, and send the letter with the first post. Give up your bad companions, or give up Heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man, nor five bad companions, nor three bad companions, but one. What chance is there for that young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, halting in front of a grog shop, urging him to go in, he resisting, violently resisting, until after a while they forced him to go in? It was a summer night, and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also, seek Christian advice. Every Christian man is bound to help you. If you find no other human ear willing to listen to your story of struggle, come to me, and I will, by every sympathy of my heart, and every prayer, and every toil of my hand, stand beside you in the struggle for reformation; and as I hope to have my own sins forgiven and hope to be acquitted at the judgment seat of Christ, I will not betray you. First of all, seek God; then seek Christian counsel. Gather up all the energies of body, mind, and soul, and, appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gaming practices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing; it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now, and you are lost. Push on, and you are saved. A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote on a rock near which he was dying: "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of Ages: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Oh, what glorious news it would be for some of these young men to send home to their parents in the country these holidays which are coming. They go to the post-office every day or two to see whether there are any letters from you. How anxious they are to hear! You might send them for a holiday present this season a book from one of our best publishing houses, or a complete wardrobe from the importer's palace, it would not please them half as much as the news you might send home to-morrow that you had given your heart to God. I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses just having frisked up from the meadow at the night-fall, stand knee deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under the feathers. In the old farmhouse at night no candle is lighted, for the flames clap their hands about the great black log, and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour, saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of. After awhile the father breaks the silence and says: "Well, I wonder where our boy is to-night?" and the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you; we always could trust him when he was home, and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him, we can trust him still." Then at 9 o'clock—for they retire early in the country—they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian general: "What was the proudest moment in your life?" He thought a moment, and said: "The proudest moment in my life was when I sent home word to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you send word to your parents that you have conquered your evil habits, by the grace of God, and become eternal victor. Oh, despise not parental anxiety!

The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Dead! dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think, and think, and wish that you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born—better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery rending the hair and wringing the hands and crying: "Mother! mother!" Oh, that to-day by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future you would yield your heart to God. May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

A Mother's Love.

Maternal love is the embodiment of the one idea of perfectness, and purity, and faith under the heavens.

In the hour of resolve and emulation the valor of the warrior may be overpowering; amid pathetic fervor and enthusiasm the orator and poet may thrill us to glorious exhilaration; but at the final test, with death closing about us, besides the heart's trust in God, the mother's love bears all analysis, becomes stronger and truer, and more potent to support as earth and its transitory hopes fade farther and farther away.

To look up to the blue, beautiful heaven, so wide, so mercifully wide for all the erring and repentant; one thought of all the mother has borne and struggled for, one fervid realization of her patience and sublime trust and endeavor seems to be the second calvary of our hopes. Her work in life, our own belief in its fidelity and acceptance in heaven's sight, seem to lessen the wretchedness and failure of our own weak labors.

Her face may be homely and wrinkled and old, her hands faltering and unsteady, yet those features are aureoled with a silver crown won through patient suffering, those trembling fingers are magnetic still to thrill and guide and bless.

What we owe her volumes have told. How much silently and earnestly we repay her, she never knows this side of the grave.

For the soul that has wandered, returning to its allegiance in latter years, can never tell in words the emotions it experiences, can never frame the soulful thoughts that strive to atone for the remissness of the past.

Amid the bitterness of contrition, and the longings of hopeless regret, the soul's ardent love makes up for all the careless gone-by years; the influence of a mother's example is accepted, and sought for, and profited by, and cherished.

If the hidden emotions of many a heart, seemingly hardened and immersed in the cares of life, were revealed, we would be surprised to know how many are on the border line of heavenly faith, only because to them the mystery of a mother's love has never yet departed from the memory.—*Chicago Ledger.*

THERE are 6,797,0[illegible]0 of us fellows competent to do military duty for our Uncle Sam. It might be well to shake those figures in the face of the nations.

WHEN any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.—*Samuel Johnson.*

EWE go to grass, as Mary said to her lamb when she sent it out to get its [illegible]

SCALY, ITCHY SKIN

And All Itching and Scaly Skin and Scalp Diseases Cured by Cuticura.

PSORIASIS, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barbers', Bakers', Grocers' and Washerwoman's Itch, and every species of Itching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, are positively cured by Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

PSORIASIS, OR SCALY SKIN.

I, John J. Case, D.D.S., having practiced dentistry in this county for thirty-five years and being well known to thousands hereabouts, with a view to help any one who are afflicted as I have been for the past twelve years, testify that the Cuticura Remedies cured me of Psoriasis, or Scaly Skin, in eight days, after the doctors with whom I had consulted gave me no help or encouragement.
JOHN J. CASE, D.D.S.
Newton, N. J.

DISTRESSING ERUPTION.

Your Cuticura Remedies performed a wonderful cure last summer on one of our customers, an old gentleman of seventy years of age, who suffered with a fearfully distressing eruption on his head and face, and who had tried all remedies and doctors to no purpose.
J. F. SMITH & CO.
Texarkana, Ark.

DUSTPANFULL OF SCALES.

H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by Cuticura Remedies. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought he must die.

ECZEMA RADICALLY CURED

For the radical cure of an obstinate case of Eczema of long standing, I give entire credit to the Cuticura Remedies.
L. B. RICHARDSON.
New Haven, Conn.

Sold by all druggists. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1.00; Soap, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTIFY the complexion and skin by using the Cuticura Soap.

IT FEELS GOOD.
Those worn out with pains, Aches and Weaknesses find relief in one minute in the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. At druggists. 25 cents.

CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH.

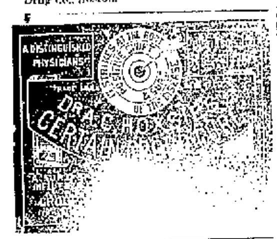
No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing, the human voice, the mind—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and an Improved Inhaler, price, $1.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

RHEUMATIC PAINS.

Neuralgic, Sciatic, Sudden, Sharp and Nervous Pains and strains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the most perfect antidote to pain and inflammation ever compounded. New, original, instantaneous, infallible and safe. At all druggists. 25c.; five for $1.00; or of Potter Drug Co., Boston.



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In the highest style of the art.
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MADAME MORA'S CORSETS.
MOST COMFORTABLE AND PERFECT FITTING. Merchants say they give better satisfaction than any corset they ever sold. Dressmakers recommend them for their fine shape. Cannot break over hips. Are particularly liked by Ladies of full figure. The "CONTOUR" and "ALDINE" have the PATENT THIN BACK, which covers the open space and protects the spine. The "LA REINE" has the popular REVERSIBLE STEELS, which can be instantly taken out, without cutting or ripping. Ladies, ask for MADAME MORA'S CORSETS. No others have the celebrated French Curved Band. Beware of imitations offered to deceive the public. For sale by all leading dealers. Manufactured by L. KRAUS & CO., Birmingham, Conn.
Madame Mora's Contour. Madame Mora's La Reine. Madame Mora's Aldine. Madame Mora's Comfort Hip. J. G. Fitzpatrick & Co., 71 Leonard St., N. Y.

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Direct Importers of Novelties & Staples from
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Receiving by every Steamer Articles suited to Dry Goods Houses, Stationers, China Stores and Fancy Goods Dealers, Particularly Adapted to HOLIDAY DEPARTMENTS.
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The Mirror
is no flattery [...] Would you make it [...] a mistake [...] away a tear, [...] tale? Magno[...] filed up in h[...]

CONGRESS AND CAPITOL

THE SENATE MARBLE ROOM AND THE "REPS'" RETIRING ROOM.

Some Things Expected of Congress—The Dead of Both Houses—Senate Lobby. The Constituent from Cross Eyo—Crowded Quarters.

A tough story, worst of all, a true one, is told apropos of congressmen in Washington. Two gentlemen belonging to the navy applied for rooms at a certain Washington boarding house. They wore plain clothes, having, like other Americans, a prejudice against wearing a uniform when they could help it.

The lodging house mistress dismissed them shortly, and they thought rather crustily. She told them her rooms were full. They turned to go away. As they did so, one by chance made a remark to the other, which revealed that they were naval officers. The housekeeper overheard:

"Wait a moment," said she, "come back. I believe I can accommodate you. Pardon me, but I thought you were members of congress." Whether congressmen did not pay their board or what it was that had given her such a prejudice against them she did not explain, but she said she never rented rooms to members, as they are called in Washington.

But in a general way Washington city sleeps all summer and comes to life again just before the first Monday in December, when congress opens. There are bustle and running to and fro, a repapering of rooms, a setting up of stovepipes and a rummaging about for cuspidors.

SENATE MARBLE ROOM.

The greatest bustle and preparations are in the neighborhood of Capitol hill, at the north and south wings of that great building which looks like a squatty St. Peter's. Some of the rooms in the north or senate wing of the Capitol are among the most beautiful on this continent. A noted one is the senate marble room, which appears in the picture. If you go to see a senator while his assembly is in session you wait in the lobby and send in your card. If you are a distinguished person you will be taken to this beautiful room, where you sit and talk to the senator. Every part of the room is marble of different kinds. The effect is almost dazzling.

In the marble room it is, too, that senators hold consultations on bills under discussion or other matters they are anxious about. The room is splendidly upholstered and furnished with a rich rug carpet.

The rooms of the president and vice president are among the show places of the senate wing. They are near the marble room, and are richly decorated and furnished. In the vice-president's room the visitor will see a picture for which congress paid $25,000. It is the portrait of Washington. Government bought it in 1832.

The Canada fisheries question seems to be the most important one at this last session of the Forty-ninth congress. What will be done with it nobody knows. It would look pusillanimous of us not to do something. There will also be an attempt again to pass an interstate commerce bill. This is to regulate freight charges on the long lines of railway. A California farmer some time ago shipped a car load of fruits and vegetables to Chicago, and when it was sold he was fifteen cents in debt. The freight charges amounted to fifteen cents more than the produce sold for. In the face of such facts it looks as though something ought to be done with interstate commerce. The constitution gives congress power to regulate it.

Every year now during the recess of congress somebody belonging to it dies. Every year, therefore, first thing, resolutions of condolence must be passed and an adjournment of some hours voted out of respect to the dead. This year the death of ex-President Arthur was announced in both houses. In the senate it was the chair of Mr. Pike, of New Hampshire, which was vacant. From the house Representatives Beach and Arnot, both of New York, died during the recess. Mr. Arnot dropped dead in the street.

REPRESENTATIVES' ROOM.

When a weary representative wishes to rest from his labors a brief time, or chat with one of his constituents from Cross [...], he retires to the room you see in the [...], sinks gently into one of the richly upholstered chairs and gives himself up to ease with or without dignity. For this room which you see is the representatives' retiring room. It is not so imposing as the senate marble room, but still it is sufficiently dazzling to the eyes of the honorable members' back county constituents.

The problem which grows harder and harder to settle after each census, is how to seat the representatives. At the first United States congress there were only sixty-five members. There are now 325. After the next census this number will be still larger, unless the ratio of representation should be changed. At the first congress it was one representative to every 30,000 inhabitants. It is now one to every 151,912. Some of them will have to hang upon hooks outside, if the country keeps on growing so.

There is not but a prospect that the bursting shelves and cases of the congressional library will be relieved, though quite how soon no man knows. The ground is being cleared for the new library building. It will stand just south of the Capitol, and will be a noble structure. Many houses will have to be torn away to make room for it. Among them is the now historic mansion that Mary Clemmer Hudson owned and lived in.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

St. Louis to Have the First Statue of Him in America.

Once there was a man named Christopher Columbus. He had some connection with America in its so-called early days, but the people of the United States know very little about him. Probably he was not much of a man anyhow. He was only a common mechanic—a greasy wool carder. If he had lived in our time he could have been a Knight of Labor, and then his vote would have counted for something. Congressmen would have been proud to clasp the noble palm of a [...] in the great army of those who constitute [...] a free and glorious country. [...] not vote for a congress[...] strike [...] [...]on sort of person was the man who first found out there was a western continent. He thought there must be something on this side to balance the other side of the world, or else that half would fall off.

If the old man had it to do over again, probably he wouldn't discover America. Nothing satisfactory to him ever came of it. Sorrow and disgust pursued Cris to the end of his days. Queen Isabella's titled lords snubbed him, and thought he had very poor manners indeed. While he was on his third voyage to America those jealous of his fame at home raised bad stories about him, and the king of Spain ordered him to be sent home in chains. That was part of the pay he got for discovering America. He didn't even get the continent named for him. That poor satisfaction was stolen from him. He died so poor that he couldn't have paid for a doctor's prescription to go out of the world respectably on. And if he had known beforehand about Washington city and the United States congressmen, he certainly never would have discovered America. He would have minded his business and kept his eye on the wool carding line.

STATUE OF COLUMBUS.

So far as is known there is not in North America this day a single monument to Cris. Our country treats him as everybody else did. One in St. Louis will be finished by 1892 and dedicated on the 400th anniversary of the discovery of San Salvador. Thus St. Louis will be the first to build a statue to the man who was the greatest crank of his time. The statue is the outcome of a movement on the part of St. Louis citizens. It is to be cast at the great government bronze foundry in Munich, as the Cincinnati fountain was. The same artist also designed it, Ferdinand von Mueller himself. It is to be of heroic size, standing ten feet high. In it Christopher the Crank is supposed to be standing at the prow of his vessel, beholding the first sight of land. The monument will be set up in Tower Grove park, and will have a pedestal designed by Professor Rohmeis, of Munich.

A Pleasant Idiosyncrasy.

Mr. Gorham, of the Agassiz museum at Providence, is said to indulge in the "pleasant idiosyncrasy" of keeping loose in his bedroom several full grown rattlesnakes which he has tamed and of which he makes pets. He sometimes honors his most cherished friends by admitting them to this apartment, and it is usually found that one visit is all that they are anxious to make. Mr. Gorham is said to be a natural snake charmer and to have the power of calling snakes from their coverts by whistling.—Chicago Times.

THE NEW DRESS FOR WOMEN.

Annie Jenness Miller's Design for a Hygienic Feminine Costume.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller is a graceful, bright young woman, who thinks for herself. She is an elocutionist to begin—a good reader and speaker. She has lectured successfully on various topics, some of them as bright and breezy as herself. One of these lectures is entitled, "Open the Windows and Let the Sunlight In."

Her maiden name was Annie Jenness, a Boston girl, until a fortunate Indiana merchant captured her and made her Mrs. Miller.

Before her marriage she lectured under the auspices of the Redpath Literary Bureau, of Boston, which was itself a credit to her ability. Being married, and happily at that, she yet had no intention of "settling down," as women are expected to do. On the contrary, she is still hand from, very much alive and very much in earnest.

Fashionable women's existence, likewise that of many unfashionable ones, has been a pilgrimage through a vale of tears for several years past. The great weight of their cloth dresses and huge cushioned bustles is something terrible to think of. Steels were put into their dress skirts to make them stand out. The weight of the goods crushed the corners of these steels and drove them into the flesh of women's backs, till in some cases the skin was actually scraped off their bodies as they walked. This was a frightful state of affairs, but women put up with it for the sake of being "stylish," the more fools they. It was not only gowns made by novices in which the steels in the skirt thus scratched and scraped, but those from the hands of the very highest high art manufacturers.

THE NEW COSTUME.

Mrs. Miller has enthusiastically set about remedying matters. She has aimed to produce a feminine dress which shall be free from bustles, bones, corsets, steels and even petticoats, and yet look pretty and "stylish."

How well she has succeeded you see from the picture. It represents Mrs. Jenness Miller herself in her new costume. It is attractive and artistic, something like the ancient Greek dress for women and having a Grecian border. It looks very well, one must grant, on Mrs. Miller, who is tall and slender.

But alas! alas! Suppose a 200 pound lady should indue herself in the new artistic costume. Would she not look like a beer hogshead with the American flag spread around it? Go to! One fears it won't do for fat women.

Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Letters are continually being received from all sections of the country telling of benefits derived from this great medicine. It is unequalled for general debility, and as a blood purifier, expelling every trace of scrofula or other impurity. Now is the time to take it. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists.

"Doc." Wilson is now said to be insane.

For Coughs and Throat Disorders use Brown's Bronchial Troches. "Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began thinking well of."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* Sold only in boxes.

Cluverius has been respited until January 14.

They Are Not Sorry.

There is one thing nobody ever regrets—that is, the day they first adopted Parker's Tonic as their regular family medicine. Its range is so wide, and its good effects so sure, that nothing else, except good nursing, are needed in a great majority of cases. Buy it, try it, and afterwards it will not require any praise from us.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Arrival of the Noted Explorer Who Wants to Cross Africa Again.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

The picture here given of the African explorer will present him to our readers in a new face. The portrait of him familiar to most people is that of a worn, thin looking young man with white hair and a black mustache. He showed in every feature the perils he had passed.

Here, however, we have a handsome, well fed man, who looks as if the world went very well with him. Let us hope it does. There is nobody in America who tries to belittle the services Stanley performed for geography. It took the savants of Europe to do that. Stanley has just arrived in his own country, to make a tour of lecturing this winter. May he be successful. He is a brave man and true. Besides that, he is a newspaper man, and these deserve success in their undertakings if anybody does. They mostly work hard enough. It is said Stanley's hair turned from white to dark again after he got rested from his Congo exploration.

A romantic history is Stanley's. An orphan asylum in the Old World is hardly the place whence genius and fame would take their rise, yet thence starts Stanley. He was born in Denbigh, Wales, and his original name was John Rowlands. He had a right to change it if he wanted to, and he did so. Stanley was the name of a New Orleans merchant for whom the boy worked. When he was 13 years old he left the orphan asylum in Wales and started out to shift for himself. He shipped as cabin boy from Liverpool to New Orleans, and thus he first came to America. Few men have had so adventurous a life. During the war he served both in the Confederate and the Union armies. Then he wandered away to find Livingstone, and in another journey explored the Congo. Those are his two greatest exploits. After he found Livingstone, Queen Victoria presented to the nameless orphan Welsh boy a gold snuff box. His Congo explorations opened up to civilized man a water way nearly 6,000 miles long, through a rich and populous country.

The Wabash grand jury has indicted Abner Garner, who shot and seriously injured Henry Graves and his daughter, Saturday night, for assault with intent to murder. The trial will take place next week.

In the Dear Old Days.

We differ in creed and politics, but we are a unit all the same on the desirableness of a fine head of hair. If you mourn the loss of this blessing and ornament, a bottle or two of Parker's Hair Balsam will make you look as you did in the dear old days. It is worth trying. It is the only standard 50c article for the hair.

Jennie Saxton, the young Vermont forger, has been found guilty.

That weak back or pain in the side or hips you will find immediately relieved when a Hop Plaster is applied. It strengthens the muscles, giving the ability to do hard work without suffering. Take none but this, 'tis sure.

Cannon and ammunition are being shipped to British Columbia for the defense of Esquimault.

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a most wonderful remedy. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk, and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvelous food and medicine.

Newark, N. J., laundresses will organize to drive the Chinese.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The card price of nails has been advanced to $2.40.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
Jan. 19 [...]

The jury in the Mackey contest at Vincennes have heard nearly all the evidence and will place it before the legislature.

Rev. and ex-Congressman J. Hyatt Smith is dead.

25 cts SALVATION OIL
"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain." [...]
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure your Cough at once. Price only 25 Cts. a bottle.

POND'S EXTRACT
THE VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause is speedily controlled and stopped.

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is cooling, cleansing and Healing.

Catarrh. It is most efficacious for this disease, Cold in the Head, &c. Our "Catarrh Cure," specially prepared to meet serious cases, [...] Nasal Syringe is simple and inexpensive.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than the Extract. Our Plaster is invaluable in these diseases, Lumbago, Pains in Back or Side, &c.

Diphtheria & Sore Throat. Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous.

Piles, Blind, Bleeding or Itching. It is the greatest known remedy; rapidly curing when other medicines have failed. Our Ointment is of great service where the removal of clothing is inconvenient.

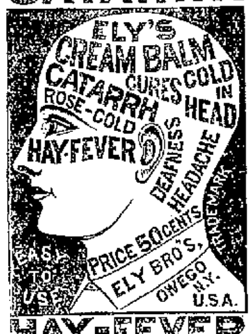
For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. Mothers who have once used The Extract will never be without it. Our Ointment is the best emollient that can be applied.

Female Complaints. In the majority of female diseases the Extract can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

CAUTION.

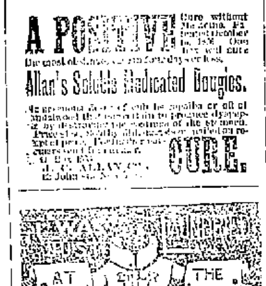
Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trademark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take no other preparation. It is never sold in bulk, or by measure.

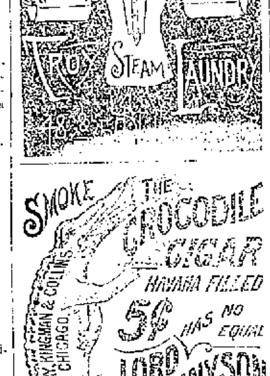
Sold everywhere, Prices, 50c, $1, $1.75.
Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

CATARRH


HAY-FEVER
ELY'S CREAM BALM
Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

A POSITIVE Cure without Medicine. Patented October 16, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate case in four days or less.
Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.
No nauseous doses of cubebs, copaiba or oil of sandalwood that are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coatings of the stomach. Price $1.50. [...] P. O. Box 1533. J. C. ALLAN CO., 83 John St., New York.
CURE.





GEO. H. LOESCH, Druggist, Wholesale and Retail Agent, Corner Barr and Wayne Streets.

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JANUARY
PUBLISHED MONTHLY WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK
The First Number of
Will arrive Wednesday next (Dec. 15) at
KEIL & BRO., Agents,
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Price, 25c a copy.

AMUSEMENT.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
J. S. Wolf.........Manager
MONDAY, DEC. 6, 1886,
FOR ONE WEEK.
Engagement of the Eminent Actor,
NEWTON BEERS,
In the Superb, Lyric Spectacular Success
Lost in London,
Supported by the original New York Company of comedians and singers, and presenting car loads of splendid scenery, specially executed by the famous American artist, Henry E. Hoy. Home of the Swart Kings, [...], The Fete of Gnomes, Illuminated Sensation Snow Scene, and [...] Vision. A beautiful and sublime prologue without words. Legions of celestial bridges. Scenes of dazzling beauty. The celebrated Pan Pipe singers, bright songs, dances, costumes and calcium effects. Prices will not be advanced.
Admission 50, 35 and 25
Reserved seats for sale at Woodworth's drug store. Doors open at 7. Overture at 8.
MATINEE Wed. and Sat. at 2 p. m. Admiss'n, 25c; child, 15c

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Undertakers and Embalmers,
Corner Main and Clinton Streets
We warrant our prices less than any one else in the City. may31-1y

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—DEALERS IN—
HARD AND SOFT
COAL!
From the Mines. Celebrated for Best quality of Coal. Also,
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WOOD
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Kindling.
Office and yards, corner of Clinton and Berry Streets, connected with P., F. W. and C. rail road and south depot.
Coal delivered to all parts of the city. Order by Telephone No. 109 at the expense of the firm. Aug6-6m.

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Sanitary Plumbers.
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Sanitary Appliances, Water Closets, Bath Tubs, Wash Stands, Hydrants, Pumps, Sinks, Cesspools,
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DENTIST
34 Calhoun St.
Offers a professional experience of over 25 years. april 23 1y

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HAMMOND TYPE WRITER!
Parties who contemplate purchasing a new type writer should examine the
HAMMOND TYPE WRITER
before deciding upon a machine. "It has many points of superiority over all others, and is inferior in no point," is the testimony of persons who have used all of the different type writers in the market. May be examined and circulars obtained at
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Circulars also at 22 Calhoun St., of
T. J. NOLTON & CO. 27-1m.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS are successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Are Safe, Effectual and Pleasant. $1 per box by mail or at druggists. Sealed Particulars 2 postage stamps. Address THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH.
Sold in Fort Wayne by Dreier Bro. Oct. 19-1y.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office, 73 Calhoun street.
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TOYS!
Keil & Bro. have added a complete line of Toys to their line of
HOLIDAY GOODS!
Which makes it the most complete line of Holiday Goods in any one house in the state. These goods have been selected with great care and the lowest market rate and will be sold at rock bottom prices.

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JOHN F. CARVER,
DEALER IN
STOVES,
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HARDWARE.

Before purchasing elsewhere call and examine our line of stoves and get our low prices.
No. 50 and 52 East Columbia Street, Ft. Wayne.

HENRY C. GRAFFE.

Corner Calhoun and Columbia Streets
—DEALER IN—
Diamonds,
Watches,
Jewelry,
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FINE BRONZE
—AND—
MARBLE CLOCKS,
(MY OWN IMPORTATION.)
Opera Glasses, Statuary, Barbatine, Vases, Card Receivers, etc.
From 25 to 40 per cent. reduction in Silverware.
Finest assortment exhibited in the city, such as Tea Sets, Water Sets, Ice Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Castors, Cups, Spoon Holders, Butter Dishes, Jewel Cases, Steel Pins and Crackers, Fruit [...], Table Cutlery, Plated, Ivory and Pearl Handle, Forks and Spoons of every pattern, Solid Gold and Silver Headed Canes, and an endless variety of novelties of all kinds.
HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
My stock is the most complete of any ever offered in the city. Having made my selections from stock in New York myself, has given me the advantage of procuring the newest and most elegant goods at the lowest prices. The public is requested to call and examine my assortment before making their Holiday purchases, as I will make it to their interest to do so as I am selling goods from 25 to 40 per cent. less than ever before.

FOR THE BLOOD
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO. Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

DR. N. S. RUGGLES, of Marion, Mass., says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valuable tonic for enriching the blood, and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."

DR. R. M. DELZELL, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in cases of anæmia and blood diseases, also when a tonic was needed, and it has proved thoroughly satisfactory."

MR. WM. BYRNS, 26 St. Mary St., New Orleans, La., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me in a case of blood poisoning, and I heartily commend it to those needing a blood purifier."

MR. W. W. MONAHAN, Tuscumbia, Ala., says: "I have been troubled from childhood with Impure Blood and eruptions on my face—two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters effected a perfect cure. I cannot speak too highly of this valuable medicine."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

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FARMS on James River, Virginia, in Claremont Colony. Illustrated circulars free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Virginia.

DEAFNESS its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured himself in three months and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application. T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 31st St., New York City.

Are you CONSUMPTIVE. Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion! Use PARKER'S TONIC without delay. It has cured many of the worst cases and is the best remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, and diseases arising from impure blood and exhaustion. The feeble and sick, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting to the grave, will in most cases recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S TONIC, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. Cures when all else fails. Gives new life and strength to the aged and infirm. $1 at druggists.

Gluten Flour and Special Diabetic Food, are invaluable waste repairing Flours, for Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Debility, and Children's Food. No Bran, mainly free from Starch. Six lbs. free to physicians and clergymen who will pay Express Charges. Send for Circular to FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y.

KNABE PIANOFORTES
UNEQUALED FOR
Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability
WILLIAM KNABE & CO.,
Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore st., Baltimore. No. 112 Fifth avenue, New York.

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER
Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America.
The newest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, colds in the chest and all aches and pains. Endorsed by 5,000 physicians and druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plasters promptly relieve and cure where other plasters and greasy salves, liniments and lotions, are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicum," "Capucin," "Capsicine," as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. Ask for Benson's and take no others. All druggists. SEABURY & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.
Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2818 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.
At Druggists. Trade supplied by Jno. D. Park & Sons, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CONSUMPTION
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.
Nov. 13d&w6mo

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PENSIONS and Claims Collected or NO PAY. Increase and bounty due many. Rejected cases reopened. Send for circular showing who are entitled to claims.
PATENTS secured or NO PAY. Model or rough sketch of invention and we will report as to patentability free. Best of references.
BELLU. MILLER,
P.O. Box 1
WASHINGTON, D. C.

ORANGE BLOSSOM
REGISTERED.
Notice to the Ladies.
I have secured the agency for Dr. McGill's Famous Specific Orange Blossom. A positive cure for all female diseases. Every lady can treat herself. A circular of explanation and a trial box free.
Oct 21d&w6mo THIEME & GROSS.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.
Nov. 17-d&w-6mo.

FREE OF COST
Call at our store and get Free sample Bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the most successful Cough and Lung Remedy ever sold. YOU WILL see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Large size 50 cts. and $1.
Respectfully,
march12-ly DREIER & BRO.

All Sorts of
hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY DEC. 7, 1886.

ONE thing that gives, necessarily, a certain sameness to much circus music says a certain band master, is the compulsory emphasis of notes in regular recurrent order, not demanded at all for musical expression, but very requisite for marking the time for the horses in a menage act, or some other riding. If you do not thus sharply accent the time, the best-trained horse is liable to be all broken up and make a failure of his performance.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON says of a recent visit to Charleston: "No words can adequately tell of the destruction in the city. There are crumbling walls, prostrate dwellings, and wide-spread devastation everywhere, but the people are as brave as can be. The work of repair began in twenty-four hours afterward, and it is going on vigorously still. I am proud of my fellow-citizens, for they deserve success, and I hope that they will win it."

AMONG the various interesting summer romances is the following, contributed from Europe. A young lady was caught out in a storm. During a vivid flash of lightning she felt a strange and alarming sensation. It lasted only for an instant, however, and she proceeded to her home, where she removed her bonnet and discovered that her hair had been literally cut off, her head presenting, as her hair fell, the same appearance as though her head had been shaved with a razor.

AN Englishman, calling at the White House, was descanting to Mr. Lincoln—who had never been abroad—about the difference between Englishmen and Americans. "Great difference in some respects," he said, "great difference. You Americans do things that an English gentleman would never think of doing. Now, for instance, an English gentleman would never think of blacking his own boots." "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Lincoln, "whose would he black?"

A NEW YORK tailor has invented a garment which he expects to bring him a fortune, because he thinks it responds to a crying need of the times. If it were for use in a stable, it would be called by the homely but expressive term, a bellyband, but as it is for use by man, it is known as a waist-compressor. It is a broad belt of linen, fitted with curved whale-bones in front and with buckles and straps behind, and is intended to reduce the figures of corpulent men. This tailor has discovered, or thinks he has, that corpulency is developing to a tremendous extent in New York, and that most men of globular appearance in front are ashamed of their appearance, and will suffer any amount of torture to reduce or flatten their rotundity. He advises those who have wives or valets to employ them in hitching these compressors as tight as they can bear the pressure. Bachelors too poor to do this must get along with less compression. The compressor has been on sale a year or more, and is mostly used by men of aldermanic dimensions whenever they put on their dress suits.

WHILE the wedding of Miss Robinson and Mr. Adams was being celebrated at Louisville, a few evenings since, one of the ladies noticed a rug under the piano very much displaced, and stopped to straighten it out. Putting her hand under the rug, it came in contact with a man's foot, and with a scream she jumped back. The other ladies becoming alarmed, of course screamed also. Then a man must have become frightened, because he violated Blue Grass etiquette, which forbids, not swearing, but swearing before ladies. Before the mystery could be explained by the first fair screamer, a man came from under the piano, and brandishing a stick, disappeared in the hallway. While the gentlemen rushed after the one intruder, the ladies remained in the rooms containing the presents, and presently screamed louder than before, when they saw a man of most repulsive countenance coolly arise from behind a fire-screen, one of the presents, and slowly go out through the rooms and down the stairs into the back yard. The presents displayed were worth not less than $15,000, and two thieves were doing what they could to assume some of the responsibility entailed by its possession.

CLAUS SPRECKELS explains the rupture between himself and the King of the Sandwich Islands by the statement that the King is at present influenced by gin-drinking adventurers who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by the escapades they lead him into. He further asserts that the King is a man who cannot be led by reason, but can be ruled by the gin bottle, which is his divinity. The King is paid $50,000 a year, his Queen $16,000, the heir presumptive the same, one royal princess $15,000, another $5,000, His Majesty's chamberlain $7,000, while $20,000 is allowed in addition for household expenses. The King's extravagant tastes, prompted by the advisers, lead him to endeavor to float enormous loans, which must lead the kingdom to bankruptcy. Spreckels' influence led to a defeat in the Legislature of an attempt to obtain sanction for the floating of a $10,000,000 loan, but has recently been unequal to the effort to defeat a $2,000,000 loan, and he and the King have finally split. The King is now playing into the hands of the English. Special funds for which the kingdom is liable to individual native depositors and to the Japanese Government have, Spreckels claims, been squandered.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

The Temptations That Beset the Young Men of Our Country and How are Best Avoided.

Gentlemen, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, railroad managers, business men of every avocation, let me ask you a grave question. You are generous in your charities; history does not name a nation whose business men are or ever have been so generous, so warm hearted, so lavish in their gifts to all deserving charities as our American business men; thousands of hospitals, churches, asylums, libraries and innumerable good works on every hand attest your benevolence, but what are you doing for your young men? I mean what are you doing for them as a class, as a distinct element in society? A thousand influences are at work to save your daughters. Every impulse of chivalric manhood guards your daughter; a brother's pride, a father's watchful eye, a mother's hourly care, and all the influences of respectable society stand like a wall around her day and night. If she is gone, she is gone forever, and the consciousness on your part that public opinion is inexorable in its condemnation, makes you doubly vigilant in guarding her good name. Hence associations to prevent the ruin of young women are not necessary. But look for a moment at the attitude of society toward young men as a class and see the destructive forces at work against them.

Notice, if you please, that one of the peculiar features of American young men is homelessness. Ours is a vast country. Railway trains run in every direction. Business enterprises stretch their eager hands over wide fields. The telegraph and telephone have obliterated distances. Corporations and business houses take in not merely towns and countries, but dozens of states, and each state an empire. Not merely battalions and regiments, but whole armies of young men are going up and down the land as employes. Our hotels are overflowing and our streets are crowded with them. Artisans, clerks, book-keepers, salesmen, mechanics, working-men in every department, young men by the tens of thousands are crowding every avenue of life, and in this wide scope of operations a majority of them are carried away from their homes. Their lives are homeless lives. The only homes they have, a greater portion of every year are places of public resort. This homeless life is the inevitable result of our modern business methods, and as it cannot be changed, ought we not to make strong efforts to alleviate its evil?

But look further. Let me take two typical American towns, Jamestown, N. Y., and Richmond, Ind. The former has 2,000 young men between sixteen and thirty-five years of age; the latter has 3,030. In Jamestown there are thirty-six houses where liquor is sold running day and night, and in Richmond thirty-seven saloons and three gambling houses. You know this, you are daily witnesses and doubtless you wish it were not so. But what are you doing to counteract it among your young men? In America we have 180,000 saloons. We spend annually $700,000,000 for liquor, or $2,000,000 per day, or $83,000 every hour. Saloons by the hundred thousand, billiard rooms by the ten thousand, low theatricals by the hundred, gambling houses by the score and in the presence of these pernicious influences, what are you doing for your young men?

But look again and realize the interest involved. Enough young men come of age every four years to control our presidential elections. Behold in their ranks, then, not only your future business men and the husbands of your daughters, but also the element that holds in its hand our destiny as a nation. Glance, too, at the darkest side of the question. Five-sixths of the convicts in our jails and penitentiaries are men and their average age is twenty-six.

Do you ask now what should be done for our young men? Let me then speak to you a moment about the power of associations in shaping character. Take for example intemperance, and let me say that I have never yet heard a temperance orator who, in my judgment, struck at the root of the matter, and I have heard many, from the humblest to the highest. The refrain of all their noble efforts is, "Beware the first cup—beware the fatal appetite!" Now I speak from a wide spread observation, and an intimate acquaintance with all classes of young men leads me to the belief that not one in a thousand becomes a drunkard through a craving taste for liquor created by the first drinks as so many eloquent men have told us. No! but they are going down, down, dragged downward by associations which will degrade and ruin a man, whether he drink amidst them or practice total abstenance amidst them. It is the contaminating and debasing influences which cluster around the vice that oftenest ruin a young man and not his love for strong drink. I stood not long ago on the bank of the Missouri, and I saw that seething, restless, mighty volume of impurity, impelled as it were by the mysterious power of an unseen eternal fate, rush heedlessly along with irresistible power and matchless grandeur. Onward it rolled, bearing on its heaving bosom a turbulent mass of irredeemable decay which rapidly passed me by and was quickly succeeded by the new wreck and new ruin. Ominous birds of prey flew hither and thither in the murky atmosphere. With ravenous croakings they woke dismal echoes on either side, and circling they sailed, watching with eager eyes the riven surface to snatch their food from out the waves, whilst the wavelets splashed with their dull momentous measure of a never ending requiem at my feet. Screams of triumph rang out on the air, telling of death and distruction to the victims of these dark fowls' restless vigilance, while the river rolled on to empty itself at last into old ocean's infinite bosom. I saw then and I see now, as in a vision another and a mightier stream pouring through the streets of our American towns and cities—a stream of human life turbulent with passion, and this stream is impelled to, it must be, by a relentless fate, else the prayers of fathers and the wails of sorrowing mothers, wives and sisters could surely stay its arms. Onward and still onward it rolls, bearing with it and carrying on its raging bosom the wrecks of fortunes and homes, broken hearts and wounded names, and rapidly they pass us by, to be quickly succeeded by new wreck and new ruin, while the waves splash at our feet with the mournful music of an unending sorrow. Flitting here and there come those birds of prey, the gambler and the courtesan, watching with practiced eye the appearance of each new victim. Affrighted mothers grope in the darkness of despair, and, like the spirit in Jean Paul Richter's dream, cry out: "Is there no God?" But still the river rolls on with its vestiges of wreck and relics of ruin, on and still on, to be swallowed up at last in the ocean of eternity.

Believe me, the chief danger of our young men at first is not appetite, but the fatal fascination which makes them row their boats in the current of such a stream. And as with the intemperance, so with our vices, the links are forged by association. Fletcher of Saltoun said: "Let me write a nation's songs, and I care not who writes its laws." And I say let me prescribe the associates of your young men, and I will mould the nation's destiny.

Fathers! Church members! Citizens! allure your young men out of that stream! There is a public resort in your town beckoning these young men to row ashore, and stand on the high ground of self-respect, and be men. That resort is a Young Men's Christian association. It is not designed for women, nor for old men, nor for children, nor is it for a church, nor has it any politics, nor is it sectarian, but first, last and always it is for young men. Its allurements are good company, books and papers, amusements, music, physical culture and all that goes to make a healthy soul and a healthy body. I appeal to this splendid audience to strengthen that organization. It is the only organization you have that is devoted exclusively to young men. Stand by it! Support it! I have studied and carefully noted its work throughout the land. It is a powerful agency for immeasurable good to our young men. It is saving thousands of every state in the union. Give to it freely! Build it a house worthy of its cause! Horace Mann once said that millions were well spent if only one boy were saved, and one of the auditors turned to another and said, "Do you believe that?" and the reply was, "Yes, if it were my boy." Oh, my fellow citizens, put forth your hands now and bear up this cause. It is for your young men that I plead; not simply in the name of religion do I ask you to stand by this association, but as citizens appeal to you for the sake of your homes; as business men I appeal to you for the welfare of our country, and in the name of thousands of young men, I ask you give, and give largely to strengthen and build up and maintain that splendid organization—your Young Men's Christian association.—*Hon. George R. Wendling.*

THE statistics of the world's production of sugar shows that there is a steady and large annual increase. The amount of cane sugar produced in the season of 1885-6 was 2,545,000 tons, an increase of 733,000 tons over that of 1884-5, and 1,078,583 tons over that of 1875-6. Cuba led the list with 669,000 tons this season, which was a falling off of 27,000 tons from the year before, and 61,0,8 tons less than in 1875-6. There was also a decrease in the product of Java, the next greatest source of supply, of 60,000 tons from the yield of 1884-5. But in the production of almost all other cane-growing countries there has been, as shown by the totals, a marked advance. The yield of beet-root sugar (2,014,000 tons this season) has fallen off 501,000 tons from the last annual report, but comparison with the statistics of 1875-6 shows a growth of 702,689 tons in ten years. These reports do not recognize glucose and grape sugar, or sorghum sugar or maple sugar, and are evidently made up from the basis of commercial statistics concerning the sugar that has entered the market. Beyond this there are vast quantities of cane sugar produced for domestic use in all tropical countries and consumed by the producers and their immediate neighbors, which do not enter into the computation. The most notable increase in any country is in the beet-root sugar yield of Russia, which has grown from 222,000 tons in the season of 1875-6 and 386,000 tons in 1884-5 up to 525,000 tons in 1885-6.

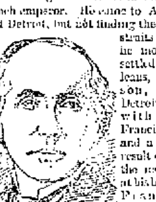
Rheumatism
Usually settles in the back or limbs and often so completely overpowers its victims that all business and labor have to be abandoned. Our readers should remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla is not recommended as a positive specific for rheumatism; its proprietors doubt if there is or can be such a remedy. But many people who were most severely afflicted, state that they have been positively cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. The disease is often the result of impure blood—hence the power of this great medicine over it. Its success in many severe cases justifies us in recommending its use to all sufferers from rheumatism. 100 doses for one dollar.

THE LATE FRANCIS PALMS.

The Romantic Family History of Detroit's Dead Millionaire.

The pontifical high mass of requiem which was recently celebrated in the old cathedral of Detroit marked the close of the career of Francis Palms. It was notable from the fact that 1,500 employes attended the service as a tribute to their late master, while numerous insurance, banking and mercantile institutions in which he was interested when alive also sent representatives, for the dead man had been a millionaire merchant prince of Michigan. Little did the public know of the old man's private life, for he seldom spoke of it, but the romance of his son's life throws a little light on that of his father's.

The father of Francis Palms was a secretary of Napoleon I, and when Waterloo came it brought disaster to him as well as the French emperor. He came to America and tried Detroit, but not finding the city of the straits to his liking, he moved to and settled in New Orleans, leaving a son, Francis, in Detroit, to grow up with the place. Francis married and a son was the result of the union, the mother dying at his birth. Later Francis Palms married again, to the discomfiture of his little son, Francis, who found that his stepmother was averse to children. The temperature under the paternal roof being decidedly chilly for young Francis, with the possibility of a cold wave and a "freeze out," he sought a warmer clime in the care of his grandfather, at New Orleans. Here he was educated and brought up in total ignorance of his father, as there was no correspondence between the two families. When a young man he started out on a tour north. With a vague knowledge that he was born in Detroit, curiosity led him to visit the city of his birth and inquire if his father was yet in the land of the living. On making inquiries he found that his father was regarded as the wealthiest man in the state of Michigan. A spirit of pride and family independence, which he inherited, prevented him from calling at his father's house. He learned that it was the habit of the elder Palms to visit the hotel reading room every evening at 8 o'clock to read his letters, look at the papers, and occasionally do a little business with people from out of town. That night the son was on hand, and, punctually at 8 o'clock, a short man with a little stoop to his shoulders came into the office. There was a smile on his kindly face as he nodded good evening to the people he knew, and then made his way to a sofa in the reading room. The son possessed his soul in patience until he saw his father tear open his last letter, glance through it, and then turn to take up a paper. Sauntering up to the elderly gentleman, the young man, with the ease of a southerner, began the conversation. Gradually he drew from Mr. Palms the admission that he had relatives in New Orleans. "I have a father there and brothers, too," said the elderly man. "Indeed," said the younger, in apparent surprise; "and what is the name?" "Palms is my name." "And mine, too," said the young man, coolly. "Perhaps you and I are related?" "My father's name is Ango Palms," admitted the elderly one. "And he is my grandfather," was the young fellow's response.


FRANCIS PALMS.
[Photo by Stevenson.]

There was no scene. In few words the father told the son that he was glad to see him again, and then gave him to understand that the hotel would prove more comfortable quarters than the big brick house up the avenue.

The son thanked him for his kind interest and acknowledged that the hotel life agreed with him.

Without asking any favors from his father the son returned south. At the outbreak of the war he left the plantation he owned to enter the army. War proved a Waterloo for him, as it did for his grandfather, and he went back to New Orleans to begin life anew. Family influence obtained him a clerical position in the United States courts, and he settled down to a quiet life. At the outbreak of the war he had been engaged to a lovely girl of Scotch parentage, but the struggle had separated them, and when the war ended each heard that the other had married. By chance they learned of their mistake in time to enjoy a short period of domestic happiness before her death. He afterward married a second time and his wife is still living.

In the course of time the stepmother died, and on returning from his wife's funeral Mr. Palms sat down and wrote to his son to come north. He pointed out to him that before many years he must come into a large property, real estate, timber, pine lands, iron mines, business blocks, railroad enterprises, manufacturing and bank stocks and the like.

The son came and settled near the little brick office in the rear of the paternal residence. There he has lived quietly, making few friends and spending the greater part of his leisure with his wife and his eight children. He now inherits one-half of his father's millions, his only sister, Clothilde, receiving the other half. This sister—Miss Clothilde Palms—was, it was said, last winter the object of the attentions of Senator Jones, of Florida.

AN official return just issued gives some interesting information about the manufacture of playing-cards in England. At present there are nineteen manufacturers in the United Kingdom, who pay a license of twenty shillings, and who produced 800,000 packs last year. This did not meet the demand of the English card-player, so half as many again were imported from Austrian and American makers. The stamp duty imposed on these cards is now a fairly important source of revenue. Last year it amounted to nearly £15,000.

Kokomo has an abundance of natural gas and pipes are being laid in the streets to supply residences, while other wells are going down.

"Caveat Emptor," the phrase it is Latin,
It means "let the buyer beware,"
A maxim in law which comes rather pat, in
The truth that I wish to declare;
Whene'r an invention that's good for prevention
Of pain has a popular fame,
You'll find, in all nations, a rife imitations
Palmed off "just as good," or "the same."
If POND'S EXTRACT buying, you find seller trying
With counterfeits you to ensnare,
The genuine choose, the spurious refuse,
Remember, *let buyer beware.*

John H. Sheaves, grass widower, and the wife of George Bumberger, at Ellston, near Lafayette, have disappeared—supposed elopement.

A CARD.
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Rheumatism
We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.
"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.
"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.
Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.
"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.
"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

Ladies
Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

Maverick National Bank,
BOSTON, MASS.
CAPITAL - - - - $400,000
SURPLUS - - - - 400,000
Accounts of banks, bankers and corporations solicited.
Our facilities for collections are excellent and we re-discount for banks when balances warrant it.
Boston is a Reserve city, and balances with us from banks (not located in other reserve cities) count as a reserve.
We draw our own exchange on London and the continent, and make cable transfers and place money by telegraph throughout the United States and Canada.
Government bonds bought and sold, and exchanges in Washington made for banks without extra charge.
We have a market for prime first-class investment securities, and invite proposals from states, counties and cities when issuing bonds.
We do a general banking business, and invite correspondence.
ASA P. POTTER, Pres't.
JOS. W. WORK, Cashier.
nov2w&s 6m

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
Sealed proposals will be received at the office of G. W. Mummert, Wawaka, Ind. (Noble County) until 3 o'clock p. m., Thursday, December 16, 1886, for furnishing of materials and labor required in the erection and completion of a brick school building at Wawaka, Ind. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of G. W. Mummert, Wawaka, Ind., at the office of H. W. Matson, architect, 22 East Main street, Fort Wayne, Ind. All bids must be accompanied with a certified check of $1,000. The trustee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.
HENRY STUMP, Trustee,
tu thsat td Wawaka, Ind.

DR. T. J. DILLS
Has his office at his residence
No. 108 EAST BERRY STREET
Where he will give exclusive attention to all
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR
office hours ... to ... p.m.

TRADE MARK.
RIDGE'S FOOD
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
THE ONLY PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commended by Physicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." Sent free.
DOLBER, GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass.

H. H. BARCUS,
CONFECTIONERY & OYSTER PARLOR
116 CALHOUN STREET.
Manufacturer of the cream carmels and all kinds of home-made candies, almond, cocoanut ices, maple cream, old fashioned molasses candy, cocoanut drops, etc. Home-made broken mixed, 15 cents a pound; chocolate drops, 20 cents. For fresh made candies, go to
H. H. BARCUS. 6-3w

ADVERTISERS
can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., N. Y.
Send 10cts. ...

WANTED.

WANTED.—A head sawyer to run a circular saw; will furnish steady work and good wages to a competent man. Address, "Lumberman," care of the Fort Wayne Sentinel. 3-d4t

WANTED—Parties desiring good board call at the GRAFFMILLER HOUSE, No. 106 Calhoun Street.

SALESMAN. Can add A 1 line. Small samples, one agent earned $3,400; others up to $2,000 in 1885. P. O. Box 1,371 New York. 5-1t

WANTED—General agents to wholesale and retail my New Motor. Rare chance to make money. Good salary or 50 cts. on the dollar commission. Send for circular.
F. M. V. RAVER,
nov15-1m Indianapolis, Ind.

WANTED—An active man (one out of employment) to been on moderate salary and work himself up, representing, in his own locality, an old established house. Reference exchanged.
AM. MANUFACTURING HOUSE,
12 Barclay Street.

WANTED—A live, energetic man to represent us. $75 per month and expenses. Goods staple; every one buys; outfit and particulars *free.*
STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston.
Oct23-3m

WANTED—All persons to know that you can get books bound in fine style and on short notice at the Sentinel office.

LADIES wanted to get up Tea Clubs for our Pure Teas and Coffees. A host of useful articles to select from as premiums. Send for Illustrated Price and Premium List. *Special offer:* to every tenth person that answers this advertisement, we will send *free* one pound of choice Tea. Address
NAT'L TEA & COFFEE CO., Boston, Mass.
Oct 22-3m

MONEY to loan on improved Real Estate. For particulars address "Box 357," City. 13 tf.

NOTICE.—Business men are sensible of the fact that office appliances that save labor and dispatch business generally are desirable to have. In this respect the Amberg Cabinet Letter File ranks high. No one once using it would be without it. Send for catalogue. Cameron, Amberg & Co. jun15-ly

WANTED—Parties with capital to control the state for an invention for relieving horses in drawing heavy loads. Sells to every horse owner. No experiment, but an established thing, and thousands now in use. Big inducements to energetic men. For terms and particulars address O. D. White, 234 East Lake street, Chicago, Illinois.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A two story brick dwelling, No. 11 East Washington st. Good repair; 8 rooms; gas; good cistern and cellar.
5 t f O. P. MORGAN.

FOR RENT—Two story brick house, No. 217 West Berry St. Inquire of B. D. Angell, 52 Calhoun St. 31-tf

FOR SALE.

FOR RENT—A desirable house containing eight rooms, good cellar and cistern. In first class condition. Water works on the premises. Inquire at Ward's Cheap Crockery Store, No. 5 West Columbia street. 27-tf.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.
GOING EAST. GOING WEST
Ar. 1 30 pm Express Ar. 1 05 pm
Lv. 5 10 am Accommodation. Lv. 8 45 pm

PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R.
GOING WEST. GOING EAST
12 45 pm—Lv.—Mail and Ex.......—Lv.— 3 20 pm
7 00 am* " Limited Ex.... " 9 00 pm*
5 05 p. m.* " Fast Thro'h Ex... " 1 45 am
1 25 am* " Mail and Ex....
4 00 pm " Plymouth Ac...
5 30 am " Local Freight.... " 7 00 am
Crestline Ac...... " 11 00 am
*Daily. All others daily except Sunday.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC R. R.
GOING WEST. GOING EAST
6 10 am—Lv.—Limited Ex*....—Lv.—7 50 pm
1 25 pm " †Through Ex*... " 1 25 pm
7 00 pm " Through Mail*... " 6 30 am
8 15 pm " Fast mail†....
8 35 am " Andrews Accom. Freight†
Acc'n Passenger " 4 30 am
*Daily. †Except Sunday.
Limited Express, through sleepers, free chair cars. Through Mail, Palace Sleeping cars between New York and St. Louis.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.
LV. FT. WAYNE. AR. INDI'S.
5 10 am.......................10 45 am
1 25 pm........................6 45 pm
8 17 pm........................1 45 am
RETURNING.
Leave Indianapolis at 7:15am; arrive at Fort Wayne at 1:15 pm.
Leave Indianapolis at 2:15 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 7:40 pm.
Leave Indianapolis at 7:00 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 6 35 am.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
GOING NORTH. GOING SOUTH
3 40 am—Lv.—Mail and Ex.....—Lv.— 1 00 pm
8 05 am " Through Ex...... " 6 05 am
2 10 pm " Express ...... " 11 45 pm
Accommodation train arrives from the south 8:25 p. m.
Trains daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN
[Fort Wayne Division.]
FROM NORTH. GOING NORTH.
10 45 am—Ar.—Cincinnati Ex....—Lv.
Detroit Ex...... " 4 40 pm
3 15 pm " Detroit Express.... " 11 50 am
5 20 pm " Way Freight.... " 6 40 am
All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE.
FROM SOUTH. GOING SOUTH.
6 30 pm—Ar—...Ind. & Cin. Ex... Lv—6 50 am
1 30 pm " ...Cin. & L. Mail... " 10 50 am
5 00 pm " ...Freight......... " 5 30 am
6 40 pm " ...Freight......... " 5 ...
Trains daily except Sunday.

Geo. R. Bowen.
Plumbing,
Steamfitting,
Sewering.
Particular attention given to Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.
Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc.
NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

MEAT DOWN!
Boiling Meat..........................5c per lb
Roasts.................................6 to 8c per lb
Steaks.................................8 to 10c per lb
Sausage................................5c per lb
Hams...................................12½ per lb
Lamb, Veil and Bacon, etc., at bottom prices at
HALLER'S MEAT MARKET,
68 South Calhoun street. oct20 3m

A. BATTERSLEY & SON
PLUMBERS
Steam and Gas Fitters,
—DEALERS IN—
GAS FIXTURES
Main Street, East of Clinton
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Brass, Wrought Iron, ... and Lead Pipe
... and, Pumps,
... Wash ...
... angola

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1886.

NEWS OF THE STAGE

What Players, Playwrights, and Managers, Are Saying and Doing.

MOVEMENTS OF STAGE STARS.

News, Notes, and Gossip About Prominent Professionals on Both Sides of the Atlantic.

The Spuds in the Lobby.

See the spuds,
In their duds,
Standing in the lobby!
See their glasses!
Lord, what asses!
Yet they're rawther nobby!

See their canes
And the pains
That they take to show them!
Lots of collar!
Nary dollar!
So say those who know them.

See them stare,
Here and there,
At the passing ladies
And the fair ones
Wish the stare ones
Had a job in Hades!

At the show?
Hardly? No!
Not until it closes!
Then the lobby
Gets the nobby
Spud in all his poses.

—*Washington Critic.*

Why We Can't See the Stage.

"Say, old fellow, have you seen that the girls are going to wear high-crowned hats again this season?"

"No. Are they, though? By Jove, that's good."

"Good! I don't see anything good about it. Just think, a fellah can't see the stage any more. I consider it rather rough."

"You don't take the right view of it, old man. Don't you see, it will give us an excuse to move into the front row again."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Would-Be Actor's Chances.

"You have an excellent presence, a good figure, a pleading voice, and in fact all the requisites of a good actor," said the manager to a young man whom he wished to engage in his company. "Now, how would you like to travel with me, and go on the stage?"

"I don't care much about it," said the young man. "I have gone through considerable in the way of traveling by stage, and I believe I prefer to walk."

"Ah," said the manager. "Then there is another inducement I can offer. You stay with my company long enough and you are sure to have plenty opportunities of walking."—*Merchant Traveler.*

How Girls Buy Matinee Tickets.

Will Palmer, Hayman, and the staff of the Baldwin Theater were in the box office busy selling tickets for the matinee. It is not often that it takes more than one man to sell tickets at our theaters, but the novelty had brought them all out just to see the people rushing to buy them on this occasion. They were admiring the varied beauty of the young and giddy things who came up to the window. You know how girls buy tickets for a matinee?

"Have you any good seats?"

"How many, Miss?"

"Have you got any good seats?"

"How many, Miss?"

"Have you got any seats?"

"Tell me how many, and I'll show you where I can please you."

"Three."

"Where, Miss?"

"Three."

"Dress circle or orchestra?"

"Dress circle."

"There, Miss," showing place.

"Have you any in the orchestra?"

"There, Miss; three good ones."

"How much?"

"Four dollars and a half."

"Oh, my! That's too dear. I'll go up stairs."

"These here in the balcony?"

"I'll take three."

"There you are, Miss; two and a quarter."

"I think I'll go into the dress circle."

"These three, Miss?"

"Those will do."

"Four dollars and a half."

"I guess I'll wait till next week."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Booth as a Barn-Stormer.

HOW HE MADE SHYLOCK A PROPOSITION WHICH WAS ACCEPTED.

Once during the days of his early struggles Booth was "barn-storming" down in Virginia, at a place called Lee's Landing. The improvised theater was a tobacco ware-house, and it was crowded by the planters for miles around. Booth and his companions had arranged to take the weekly steamer, expected to call late at night, and between the acts were busy packing up. The play was "The Merchant of Venice," and they were just going on for the trial scene when they heard a whistle, and the manager came running in to say that the steamer had arrived and would leave in ten minutes, says the Buffalo *Times*. As that was their only chance for a week of getting away they were in a terrible squandar.

"If we explain matters," said the manager, "they will think they are being cheated and we shall have a free fight." Nod, of course, was Bassanio, and he resolved to rely on the ignorance of the Virginians of those days to pull him through all right. So, when old George Ruggles—who was doing Shylock—began to sharpen his knife on his boots, Booth walked straight up to him and solemnly said:

"You are bound to have the flesh, are you?"

"You bet your life!" said Ruggles.

"Now, I'll make you one more offer," continued Booth. "In addition to this big bag of ducats, I'll throw in two kegs of niggerhead terback, a shotgun, and two of the best coon dogs in the State."

"I'm blarmed if I don't do it!" responded Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco-raisers and coon-hunters to a man.

"And, to show that there's no ill-feeling," put in Portia, "we'll wind up with a Virginny reel."

When they got on board the steamer the captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play, remarked:

"I'd like to see the whole of that play some time, gentlemen. I'm blarmed if I thought that feller Shakespeare had so much saap in him."

Paint and Powder.

HOW ACTRESSES MAKE UP THEIR FACES FOR THE STAGE.

"Nothing is so exaggerated or mysterious to the outside world as the 'Make-up' process of actors," said a prominent member of the profession to a *New York Mail and Express* reporter.

"Well, I suppose actresses adopt the same processes as fashionable women?"

"Not a bit of it. Actresses have to follow simple and quick methods to make up for a stage appearance. The actress who wishes to make a good appearance usually washes her face in water and then in bay-rum. Oriental cream or a whitish liquid is next applied with a sponge. When the face is dry it is then powdered with the finest chamois skin. Then the background, as it were, is ready, and carmine is delicately distributed with a fine velvet sponge over the features. The lips next receive attention by the homeopathic application of a red liquid. All of this is done with incredible swiftness and without any apparent effort to obtain artistic effect. The particular part of the toilet now begins—penciling the eyebrows. A small camel's-hair brush, of the best quality, is moistened with the finest India ink, and work on the eyebrows is fairly inaugurated. A delicate line is also drawn under the lashes on the lower lid. This is the way the actress prepares to make her appearance upon the stage when she is personating a character that does not require her to look older than she really is. In that case, of course, she uses cosmetics and paints to produce wrinkles and the necessary aged appearance. Lead-pencils No. 1 are frequently used instead of India ink to pencil the eyebrows. The enameling process, which originated in France, is very rarely resorted to on account of its baneful effects. It gives the face a ghost-like, waxy look, and it is far from being beautiful. It is a perfect art, though, and frequently very old actresses can build a new and youthful face for the stage with enamel. Used to a great extent it fills the pores of the skin and poisons the muscular glands, producing disease. Some of the great and successful actresses, however, have outfits that a harem of Oriental women might envy. To enumerate a few of the articles: Glycerine, India-ink, powders, carmine, lead-pencil, sponge, powder-puffs, crimps, frizzes, chamois skin, pugs, braids, hairpins, piece of steel for short curls, tooth-paste, bay rum, Florida water, arsenic, nail-brush, tweezers for pulling out gray hairs, cardamon seed, dyes, aromatic pills for the breath, invigorators, sheet of zinc for curling hair, two hand glasses, besides other articles. The effect of long years of painting a face is quite visible and noticeable by the generally dead appearance of the skin. I would advise every actor and actress to pay a great deal of attention to scrubbing their faces after a performance. They do wash the paint off, but oftentimes, being in a hurry, they do not wash hard enough. There is an art in 'making-up' as well as in acting."

Stage Chat.

IF Mapleson is in luck he will bring over Lucca.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A WOMAN like Ellen Terry could make famous a much worse actor than Henry Irving is.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE idea has gone abroad that this is to be Edwin Booth's last season on the stage. Such is not the fact. Mr. Booth will play a year longer.

GEORGE KNIGHT, whose German dialect is the best on the stage, will have "Baron Rudolph" rewritten by Cazauran, and play it in New York next summer.

MLLE. RHEA has been offered the creation of the title role in a new play written for her by a prominent English author. It is proposed to produce it in London.

WILLIAM WINTER has in hand a life of Adelaide Neilson, a memoir of John McCullough, and a biographical account of all the members of the Wallack family.

NEW HAVEN *News*: "How do you like Bernhardt?" he asked. "Well, I don't exactly know; I've only seen her once." "But she has a wonderful repertoire." "Has she? Well, I must say the one she had on when I saw her didn't fit her at all in the back." And then it was as still as a store that never advertises.

IT is stated that Miss Rose Coghlan is one of the few ladies who can smoke and do it gracefully. She makes no bones about the habit and indulges in cigarettes whenever she feels like it. Mlle. Aimee is an inveterate smoker and rolls her own cigarettes. Mlle. Rhea has a weakness for the little Havana cigars that are made up especially for lady smokers.

A MAN in Dakota shot and killed a man in a theater during a performance. His crime was swiftly and terribly punished. He was ejected without having his money refunded, and a friend of the murdered man threatened to kick him to boot. Thus it will be seen that a theatrical performance in Dakota can not be interrupted with impunity and a——*Drake's Magazine.*

OHIO STATE NEWS.

—The monthly report of the Lima oil field for November shows that during that month there were twenty-seven wells drilled, only one of that number being a dry hole. The production of these twenty-six wells range from a three-hundred barrel gusher down to a twenty-barrel pumper. The total production of the wells drilled in this month is 1,435 barrels. The production on the first of the month was 8,298 barrels a day, which, increased by the month's drilling, places the daily out-put of the field, but a little over a year old, at nearly 10,000 barrels. The production of the Sellers, Weaver, and Lamberton Wells is not included in the above report. The former well, nine and a half miles south, is in, and shows for a fair well. The Weaver, owned by Joe Evans, located four miles south, is in, and flowing about two hundred barrels. Johnston's Roberts No. 2 was shot, and is flowing about one hundred barrels.

—An accidental shooting occurred near Black Hand; a load of shot fired from the gun of Chris Cummings, engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, taking effect in the eyes and face of his companion, Elam Patton, a fireman, while the two men were out hunting. Cummings and Patton were walking along some distance apart, when the dogs made a point on a covey of quail. The birds flew up, when Cummings, not seeing his companion, turned quickly and fired. Patton fell mortally wounded. Cummings, seeing the injury inflicted, used all haste possible to get the young man to his home, where some of the shot were removed. The physician stated he could not live.

—Perry Stewart, a married man about thirty-five years old, one of the employes of the cotton mill, at Bellefontaine, was instantly killed. He was separating two cars on the mill siding, when the I., B. & W. local engine run in on the track with some cars. Stewart did not know they were switching, and when the shock came was caught between the bumpers of two cars and horribly crushed, dying instantly. He was a hard-working, sober, and industrious man, and leaves a widow with three small children.

—The suit of Conant Bros., of Toledo, against the Commissioners of Miami County, which has been pending in the Common Pleas Court of that county for several months, has been compromised. The Conants are to have the job, but at a reduction of about $8,000 on their original bid. The saving of this $8,000 may be credited to the opposition the several Miami County newspapers made to the original contract.

—The State Board of Charities, in its report, which was filed with Gov. Foraker, recommends that all State institutions be taken out of the hands of the politicians and be placed on a strictly non-partisan basis. The report favors a Board of Trustees for each institution, but wants them to be non-partisan—to be composed of two of one party and two of another.

—The Engineer of the State Public Works states that the work on extending the Ohio Canal so as to connect Columbus with the Ohio River at Portsmouth has been stopped by the high water in Ohio River. The excavations for the locks were about finished when the river rose and covered the entire bottoms through which the extension runs.

—"Bud" Fishback, aged 20, and a companion living near New Martinsburg, Fayette County, went to the woods to do some chopping, taking a shotgun with them. During a playful scuffle between the two for the possession of the gun it was discharged, sending the load of shot into the bowels of Fishback, killing him almost instantly.

—The second section of freight train No. 16, on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, ran into the first section of the same train near Summitville, wrecking sixteen cars and both locomotives. The debris took fire immediately and was entirely consumed. No person was injured. The loss was $25,000.

—Trueman Casey, a young man aged 18, was killed at Vesuvius Furnace, Ironton, by a huge mass of slate falling on him. He was alone in the coal-mine at the time of the accident, and was not discovered until his non-appearance at supper caused a search for him.

—All the miners in the Seventh Ohio District, twenty-five hundred to three thousand, came out on a refusal by the operators to grant an increase of 5 cents per ton for mining. A long siege is expected, as both sides seem determined.

—Information has been received at the State Board of Public Works signifying that the U. S. Government is now ready to accept the Muskingum Improvement from the State and keep the same navigable from Marietta to Zanesville.

—A Mr. Foster, of Michigan, while looking out of the window of a train on the C., H. & D. Railroad near Middletown, was shot in the face by the accidental discharge of the shotgun of George Harding, who was hunting.

—The Orrville Machine Company has started their works with a force of fifty men. The works have been idle for a year and a half, but are now under an entire new management and on a solid financial basis.

—The Marshal of Bellefontaine secured the arrest of Joe Buck and S. C. Harrington, at Peoria, Ill., on charge of burglary and recovered a large amount of property stolen by them from merchants at Princeville.

—Assistant United States Attorney Dodge at Cleveland, has rendered an opinion that prison officials violate the law when they open letters addressed to convicts.

—Counterfeit nickel coins are being passed on the merchants of Columbus in quantities. The coin is a splendid counterfeit, and passes readily. The authorities are after the "shovers of the queer."

—W. R. Coleman was arrested for stealing $1,000 from the County Treasurer's office at Ashland, and afterward attempted to commit suicide. Seven hundred dollars of the money has been restored.

—Gov. Foraker has appointed Major James L. Foley a member of the Police Commissioners' Board of Cincinnati, vice Robert J. Morgan, resigned.

—R. W. Wood, of Cincinnati, has invented a machine which will not only scrape the streets, but loads the dirt into a wagon as it is brushed up, and cleans up the gutters as it goes.

—Charles Gideon, a bell-boy at the Lagonda House, Springfield, fell through the elevator hatchway, a distance of two stories, and was badly, though not fatally, injured.

—It is proposed to use gas as fuel in the Columbus steel mill, making it from unmerchantable coal slack.

—Sheep thieves are reported plentiful in Fayette County.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Perceptiometry.

The mind eats an idea. The image absorbed must be either retained and digested or it must be vomited back into forgetfulness. This theory alone explains the fact that the rural-bred boy so uniformly excels in strong common sense the crammed occupant of our city schools. Constant retching destroys the vigor of the stomach; so, the perpetual cram of matter which nobody expects will be retained is making our school children mental dyspeptics. Readers of the biographies of self-made men note the fact that these self-builders had a very limited supply of printed matter; therefore such as they had was well digested. I have made this matter a subject of thought for several years. The profession of pedagogy can never obtain its due recognition until the mind's state is known beyond cavil. As a preliminary step to this desideratum I am perfecting an apparatus by means of which the operations of the mind may be noted and timed. I use a stop watch to take the time consumed in the absorption of an image by the brain through the ear and through the eye. By deducting the time employed by a mere mechanical repetition of the names of the images employed, I get the period actually consumed in the process of mental digestion. The difference of time required among a class of pupils to receive and return an image of the mind is really astonishing. It must be borne in mind that when an intelligible sound enters the brain through the ear, the brain must rapidly seize upon some standard object of the kind and build up a brain counterpart before the sound becomes live enough to return again to the teacher. Thus, if I call out "pig," the pupil seizes upon some mental picture of an animal familiar to all; it is erected in the brain structure and is then ready for reiteration. By going about a class of forty pupils, giving every one a word in rapid succession, I get the exact time of the exercise. By repeating to myself, in the same common time, the words used, I am enabled to get the difference of time between the receipt and delivery and the mere delivery. This time represents the period of mental digestion. I think the process can and will be reduced to a scientific basis. I think, too, that in the hereafter the services of a teacher will be measured in part by scientific calculation, such as here outlined. When this can be done there will be a new era for professional school teachers and a hegira for mere school keepers.—*San Francisco Call.*

Oleomargarine.

No person with a keen sense of taste can be deceived about oleomargarine. Butter is pure oil. Put a little in a warm place and see how quickly it liquefies. If the temperature comes close to boiling the butter is "oiled," and unfit for food. Try the same experiment with oleomargarine. It will not harm it, and you will find it difficult to melt it if you drop it in boiling water. It will dissolve like tallow, not like butter. It also cuts like tallow, with a sort of metallic glint. Oleomargarine, if "flavored" with true butter and made into "prints," always keeps the print in the original clear lines. You can handle it without crushing it. It seems as if it had just come off ice. The first time I ever found it on a table I thought it the handsomest butter I had ever seen. It was at a hotel in Saratoga, where board was $5 a day. I tasted it, could not swallow it. In two hours my mouth was sore, poisoned by pyemic germs in this pretty butter! I did not connect the two things, and continued every morning to touch the butter to my tongue, in the vain hope of finding something eatable. After five or six days a well-known member of the Boston Board of Trade paused beside my table and said, "Mrs. Dall, I hope you are not trying to eat that poison?" And then I discovered what the substance was. The sore mouth continued for four months! I ought to add that oleomargarine is gritty, though the grit is very fine, and it will not cream smooth with sugar or without, like true butter. *Caroline H. Dall, in Boston Transcript.*

Without Adequate Cause,

Or with apparently no cause at all, chills and fever, thought to be cured, germinates and re-fructifies in the system. This giant among diseases cannot be laid out with quinine. The only way to give it a final and extinguishing quietus, is to use persistently the national antidote to miasma poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which roots it out completely. The process of cure is, of course, much easier if the Bitters is used as a preventive, when the first chill is felt, but persons who are not acquainted with the nature of the symptoms are sometimes in error as to their cause, and neglect the simple and pleasant remedy, of all others best suited to check the progress of this dreaded and destructive malady. Visitors to, or sojourners in, malarious localities will, moreover, act the part of wisdom if they use the Bitters as a preventive. Rheumatism, constipation, biliousness, indigestion, and kidney troubles are removed by the Bitters.

The Mahogany Tree.

Full grown, the mahogany tree is one of the monarchs of tropical America. Its vast trunk and massive arms, rising to a lofty height and spreading with graceful sweep over immense spaces, covered with beautiful foliage, bright, glossy, light and airy, clinging so long to the spray as to make it almost an evergreen—present a rare combination of loveliness and grandeur.

The leaves are very small, delicate and polished like those of the laurel. The flowers are small and white, or greenish yellow. The mahogany lumbermen, having selected a tree, surround it with a platform about twelve feet above the ground and cut it above the platform. Some dozen or fifteen feet of the largest part of the trunk are thus lost; yet a single log not infrequently weighs from six or seven to fifteen tons, and sometimes measures as much as seventeen feet in length and four and a half to five and a half feet in diameter, one tree furnishing two, three or four such logs. Some trees have yielded 12,000 superficial feet, and at average prices have sold for $15,000.

A Bargain in Corner Lots

Is what most men desire, but to keep from filling a grave in a cemetery lot ere half your days are numbered, always keep a supply of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" by you. When the first symptoms of consumption appear lose no time in putting yourself under the treatment of this invaluable medicine. It cures when nothing else will. Possessing, as it does, ten times the virtue of the best cod liver oil, it is not only the cheapest but far the pleasantest to take. It purifies and enriches the blood, strengthens the system, cures blotches, pimples, eruptions and other humors. By druggists.

MR. GEO. DEUTERMAN, New York city, suffered nearly a month with a severe cough, and having tried several remedies without relief, finally used Red Star Cough Cure which, he says, proved "speedy and effectual."

A COUNTER-IRRITANT—the woman who offers ten cents a yard for forty-cent goods.

AT the masquerade ball in Adin last week, St. Jacobs Oil took the first prize. Nothing strange in this, as it is highly prized in every family where used—especially in ours.—*Bieber, Cal., Mountain Tribune.*

No Excelling Without Great Labor.

In all vocations of life it is practice that makes perfect. Whether it is the muscle, the eye, the ear, the voice, the brain, we are called upon to use, if we would excel, there must be constant and unremitting training. Von Bulow, the eminent pianist, says: "If I stop practice one day, I notice it in my playing; if I stop two days, my friends notice it; if I stop three days, the public notice it." Every young man and every young woman who would reach any exalted position in any field of labor will find that it must be attained at the price of great perseverance and constant watchfulness.

A Plague of Rats.

The inhabitants of Pitcairn island, who are descendants of the mutineers of the ship Bounty, are not able to raise grain on account of the large number of rats in the fields. These rats escaped from vessels that landed on the island and have multiplied to such an extent that they devour almost everything that is raised.

"Work, Work, Work!"

How many women there are working to-day in various branches of industry so say nothing of the thousands of patient housewives whose lives are an unceasing round of toil—who are martyrs to those complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. Their tasks are rendered doubly hard and irksome and their lives shortened, yet hard necessity compels them to keep on. To such Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" offers a sure means of relief. For all female weaknesses it is a certain cure. All druggists.

"I HERD," is the way the cowboy begins his conversation.—*Chicago Eye.*

A SUPERIOR preparation for all diseases of the hair or scalp. Hall's Hair Renewer.

TO MAKE both ends meet is why the baby puts its toes into its mouth.

OLD pill boxes are spread over the land by the thousands after having been emptied by suffering humanity. What a mass of sickening, disgusting medicine the poor stomach has to contend with. Too much strong medicine. Prickly Ash Bitters is rapidly and surely taking the place of all this class of drugs, and is curing all the ills arising from a disordered condition of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

THE barrel, although not generally known as a musical instrument, is nearly all staves and chimes.

PURE Cod Liver Oil made from selected livers, on the sea-shore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

THE world always weighs a man in the balance. The balance is at his banker's.

MAY always be relied upon for curing colds or coughs. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

WHEN is the "winter of discontent?" It must be after a fall in prices.

Important to all Who Work

For a living. Write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will send you full information, free, showing how you can make from $5 to $25 and upwards a day and live at home, wherever you are located. Some have made over $50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All ages; both sexes. All is new. Great incomes sure from the start. Fortunes await all workers who begin at once.

"Rough on Rats" clears out rats, mice. 15c.
"Rough on Corns"—hard or soft corns. 15c.
"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.
"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. 10c.

WIDE awake 3 or 4 hours every night, coughing.—Get immediate relief and sound rest by using "Rough on Coughs" Troches. 10 cents.

THE mother's favorite cough medicine for the children and adults is "Rough on Coughs" Troches, 10c. Liquid, 25c.

LIFE PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

Out of the Fire

Only those who have suffered from salt rheum in its worst form, can know the agonies caused by this dreadful disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing salt rheum, as well as all affections of the blood.

"I owe the same gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla that one would to his rescuer from a burning building. I was tormented with salt rheum, and had to leave off work altogether. My face about the eyes, would be swollen and scabbed, my hands and a part of my body would be raw sores for weeks at a time, my flesh would seem so rotted that I could roll pieces from between my fingers as large as a pea. One physician called it tyro poison, and gave me medicine accordingly; but salt rheum cannot be cured in that way. Finally I bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It helped me so much that I took a second and third bottle, and was entirely cured. I have not been troubled with salt rheum since." A. H. ROBBINS, Hagar Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.*

IS IT not strange that the masculine singers do not start a bass ball club?

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Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney, bladder, and urinary diseases. $1. At druggists.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, Headache and Neuralgia—for all these ailments Iron is prescribed daily.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, however, does not cure in a minute. Like all other thorough medicines, it acts slowly. When taken by men the first symptom of benefit is renewed energy. The muscles then become firmer, the digestion improves, the bowels are active. In women the effect is usually more rapid and marked. The eyes begin at once to brighten; the skin clears up; healthy color comes to the cheeks; nervousness disappears; functional derangements become regular, and if a nursing mother, abundant sustenance is supplied for the child. Remember Brown's Iron Bitters is the ONLY iron medicine that is not injurious. *Physicians and Druggists recommend it.*

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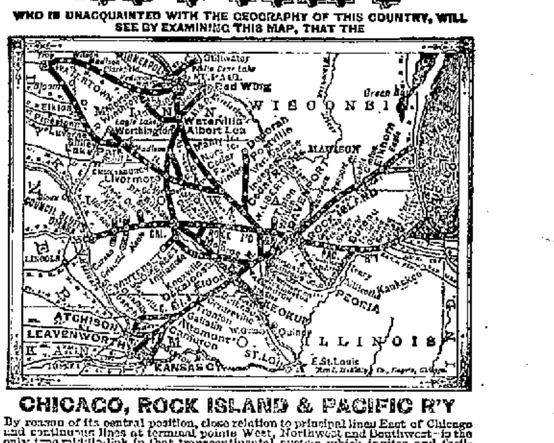
A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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...MAN... angels

FACE TO FACE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Sad mortal! couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high:
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonist schools,
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of midnight fools
Ere the morning of truth be born:
But I, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of death.

I tell thee his face is fair
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand Springs;
His smile is the fathomless beam
Of the star-shine's sacred light,
When the Summers of Southland dream
In the lap of the holy Night:
For I, earth's blindness above,
In a kingdom of halcyon breath—
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—
But they hold few mysteries now—
And his pity for earth's farewells
Half furrows that shining brow;
Souls taken from Time's cold tide
He folds to his fostering breast,
And the tears of their grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest:
And still, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on a light that is love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars impearled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world,
With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of Death grow sweet,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his winged retreat:
And I, earth's madness above,
'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the luster of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.
Far voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Uncloses the goal of goals:
And from heaven of heavens above
God speaketh with bateless breath—
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!

NELLIE'S NOBLE DEEDS.

BY ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

"Thimble Alley! Oh, what a dreadful place; but there's no one can mend my laces equal to Mrs. Smith. Little boy, does Mrs. Rachel Smith live here?"

"Yes'm, fifth story, first door to your right," and the ragged urchin eyed the fine lady with wide, open eyes.

"Lor', ain't she some?" he said, to a near companion, "all shiny-like and soft. Whoopee! if mammy had some o' her finery we'd have a holiday dinner well as Biddy O'Brien."

"Ho! he! hi! Tim," roared the other, "the idea of a dinner out o' finery."

"I meant to sell it, you know well enough. I wonder who she is?"

But in the meantime Nellie Strong had reached the fifth floor and stood, almost out of breath, gazing about the wretched hallway where poverty held sway.

"How can they live so?" she thought. "What horrid odors, and there's a half dozen babies crying below. Poor little things!" then she knocked on the door before her.

"Come in," called out a woman's voice.

Nellie pushed the creaking door open and entered the small, bare chamber.

At its one window a woman sat mending some costly lace. In a corner on a cot reclined a pale, young girl. There was no fire in the room, although the air was keen and frosty.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith. I called with some work; I wanted this lace mended particularly before the ball, and so I sought you out myself."

"Yes, Miss Strong; be seated, pray. Let me look at the lace, please?"

Nellie took the one vacant chair and turned her bright eyes upon the pale young girl on the cot.

"Are you an invalid?" she gently inquired.

"Oh, yes; I have been one always. I never could walk, but I do not suffer much now."

"You don't mean to tell me that you have lain here all your life!" cried Nellie, "and never saw anything but these bare walls?"

"Almost all my life. It isn't so bad for me as you would think. The neighbors are kind, and mother brings me a flower now and then, and we talk of what might be if I could grow stronger. Talk is cheap," smiled the invalid.

"I don't think I could do this before Wednesday. Will that answer, Miss Strong?"

"Oh, yes," said Nellie, carelessly, "it does not matter at all. But tell me, Mrs. Smith, have you ever consulted a good physician about your daughter?"

"I have often wished to do so, but could not afford it."

Just then a little tow-headed, dirty-faced girl of five or six years thrust her head in the doorway.

"Please, Miss Smith, the baby's worser. Mother thinks it's dyin'."

"Oh!" exclaimed Nellie, "whose baby?"

"An Irish woman's down stairs. An attack of croup; the weather has been cool, and the little fellow caught cold. Yes, Mary, I'll come. You'll excuse me a moment, Miss Strong."

"Yes; but may not I go, too—poor little baby?"

And timidly drawing her silken skirts about her, she followed Mrs. Smith into the room of the Irish washerwoman, where upon a straw bed lay a little six-months-old baby dying, as was evident at a glance.

"He's the third one," sobbed the poor mother. "I've only four left, and his father couldn't stop work long enough to see him die, his boss is that hard on him. My baby! oh, my baby!"

Nellie drew out a bill from her purse and placed it in the poor mother's hand.

"You'll need things for—for the funeral," she said, softly; "take it. I'll come and see you again."

"Lord love your sweet face," cried the woman, with a wild fit of weeping. "You're that kind, mum, I don't know how to thank you. It'll be the first dead child that I could ever pay for its coffin. Oh, how sweet he'll look all in white!"

As they passed out of the room of death a party of men came up the stairs bearing a limp form between them.

"What is it?" asked Nellie, of Mrs. Smith, drawing closer to her.

"Some accident, evidently. What has happened, Pete?" she inquired of one of the men.

"Mr. Swasher fell from the building, a matter of twenty feet, and we think both his legs are broken. There comes the doctor."

"Poor man," sighed Mrs. Smith. "I don't know what will become of his family; he was their only support. You look inexpressibly pained. These things are common enough to all large tenements. We see sorrow and suffering around us continually."

And she wondered why the lady followed her up to her room again.

"I wish," said Nellie to the invalid girl, "you would allow me to send you our family physician; he is one of the best in the city. I think he can help you."

"Oh, if you only would!" exclaimed the mother. "Lulu might be helped, I have always believed."

"Yes; and, Mrs. Smith, you need not hurry about the lace. I don't think I'll need it, but I'll pay you for the work now. And—you ought to have a fire—good-day."

Before Mrs. Smith could get her glasses on to examine the bill in her lap, her visitor had gone.

"Oh, Lulu!" she exclaimed, "it's a twenty-dollar bill; she's made a mistake."

But Lulu wiped away a tear f[...] wan cheek, and smiled up in he[...]

[...]ist[...] the[...]

room. "How big a check is to be called for, pet? Don't be too hard on your old father."

Nellie did not reply at once; she took her place at the table, glanced over the dainty appointments, the snowy damask silken fine, the costly silver, the beautiful flowers, the rare fruits, and all the luxuries that wealth can give. Then her eyes wandered to her two fair young sisters, and her mother's face behind the tray, and lastly to her father's face, who just now was regarding her with smiling, quizzical eyes.

"Papa," she said, flushing slightly, "I—I want a generous check, true enough, but I think I'll rearrange my programme."

"I thought so," smiled her father. "What a tell-tale face you possess. What's the latest freak? out with it."

"Oh, Nellie, everything was perfect; invitations all ready to send out. You're not going to spoil our party," cried her sisters.

"I hope not," said Nellie; "but first I want to tell you all about my visit to Thimble Alley."

She told it as it was, and at its close the youngest of the girls exclaimed:

"I know now, Nellie; you thought what a big sensation your party would make in Thimble Alley."

"Yes," said Nellie, "if papa is willing."

"My eldest born," said her father fondly, "your papa's purse has a long string, still it might be stretched too far. I always did dislike the fuss of a party, and I guess I can trust your prudent head to control your tender heart. Give the Thimble-Alleyites a generous dinner on your birthday and what you will. I'll see that Dr. Moore calls upon the lace-mender's daughter."

Not fairy hands, oh, no! but human, loving hands that did the work; some of them rough and black that shoveled in the coal into the empty boxes; some of them small and chapped that helped along their dinner. But when the stars shone out, not one in that large tenement building went to sleep cold or hungry on that holiday night.

"Mother," said Lulu softly, "the doctor says I will soon be well enough to wheel my chair all around, and that possibly, some day, I may walk about with the help of crutches."

"Yes, my darling, I know."

"And when I told him all about Miss Strong's noble deeds, and praised her tender heart, he smiled and looked so pleased I read his secret. May Heaven bless them both."

"Amen," breathed her mother tearfully.

Short Sermons.

I long ago dun made up my mind dat aiverage humanity expects too much on dis airth, an' dat we am all too selfish to really enjoy ourselves.

If we plan fur a huckleberry excurshun we look fur dry weather, no matter how much our naybur's co'n an' taters want rain.

If dar am any danger of spring frosts we expeck dey will fly ober our garden an' light down on somebody else's truck-patch.

If we take in a tramp over night we expect him to be honest an' grateful. If anybody else takes in one an' gits beat, our vardict am dat it served 'em right.

We doan' know of any perticklor reason why lightnin' should strike our ba'n, but we kin furnish half a dozen reasons why it should burn ba'ns all around us.

We expeck cyclones now an' den in de nateral order of fings, but we doan' expeck 'em to hit our cend of de county. We am sorry fur sich people as was in de way, but dey order bin som'ers else, you know.

We expect to git de big cend of de trade when we swap hosses wid a man, but if we diskiver dat we hev been cheated we want de law to punish him for a swindler.

Moas' of us am willin' to take our chances on matrimony, if de gal am good-lookin' or de young man has cash, but when de rollin'-pins begin to fly we blame our friends dat dey didn't warn us.

If we lose our pocket-book we argy dat de pusson who find it am as bad as a thief if he doan' return it. If we find some one else's pocket-book we—well, it comes like pullin' teeth to let go.

We respeck our naybur, but we want our beets an' cabbage an' onions to keep about a week ahead of his.

We begin in October to predict a mild winter, an' if we happen to git one we kick like a steer de nex' summer bekase we hev to pay mo' fur ice.

I tell ye, my frens, when I come to realize jist what a queer piece of clay we am, an' how much workin' ober we need to come out perfeck, I can't wonder ober de shoutin' and hurrahin' in Heaben when one of us grown folks finds his way in.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pleasanter.

Old General Malone, who was at one time quite prominent in Arkansaw, but who has fallen into political desuetude, attended church regularly, but never failed to doze off to sleep immediately after the preacher introduced his subject. One day old Parson Sanderson stopped the General in the street and said:

"Brother Malone, how did you like my sermon yesterday?"

"First rate."

"Now look here, brother, you didn't hear a word of it."

"I heard as much of it as of any sermon I ever heard you preach."

"That's the trouble. You've never heard any of my sermons. Why is this?"

"Because I go to sleep, I suppose."

"But why do you sleep?"

"Because I am sleepy."

"Why don't you take something to keep you awake during services? You annoy me very much. For goodness sake, take something to keep you awake."

"My dear brother, the reason I never take anything to keep me awake is because I find it pleasanter to take something to make me sleep."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Mottoes.

For a prize-fighter—"He that is down need fear no fall."

For a seamstress—"Be what you seem to be."

For a Wall street speculator—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

For the silver dollar—"I would rather die than be debased."

For the fashionable dressmaker—"Worth overcomes ill-will."

For a messenger boy—"He who runs may read."

For a negro minstrel—"The bones are for him who comes late."

For a lover whose fiancee has a glass eye—"With all thy false eye love thee still."

For a riding class—"Every one has his own particular habit."

For a boy who wishes to hire out to a dime museum—"Two heads are better than one."—*Life.*

THE biggest cannon that England has, or has ever had, has arrived at Woolwich from Sir William Arm[...] f[...]ory. The new weapon is [...]orty-four feet in [...] and one-fourth [...] actual weight [...]

[...]—two boys

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Senator Arthur P. Gorman is the son of a respectable citizen of Washington, and the grandson of an Irishman. Educated at the public schools in Howard County, Md., he was appointed, when thirteen years of age, a page in the Senate of the United States. Prompt, truthful, and attentive to whatever was intrusted to him, he was gradually promoted until he became the Senate Postmaster. Among his warmest friends was Andrew Johnson, and when he was removed from office because he always spoke well of the President, Mr. Johnson appointed him Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fifth District of Maryland, which place he held until the Grant administration came into power. Entering into Maryland politics, and thoroughly acquainted with parliamentary law, he was elected Speaker of the House of Delegates and afterward State Senator. When forty years of age he was elected United States Senator, defeating William Pinckney Whyte, who was the representative of the aristocratic element in Maryland. That element at once commenced a merciless warfare against Mr. Gorman, but he was in no wise daunted, and in 1880 he was re-elected Senator by a large majority. He is rather an under-sized, squarely built man, with jet-black hair, a Roman nose, a clean-shaven face, very dark-blue eyes, and a decisive manner. He is noted for his fidelity to his friends, and at the same time he often forgives those who have shamefully treated him, but who come to ask favors of him. He did much toward securing the election of Mr. Cleveland as President, and has had the satisfaction of seeing that what he did has been fully appreciated at the White House.

It was a noteworthy fact that as the time approached for the selection of a candidate by the Republicans, Ohio presented four names. General Grant, the conqueror of the rebellion, who was without experience, qualifications, or capacity as a civil ruler, was evidently the choice of the loyal people of the North. The old Abolitionists and the national banks favored Chief Justice Chase, who possessed brains, personal dignity, and ability to perform the duties of the Executive. Stanton was the martyr-candidate of the contractors, an unscrupulous man of action and decision, bold, audacious and unshrinking; and the Western Reserve brought forward bluff Ben Wade, feigning fanaticism and stoical virtue, but a mere mother of strong words and profane epithets. A few spoke of a fifth Ohio candidate for the nomination in General Sheridan, but he promptly sat down on every demonstration in his behalf "like a little man." It soon became evident that General Grant would be nominated. State Republican conventions, Union clubs, and newspapers of all political shades declared their preferences for General Grant, the New York *Herald* finally coming out for the "conqueror of the rebellion," with these lines by General Halpin (Miles O'Reilly) as a text. They afterward became historic:

So, boys, a final bumper,
While we all in chorus chant,
For next President we nominate
Our own Ulysses Grant.

And if asked what State he hails from
This our sole reply shall be:
From near Appomattox Court House,
And its famous apple tree;

For 'twas there to our Ulysses
That Lee gave up the fight;
Now, boys, to Grant for President,
And God defend the right.

Chief Justice Chase was treated with less favor by another poet, who thus described his visit to Ohio to rally his followers:

Says Salmon P.
Chase, says he:
"I'll fish, by Jupiter Ammon!"
He went to Ohio,
And threw in his fly—oh—
But never a sign of a Salmon.

When Congress met in December, 1866, Representative James M. Ashley, of the Toledo district of Ohio, commenced operations as chief impeacher of President Johnson. He had begun life at an early age as a clerk on a trading-boat on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, driving sharp bargains with the plantation darkies on the banks, in the exchange of cheap jewelry and gay calicoes for cotton and eggs. Next he undertook to learn the art and mystery of printing, studying law meanwhile, and finally located in Toledo as the editor of a Democratic paper. He was not a success as an editor, and went from the sanctum into a drug store, where he put up prescriptions "at all hours of the night." Joining the Republican party in its infancy, he obtained an election to Congress, but failed to create any sensation until he mounted the hobby of impeachment, which enabled him to advertise himself gratuitously, without expense. He was a rather short, fat man, with a clean-shaven face, and a large shock of bushy, light hair, which he kept hanging over his forehead like a frowsy bang threatening to obstruct his vision. He passed much of his time in perambulating the aisles of the House, holding short conferences with leading Republicans, and casting constant glances into the ladies' gallery. A man of the lightest mental caliber and most insufficient capacity, he constituted himself the chief impeacher, and assumed a position that should have been held by a strong-nerved, deep-sighted, able man.

George Watterson, who died at Washington on the 4th of February, 1854, was one of the oldest and most esteemed citizens of the metropolis. A witness in early childhood to the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol, he manifested throughout his life a constant devotion to the interests of the national metropolis. To his early and untiring labors, pursued through all vicissitudes, may be mainly ascribed the success of the great enterprise of erecting in this city the monument to the memory of the Father of his Country by the contributions of the people; and with that proud memorial of a nation's gratitude his name is indissolubly associated. Honored by various public trusts, he discharged them all with ability, and in all displayed the same strict integrity, diligence, and loyalty to duty which marked his character in private life. He was also distinguished for his love of letters, as manifested by his frequent compositions on moral, political, and literary subjects. Though ardent in temperament, he was modest and unobtrusive in manner.

Mrs. Hayes exercised a greater influence over public affairs than any lady had since Dolly Madison presided over the White House. Tall, robust, and with a dignified figure, the whole expression of her face, from the broad forehead, which showed below her hair, worn in the old-fashioned style, to the firm mouth and modest chin, bespoke the thoughtful, well-balanced, motherly woman. Notwithstanding the protest of Secretary Evarts and of Washington society, wines were banished from the state dinners, although the guests who wo[...]

steward received, midway in the repast, a glass of Roman punch, which was nearly all potent St. Croix rum. Such was its invigorating effect that it was named "the life-saving station." While Mrs. Grant had always denounced the White House as not suitable for a President's residence, Mrs. Hayes was charmed with it. She once took an old friend through it, showed him the rooms, and exclaimed: "No matter what they build, they will never build any more rooms like these." She had the lumber-rooms ransacked, and old china and furniture brought out and renovated, ascertaining, when it was possible, its history. Every evening after dinner she had an informal reception, friends dropping in and leaving at their will, and enjoying her pleasant conversation. Even the women spoke well of her, and some flattered her.

Paul Jones and the Teapot.

In early days Kirkcudbright town was a port of some little importance, with a foreign trade, and with ships that often passed the Pillars of Hercules and brought home the spoils of the East from the Levant. "Ane rich towne full of merchandise was Kirkcaldy, according to Hector Boece, and as recently as the early part of the present century Kirkcaldy had some trade with the West Indies, and casks of rum and sugar and negro servants from the plantations were not unknown upon its quays. A West Indian vessel hailing from Kirkcaldy was commanded by one Paul Jones, son of the Earl of Selkirk, in St. Mary's Isle. Some difficulty with the carpenter of the ship, ending in the carpenter's violent death, was the cause, according to Paul's enemies, of Capt. Jones deserting his native land and taking the side of the American colonists in their struggle with the mother country. How Paul Jones with his tiny squadron defied the naval power of England and insulted her flag along her own coasts is familiar to every reader of Cooper and Allan Cunningham. But a curious incident was the visit of the Captain to the scenes of his youth and his descent upon St. Mary's Isle; when the sailors cleared the Earl of Selkirk's residence of its plate, carrying off even the silver teapot from which the Countess was about to partake of her Bohea. In justice to Paul it must be said that he had not authorized the plunder, and he subsequently returned every article taken, including the silver teapot, which the Countess long preserved—tea leaves and all—as a memorial of the event. A story is in this connection told against the Burgesses of Kirkcudbright, how after long and earnest deliberation, while the enemy's craft was lying in the bay, they summoned up resolution as night drew on to train a gun against the ship and even to fire it off. Upon which, the rebel ship making no reply, the townspeople came to the conclusion that they had disabled her, and to complete the good work and send her altogether to the bottom they fired round after round till the morning's dawn revealed the fact that the rebel had sailed silently away, and that the objective of this cannonade, which seemed little the worse for its pounding, was a tall rock that stood forth from the middle of the bay.—*All the Year Round.*

Base-Ball.

The poor umpire is out on the ball ground. There is a limp in his gait, and he carries a cane. He is an old vet, and played a right lively game before he was wounded. The ball struck him on the knee-cap, and when he was discharged from the hospital he was placed on the retired list.

What are they doing now?

The man at the bat made three strikes, and the catcher has thrown the ball to first base.

Is the man out?

Some say he is and some say he isn't.

What does the umpire say?

He has not had a chance to say anything yet on account of the uproar.

Why do the two nines gather so closely around the umpire? He ought to have a little fresh air.

They are going to bulldoze him.

Has he rendered a decision yet?

Yes, he has pronounced the man out.

Who struck the umpire?

The short stop.

Who is that man kicking the umpire on his game leg?

That is the man whom he declared out.

It is a shame to kick, strike, and abuse a lame man.

True, but look at the third baseman, who is creeping up behind him with a club in his hand.

What is he going to do?

He finds that it is necessary to kill the umpire to stifle further discussion.

Has he struck him yet?

No, he has not hit him on the back of his head, because the umpire has just reversed his decision.

Gone back on what he said in the first place?

Yes, he now says the man is not out.

Who fired that shot?

The left fielder of the other club.

Who is he shooting at?

The umpire.

Why?

Because the umpire reversed his decision.

Why, they have killed the umpire for going back on his first judgment!

Yes, but what is the difference? He would have been killed anyway by the club on the other side. It is six to one and half a dozen to the other, and an umpire might as well die for an old sheep as a lamb.—*Texas Siftings.*

What Worried Her.

She was young and beautiful, with eyes as bright as her diamonds, and hair as long and sleek as her sealskin sacque; and as she tripped into the office of the weary editor his face brightened, and he laid himself out to do the polite. After accepting the customary courtesies, she remarked:

"I'm just out here from Milwaukee with my pa, and I notice that a great many of your papers here have been publishing portraits of beautiful ladies. Now, I hope——"

"That's all right, madam; we will respect your scruples."

"But I was going to say that——"

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that score, madam. This is a decent family journal, and is conducted by men who have too much respect for womanly purity to print the portrait of a woman who did not seek notoriety, and we have no desire to compete with certain journals engaged in that line of business."

"What I wanted to say," said the young lady, starting to go, "is that I have just been photographed at the 'Bang 'Up' gallery, and I hope you won't take advantage of my neglect to tell the man not to sell any copies. I saw one in his window and was afraid that you might find out that it was [...]ones, of Milwaukee.—*San Fran*[...]

THE HINDU WIDOW.

There is hardly a class of living beings whose wretched condition appeals more strongly to the humane feelings of charitably disposed persons, and in whose woeful state there is more scope for the display of philanthropic efforts, than the widows among the Hindus, in India. Very few people in Europe have even the remotest idea of the miseries and horrors which Hindu women undergo after the death of their husbands. The Hindus themselves do not fully know the sufferings of their widowed sisters and daughters; much less do they care to alleviate the hardships of their bereaved countrywomen, or to improve the general status of the female population of India. The cries of the helpless creatures who are doomed to lifelong widowhood hardly find an echo beyond the four walls of the Indian zenana.

The evils of widowhood in India are manifold, and the system of early marriage makes them tenfold intense. Among the Hindus, a boy who is hardly out of his teens is married to a girl who has barely passed twelve summers; and it often happens that a wife loses her husband soon after her marriage, and then she is initiated into the horrors of a widow's life ere she has passed her very girlhood. Even if the would be husband, after the formal engagement has been made, dies before the ceremony of marriage, the girl is condemned to widowhood for all her life.

A Hindu woman's period of temporal happiness ceases, irrespective of her rank or wealth, directly she becomes a widow. When a young man dies his parents and friends are in deep mourning for him, expressing the greatest grief for his untimely loss; but few people understand or care to comprehend the utter wretchedness in which he leaves his young wife, who is yet too tender and inexperienced to bear with even the commonest hardship of this world. No sooner has the husband breathed his last than the young wife is made to give up all tokens of the married state, and to forego all pleasures and luxuries as utterly unsuitable for her present condition.

The formal period of mourning for a widow in Bengal lasts for one month. During this time she has to prepare her own food, confining herself to a single meal a day, which consists of boiled coarse rice, simplest vegetables, ghi, or clarified butter, and milk. She is forbidden to do her hair, and to put any scent or oil on her body. She must put on the same cotton sari day and night, even when it is wet, and must eschew the pleasure of a bed, and lie down on the bare ground, or perhaps on a coarse blanket spread on it; in some cases she cannot even have her hair dried in the sun after daily morning ablution, which she must go through before she can put a particle of food in her mouth. The old women say that the soul of a man after his death ascends to heaven quickly and pleasantly in proportion to the bodily inflictions which his wife can undergo in the month after the death of her husband. Consequently, the new-made widow, if not for any other reason, at least for the benefit of the soul of her departed husband, must submit to continuous abstinence and excruciating self-inflictions. The widow is, in fact, looked upon as the "evil one" of the house.

In the Northwest Provinces of India widows suffer treatment far worse than that to which their sisters in Bengal are subjected.

A widow among the respectable classes in this land of rigid Hinduism is considered and treated as something worse than the meanest criminal in the world. Directly after the death of her husband she is shunned by her relations and friends, and, as if her breath or touch would spread among them the contagion of her crime—the natural death of her husband—they do not even approach near her, but send the barbers' wives, who play an important part in all Hindu ceremonies, to divest her of all her ornaments and fineries. These mercenary persons often proceed to their task in a most heart-rending manner; but that is the command of their mistresses, and they must obey it. No sooner has the husband breathed his last than these hirelings rush at their victim and snatch off her earrings and nose-rings.

Ornaments plaited into the hair are torn away, and if the arms are covered with gold and silver bracelets, they do not take the time to draw them off one by one, but holding her arm on the ground, they hammer with a stone until the metal, often solid and heavy, breaks in two; it matters not to them how many wounds are inflicted, even if the widow is but a child of six or seven, who does not know what a husband means; they have no pity.

At the funeral the relatives of the deceased, male and female, accompany the corpse, and all, rich or poor, must go on foot, the women, with their veils drawn over their faces, following, and last comes the widow, preceded by the barbers' wives, who take great care to keep her at a respectable distance from the main body of the mourners, shouting out as they go along to warn the other people of the approach of the detested widow. Soon after the party reaches the river or tank, near which the cremation takes place, the widow is pushed into the water, and there she has to remain, in her wet clothes, away from all the other people, until the dead body has been burnt to ashes. And when all of them have started for home the widow is led along by the barbers' wives, her clothes soaking wet, and she mutely bearing the rudenesses of her barbarous guides. This custom is rigidly observed in all seasons and all circumstances. It sometimes happens that if she is of delicate health she breaks down in the middle of her journey and falls dead. And death is her best friend then.

When she returns home she must sit or lie in a corner on the bare ground, in the same clothes, wet or dry, which she wore at the time of her husband's death. She must be content with only one very scanty and plain meal a day, and must often completely abstain from all food and drink. Her nearest and dearest relations and friends shun her presence, as if she were an accursed viper, and if ever they approach near her it is only to add fresh indignities to her miserable lot. They make her the butt of the vilest abuses and the most stinging aspersions. She is a widow, and she must put up with her lot, and thus she drags on her miserable existence, with no ray of comfort to cheer her sad soul, and no spark of pity to lighten her heavy heart.

On the thirteenth day after the funeral the widow is allowed, after necessary ablutions, to change the clothes that she has worn since her husband's death. Her head, which was covered with glossy hair only the other day, is completely shaved, and the Brahmans and the barbers' wives have to be paid their gratuities for this cruel ceremony. Six weeks after her husband's death the widow has again to wear those clothes—the very sight of which sends a shudder through her inmost soul—which she had put on for the first thirteen days. She can change them only on one condition, that she must go on a pilgrimage to the holy river Ganges (which is often impossible on account of distance), and perform ablutions in its purifying waters. After that she has to wear the plainest cotton dress, and live on the simplest single meal a day, only varied with frequent fasts.

The widow who has no parents has to pass her whole life under the roof of her father-in-law, and then she knows no comfort whatever. She has to meet from her late husband's relations only unkind looks and unjust reproaches. She has to work like a slave, and for the reward of all her drudgery she only receives hatred and abhorrence from her mother-in-law and sisters-in-law. If there is any disorder in the domestic arrangements of the family, the widow is blamed and cursed for it. Even death cannot save a widow from indignities. For when a wife dies she is burnt in the clothes she had on, but a widow's corpse is covered with a coarse white cloth, and there is little ceremony at her funeral.

Tea Drinkers' Diseases.

It is not a little curious that the diseases arising from the wrong use of tea should be met with in greater frequency in countries foreign to its growth. It might have been supposed that where production went on, there would be found those evils that attend the consumption of tea in their greatest extent; but such does not appear to be the case. The diseases due to tea are well known to doctors, but the public seem to be strangely indifferent to the teachings of their medical advisers in these matters.

Recently, in France, M. Eloy has reminded medical men how vast is the number of diseases owing an allegiance to the dominion of Queen Tea. The list of headings in M. Eloy's paper is well calculated to arouse attention, and, we hope, to lead to some abatement of this widespread disorder. America and England are the two countries that are afflicted most with the malady arising from the excessive consumption of tea. Individuals may suffer in a variety of ways. It is customary to speak of acute, subacute and chronic "theism"—a form that has no connection with theological matters. It is possible to be a "theic" by profession or a "theic" by passion.

The predominance of nervous symptoms is a characteristic of theism; general excitation of the functions of the nervous system may be observed; or the weakness may be noted more especially in the brain as distinguished from the spinal cord. Perversion of the sense of hearing is not at all an uncommon symptom—patients hearing voices that have no real or objective existence. The irritability that overtakes women so frequently may sometimes be clearly traced to an excessive indulgence in afternoon tea. It is a mistake to suppose that it is the poor seamstress who is the chief sufferer from theism. No doubt the tannin which tea that has been standing long contains does a great amount of mischief, but the derangement that it causes hardly belongs to that class of diseases with which we are at present concerned. Rather does theism belong to that genus of disease in which morphinism, caffeism and vanillism are found.

The habit of tea drinking is one that grows on its victims like the similar ones of opium or alcohol. Taken in strict moderation, and with due precautions in the mode of preparation, tea is like alcohol, a valuable stimulant; in its abuse there is also a certain analogy. There is hardly a morbid symptom which may not be traceable to tea as its cause. This is a fact that general practitioners often use to their own satisfaction and to their patient's advantage, if it happen to be that kind of patient who does not object to make some sacrifice in order to be rid of troubles.—*Lancet.*

Orangeism.

The society of the Orangemen was founded in 1795. The first lodge was formed in Armagh and the name was taken in honor of King William III., Prince of Orange. The object of the society was avowedly to uphold Protestant institutions and interests, and thus to counteract the Roman Catholic associations known as "The Defenders." The two opposed societies were soon involved in a fierce hostility, as nearly all of the peasants belonged to one or the other, and wherever they met in any numbers fighting and riots were sure. The order waned somewhat in the early days of the century, but in 1827, when the Duke of Cumberland became Grand Master, it revived. In 1828 and 1829 a number of fights occurred which were suppressed by the militia with difficulty. In 1835 the British Parliament ordered an investigation of the association. It was found that thirty-four regiments of the army had Orange lodges; that there were 145,000 Orangemen in England and 125,000 in Ireland. As the order was declared subversive of the peace of communities, Orange clubs in both England and Ireland were broken up in conformity with a resolution of the House of Commons. Orangeism was revived, however, in 1845, and still exists largely in the British islands, though its professions there are forbidden by law. It was introduced into British America in 1829, and as its meetings are not illegal there its political influence is very great and its membership enormous. A number of lodges also exist in the United States.

The Paper Tree.

The principal material used in the manufacture of paper used in Tonkin is the paper tree, which grows in abundance on the mountains in the environs of Sontay. The dried bark is macerated and then rubbed up in mortars, so as to reduce it to a fine pulp, the latter being extended with a certain quantity of water, in order to form a clear paste which is sized with an infusion made from the shavings of the gomao tree. The paper is manufactured sheet by sheet, by means of delicate bamboo screens, which the operators alternately dip into the paste, taking out therewith a thin sheet of paper, which is deposited upon a board. At the end of the day these sheets are put into a press in order to extract the moisture from them, and are then dried by placing them, one by one, upon a hot masonry wall, after which they are put up in packages and trimmed. Each operative makes 1,000 sheets a day. The thickness of the paper depends on the consistency of the paste, and at one establishment as many as 80,000 sheets are capable of being produced daily.

AN exchange tells of a woman so cross-eyed that tears from her lef[...] [...] on her right cheek.

HUMOR.

IF a man adopted all the plans advertised for saving money what a fortune it would take.—*Texas Siftings.*

It is the girl who is p[...]
[...] has lots of [...]
Who with a ribbon drags around
The city's streets a tiny poodle.
—*Boston Courier.*

IF every dog has his day, we wish that the dogs to whom belong these days would be off with them.—*Boston Post.*

A MARRIED couple who are dumb never quarrel. At least, they never have any words together.—*Texas Siftings.*

BOUDOIR reflections, by a young lady of a "certain age"—It is easier to get your back hair than your hair back.—*Judy.*

"THERE'S a coolness between us," said the sea captains to each other when an iceberg passed between their ships.

The newly made bride may be witty
Or stupid, 'tis small matter which;
The maiden inquires if she's pretty,
The youth wants to know if she's rich.
—*Boston Courier.*

THERE is a suspicion that old man Hamlet, of Denmark, was a shoemaker, from his son's remark: "Take him for awl and awl, we shall not look upon his like again."—*Boston Bulletin.*

AN old maid school teacher declares that any woman who is fool enough to get married ought to lose her place. (N. B.—She has stood ready to lose her place any time these last thirty years.)

LITTLE Boston boys can buy pie with postage stamps. When they haven't any stamps of their own they steal them from their employers. This is wicked, of course, but little Boston boys must have pie.—*Puck.*

HEAD of the house—"Where's the pitcher of beer?" Boy—"Ma's clothes got on fire and I grabbed up the beer and threw it on her to put out the flames." Head of the house—"I want you to understand that beer costs money. Anybody'd think you were born with a gold spoon in your mouth."—*Tid-Bits.*

"O, ISN'T it a lovely night, Adolphus? Just fancy how delightful the nights must be in the Orient! The azure blue sky, the perfume of the flowers, the soft tinkling ——" "I tell you, Miranda, dear, I prefer the nights they have in Alaska. They're just immense." "Immense, Adolphus?" "Yes, for courting. They're so long, you know."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A BLITHESOME Grasshopper danced and sang the Summer through, and put in his Spare Time disregarding and jeering at the Advice of a Laborious Elderly Ant, his Uncle, who warned him that his Course of Conduct was not getting the Baby dressed. Winter came, and Simpson & Co. stared the Thoughtless Insect in the Face. But just then the Ant died of Overwork and Insufficient Nourishment, leaving the Grasshopper, his Sole Heir, to revel in his Hoarded Wealth. We learn from this Fable not to despise Patient Industry—in our Elderly Relatives.—*Puck.*

BISHOP TUTTLE, whom I remember as a bright-eyed boy, was once journeying on horseback over a corduroy road, when he met a settler whose heavily loaded team was shipwrecked in the mud. In a minute he was off his horse, had put his stout shoulders to the half-buried wheel, and sent the horses on their way rejoicing. The gratified owner of the establishment looked at his black-coated rescuer curiously and said: "Who be you, anyhow?" "I'm a Bishop of the church," said "Dan," the prelate, once more his dignified self. "Wa-al," replied the native, "I don't know what a Bishop be, but I know you're a d—d good fellow. Let's have somethin' out of the bottle."—*Cor. Philadelphia Record.*

THE PRIZE ESSAY.

She left the crowded platform and
The air was filled with cheers,
Her essay was so wondrous bland
In mingled smiles and tears.
Her subject "Woman's Mission" was;
She treated it with care,
And showed the line of noble names
Of women wise and rare.
"Oh, do not think to wed," she said,
"A slave unto the ring.
'Tis better far, in fancy's flight,
To soar on freedom's wing.
"Too prone we are to think," cried she,
"That marriage is the goal
To which each maiden's pathway tends,
And all life's currents roll.
"My voice is still for liberty;
No bonds of love for me!
I'll show the world a happy sight—
A spinster wisely free!"
She tripped away amid the flowers
That flew from far and wide;
In just four months she was, of course,
A proud and happy bride!
—*Cleveland Sun and Voice.*

A Story of Amisch Hospitality.

One night an Amisch brother was startled by a noise in his chicken house and went out to investigate. As he approached the hennery a man came through the door and started down the lane. Immediately afterward a voice from the roof whispered:

"I say, Bill, aren't you most through?"

"Yes," whispered the Amisch brother; "there's just one fat rooster I want to get."

"Here," he added a moment later, reaching out his hand, "put it in the bag."

The unsuspecting chicken thief leaned over, and was surprised to feel a brawny hand clutching his wrist.

"Come down," said the farmer, and the thief came down.

Without a word the farmer marched his prisoner into the house, and, putting him into a garret, locked the door. In the morning the farmer opened the door and looked in with a smile.

"Come down to breakfast," he said, with the greatest courtesy.

The detected chicken thief was a farm hand and a neighbor, and shame worked its own punishment when he saw the farmer's family around the table.

"Sit down," they said, and then they waited upon him as though he were a distinguished guest.

But the "guest" ate but little that morning, and when after breakfast the Amisch brother took him by the hand and led him to the door, and bade him "good-day" as though nothing wrong had been done or dreamed of, he went away vowing that he had bagged his last rooster, and that the Amisch were trumps.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

SOME one suggests that trees after transplanting may be kept alive by burying a row of flower-pots filled with water around the body and over the roots of the trees. The moisture which will percolate through the bottom and sides of the pots will be so gradual that two-gallon ones will hold enough so as not to require refilling for some time, and the roots will be kept moist till such time as they begin to sprout afresh.

IT is said that a person troubled with an oily face can keep it clean by washing it vigorously with a towel, instead of with the hands.

WE

Will do all we can to make it profitable for you to attend the

GREAT SALE!

—OF—

Linen Handkerchiefs,

Silk Handkerchiefs

—AND—

Silk and Cashmere Mufflers

Now in progress at our store. The crowds who have come are a great many. It is the

GREATEST SALE!

ON RECORD FOR

Large Variety

and Cheapness

In Fort Wayne in this Line.

WE INVITE COMPARISON

at an advance of

ONE-HALF

on this immense purchase.

☞SEE FOR YOURSELF.

ROOT & COMPANY.

Home Made Mince Meat!

SARATOGA CHIP POTATOES
FINE FRESH CANDIES,
FINEST BUNCH RAISINS,
NEW NUTS,
CANNED ASPARAGUS,
GOTHA TRAFFLE SAUSAGE,
PLUM PUDDING,
COOKING WINES.

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Aug. 15-ly

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE
—OUR—
NEW FALL STOCK
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BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS

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DON'T FAIL TO SEE MY
—STOCK OF—

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers!

Also a large assortment of
HOLIDAY SLIPPERS

At prices that cannot be beat. Custom work and repairing neatly and promptly done. Don't forget the place.

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Candy Candy Candy Candy Candy Candy

SEND

1, 2, 3, 4 or $5 for a sample retail box by express of the

BEST CANDIES

In America, put up in elegant boxes and strictly pure. Suitable for presents.

☞ Express charges light. Refers to all Chicago. Try it once. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
Sept. 20-6m Chicago.

LOOK!

I have just received through my brother (now living in Chicago) a full line of Plaques, Albums, Bisc and Nankeen Dolls, Fancy Baskets, Whisk Broom Holders, Jap Mats, Toilet Sets, Fancy Dishes, Cheap Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, etc., at the lowest Chicago Market Prices.

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Suitable and acceptable gift for father, husband, brother, son or the other fellow? see our

Japanese Silk Smoking Jackets.
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Crepe, Silk and Cashmere Neck Wraps.
Dressing and Morning Gowns.
"Our Own" Special Novelties in Neckwear.
The handsomest designs in evening goods.
Egyptian Curios in Sleeve Buttons and Scarf Pins.
Kid Mitts, Kid Gloves, all shades, for street and evening.
Everything at our usual prices. We do not put on a holiday pressure. See!

SANTA, SAM, PETE & MAX.
The "Boss" Clothiers.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, DEC. 11, 1886.

THE CITY NEWS.

The city council meets Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Pottlitzer went to Lafayette at noon.

Miss Lizzie Stemen, who has been seriously ill, is better.

Mrs. Robert Ogden is visiting Mrs. Henry Mergy at Wabash.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Winch of Fort Wayne, Sundayed in Decatur.

John Ferguson and wife returned from northern Minnesota yesterday.

"Lost in London," a great show, for the last time to-night at the Academy.

Hannah M. Work sues Wesley I. Work et al. for partition. Bell & Morris are attorneys.

The "Gypsy Baron," a great operatic attraction, will be given at the Temple next Wednesday evening.

Fred Hambrock has taken out a permit to build an addition to his house on lot 15, McLaughlan's addition, to cost $250.

Charles H. Foster sues the Pennsylvania company. Damages, $200. Injury to stock at Arcola. L. M. Ninde is attorney.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana road are harvesting their ice crop at Rome City, commencing Saturday to put up six to seven inch ice which is pure as crystal.

Charles Seeman, employed at the Peters box and lumber company, had his hand caught in a buzz saw yesterday. Dr. George Stemen, the surgeon, thinks he will lose one finger.

Miss Lona Fleming, daughter of County Clerk Fleming, of Jay county, was recently married to D. H. Eyman, at Portland. Mr. Fleming formerly lived in this county.

David S. Redelsheimer was fined $1 and costs yesterday by Justice Ryan, for provoking Hugh Stewart. The fine and costs amounted to $18. Mr. Redelsheimer appealed the case.

Michael Honsback, a machinist in the Wabash shops, had his hand badly crushed yesterday by a cylinder head falling on it. Dr. Geo. Stemen attended him and sent him to the Peru hospital.

Judge O'Rourke yesterday dismissed the divorce case of Sarah A. Miles vs. David Miles, and in the case of Lelilia Woods vs. John B. Woods on note, judgment for plaintiff, $112 was given.

Sheriff Nelson returned yesterday from Indianapolis, bringing with him a discharged insane patient. The SENTINEL regrets to say that Mrs. Nelson's mother, who is ill at Indianapolis, continues to grow worse.

J. M. Keyser, for several years foreman of all the painters gangs on the eastern division of the Wabash road, has resigned, and will engage in other business at his home in Fort Wayne. His successor is George T. Chaphill, formerly a sub foreman under Mr. Keyser.

The Huntington *News-Express* says: "Frank Forbes, the oldest son of Conductor James H. Forbes, went to Fort Wayne Thursday, with the expectation of securing a job of braking on the Pittsburg road, he having been promised a situation on that road by Trainmaster Walton."

Engineer Robbins, better known as "old spiker," who ran several years on the Wabash between Lafayette and Fort Wayne, and since then on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad between Fort Wayne and Chicago, is now running an engine on the elevated road in New York City.

The patent spark arrester, invented by Master Mechanic Barnes, of the Wabash, is attracting considerable attention in the railroad world. It is said that it will save the Wabash $75,000 of coal bills this year, while all trains make schedule time, and are as heavy as any road in the country. A stock company with half a million capital will be formed to further introduce it.

The sermon of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, published with this issue of THE SENTINEL, was preached at Cleveland, Ohio. Its subject, "Off the Track—How to Get on Again," need not lead the public to believe that it is addressed to railroad men exclusively. It will do good to all classes, and a man who does not know the difference between the air brake and the "cow catcher" on an engine, will find that it fits his case precisely.

Mrs. M. V. B. Spencer was at Decatur this week.

Hon. Wm. Fleming returned last night from Indianapolis.

Manager O. L. Perry insists that the blue birds were singing this morning.

The engineers and firemen on the Pennsylvania road are slowly forming assemblies of Knights of Labor.

Dr. A. B. Chaffee, of Roanoke, poisoned himself Thursday and died in great agony. He had been a sufferer from diabetes.

The Wabash *Plain Dealer* says: "Harry McMonigal goes to Fort Wayne Monday to accept a position on the *Gazette*."

The Michigan City *Dispatch* says: "Nothing has been heard lately regarding the Fort Wayne Jenny Electric Light company's suit against the city. We guess it will not amount to much."

The Vulcan valve oil, being experimented with on the Wabash locomotives is meeting with great favor. Passenger locomotive 1031 ran 125 miles recently, and but one pint of oil was used to lubricate the machinery.

The Huntington *News-Express* says: "Charles Johann, son of Mr. Jacob Johann, who has for some time had charge of the St. Louis bridge and tunnel line, has been appointed general foreman of the shops here, in the place of George D. Brook, acting master mechanic."

The Huntington *News* says: "The Wabash train east yesterday noon stopped near the Chicago and Atlantic crossing long enough for the owners of a big bull-dog, which had jumped off at the station, to run back and secure him. It was more of a courtesy than would be shown to an ordinary passenger."

Conductor A. Dennis and Engineer C. B. Stratton, with engine 1031, are gathering up the old ties between Fort Wayne and Toledo. They began at Garr Creek and will continue eastward until all are picked up. The section men over whose sections the train passes will do the loading. It will take over a month to complete the job.

The agreement of the Wabash and the Iowa Central to become members of the Northwestern Freight Traffic association is regarded as another important point in securing harmony in that compact, as both lines have heretofore persistently refused to enter the association. Said an official of the Wabash: "We entered the association and made concessions because we could not afford to see rates demoralized."

The Wabash road earned in November $346,351; increase over earnings corresponding period, 1885, $106,404. Since January 1 the earnings of this road were $11,728,795; increase over earnings corresponding eleven months of 1885, $801,142. It seems unfortunate that a road which has the earning capacity of the Wabash should be in the hands of a syndicate of as little principle as those now manipulating its financial affairs.

In a recent interview at New York, Mr. John C. New, editor of the Indianapolis *Journal*, said: "Now the law in our state is that if a candidate is ineligible at the time of the election, the candidate receiving the next highest number of votes takes his place." This is precisely the promises Judge Lowry has maintained in his contest against Captain White. It is improbable that Mr. New will be written down as a fool.

Mr. Jesse R. Straghan, of this city, is chief engineer of a new railroad project in southern Indiana. The company proposes to construct a line of road midway between the Vandalia and the Vincennes roads—a line almost identical with the proposed route of the Eel River road through the counties of Marion, Hendricks, Morgan, Putnam, Clay, Owen and Sullivan. The objective point is the coal fields and incidentally the stone quarries and the timber country of western Indiana.

According to the Indianapolis *News*, in that city the present telephone law has been successfully evaded, and will probably be repealed this winter. At least the Bell company are preparing to insist on a repeal and the question will certainly come up for their consideration. A gentleman, who ought to know, says that the Central Union has made more money since the present toll system was put into operation than under the per annum tax. Many patrons fall below $5 per month but the bills of others so largely exceed this rate that the general average is brought considerably above $60 per annum for each instrument.

Dr. George W. Long sat pleasantly before his desk in the county clerk's office this morning when THE SENTINEL man grasped his Spartacus-like hand. "I am just home from Indianapolis," said the doctor. "We had one of the most pleasant and successful reunions ever held by the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Indiana, both in point of attendance and number of candidates. The rapid growth of the order would seem to indicate that its social features are beginning to be appreciated by Masons generally throughout the state. In 1880 the Rite had a total membership of 363; in 1883, 593, while now it has 863 members in good standing, having more than doubled itself in six years. The work this week was done by Indiana consistory, S. P. R. S., which has authority to confer the chivalric and philosophic grades, composed of fourteen degrees—nineteen to thirty-two, and was in charge of Joseph W. Smith, commander-in-chief, and John T. Brush, master of ceremonies. Thirty-eight candidates were elected and duly invested with all the rights and privileges of their fellow members."

Mr. George McKinnie returned from the east last night.

Gust Laukenau, the deputy postmaster, has a pug dog.

Harry Edmunds, operator on the Nickel Plate at Linden, Ohio, is home on a visit.

Mr. Charles P. Glazier, superintendent of the DeKalb county infirmary, is in the city to-day.

The Barnes divorce case is on trial before Judge O'Rourke. The plot is located in the Odd Fellows hall and racy testimony is given.

Pat Moran and George Hartman were hustled before Acting Mayor Ryan this morning. The fellows were committed to jail for drunkenness.

In the suit of John F. Yerks vs. Adam Barrier, the superior court jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for $100 and Judge Chapin pronounced judgment accordingly.

There are 1,070 boys and 1,053 girls in the Catholic parochial schools of this city and county, educated by forty-six teachers. The enumeration was made for official purposes.

Mr. W. D. Haruer, of Springfield Ill., and party, occupied a box at the Temple during the presentation of the "Gladiator," last night, he being a personal friend of Mr. Downing.

Councilman Doehrman says that it was only promised that the people of the Eighth ward would assist in paying the expenses of beautifying the Hayden park. Mr. Doehrman is a staunch champion of the interests of his precinct and has weight in the council.

The Citizens' Reform league, adjourned from last Monday evening, will meet on Monday evening next, at 7:30 o'clock, for the transaction of important business. The meeting will be held in the lecture room of the medical college, on Barr street. Let all who feel interested in this work show it by their presence at this meeting.

Mr. Robert Downing and his company presented the tragedy of "Spartacus, the Gladiator," in a magnificent way to an intelligent and delighted assembly at the Temple last night. Mr. Downing essayed the part of the Thracian in masterly style, his support adding to his laurels. Mr. Downing has been asked to play "Julius Caesar" as a return engagement and THE SENTINEL again welcomes him.

The county commissioners yesterday established the Schwalm ditch, in St. Joe township. The reviewers on the Brindle ditch in Lafayette and Pleasant townships were allowed the privilege of amending their report to resubmit next Friday morning at 10 o'clock. The hearing on the Zeimmer ditch, in Springfield township, was postponed until Wednesday at 10 o'clock. The commissioners can do no better work than approve drains that will make every foot of the county fertile and useful.

A Toilet Necessity.

Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap is a toilet necessity amongst refined people. Their Toilet Soaps the standard.

The great ladies sales and the great presentation will continue all next week. Every lady attending the sale will receive a present free of charge. The Fair, 27 Calhoun street.

A Genuine Curiosity Shop.

James M. Kane & Bro., as usual will be headquarters for all holiday toys and presents. Their stock is more complete than ever, and it would require a whole page of THE SENTINEL to enumerate the thousands of articles to be found there. In the basement are Rocking Horses, Sleighs, Doll Carriages, Express Wagons, and more of the bulky wooden articles piled tier upon tier to the ceiling. On the second floor, Dolls by the thousand of every description and price. And there were Dogs, Cats, Horses, Elephants, Camels, Lions, Tigers, Bears, and all the wonders of the animal kingdom. Also Traveling Bags, Portmanteaus, School Bags, Pocket Books, Albums, Smoking Sets, Toilet Sets, Work Stands, Baskets, Writing Desks, Magic Lanterns, Balls, Toy Books, Scrap Books, Bisque Figures, Christmas Tree Trimmings, Accordeons, Harmonicas, Music Boxes, Cutlery, Combs, Brushes, Masquerade Goods, Wheelbarrows, Bird Cages, Trunks, Children's Furniture. Games and ten thousand other articles? We simply ask everybody interested in Holiday Goods to call and see the greatest stock ever shewn in Hoosierdom, and satisfy themselves of what can be found.

Gold watches at auction at your own price, at The Fair, 27 Calhoun street.

Big Strike at Ward's Cheap Crockery Store.

Best Iron Stone China dinner plates, 70c per dozen.
Best Iron Stone China cups and saucers 70c per dozen.
Best Iron Stone China bowl and pitcher 75c.
Best Iron Stone China covered chambers 60c.
Good lamp chimneys 3c each.
Decorated chamber sets $3.
Bargains in glass ware at half price.
Hanging Lamps $2 50 each.
Fifty-six pieces, tea set, $3.50.
Silver plated castors, tea sets, butter and pickle dishes.
1847 Roger Brothers knives, forks and spoons.

Thomas Ryan will remove his Meat Market and Oyster Depot, on Monday, the 13th inst., from the corner of Barr and Berry streets to 108 Calhoun street, to which all are invited to call.

Roger Brothers knives and forks at auction. No. 27 Calhoun street. 1t

IT'S COLD

Enough to make Ulsters, Storm Kings, Pea Jackets and all kinds of warm garments a genuine blessing to the fortunate wearer. We have a good line of these Frost Defiers in different Fabrics such as Chinchillas, Worsted, Meltons and Cassimeres—Plain or in Fur or Plush Trimmings.

We would be pleased to have you come in and see "These Beauties."

FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE,
1t 26 Calhoun Street.

THE MIKADO.

The Opera to Add an Additional Charm to the G. A. R. Exhibition To-night.

The G. A. R. art and loan exhibition at Library Hall continues to attract great crowds. THE SENTINEL could not even attempt to describe its wonders, novelties and features of interest. It must be seen to be appreciated.

To-night the first rendition of selections from, "Mikado," by home talent, will be given. The following is the cast:

Three Little Maids..... Miss Mamie Burdick, Miss Eloise Perrin, Miss Mary Randall
Duett—Nankipoo..... F. K. Stafford
Pitti Sing..... Miss Mary Randall
Peep Boo..... Eloise Perrin
Koko..... J. T. Siebold
Poobah..... A. L. Haddon
Koko—Solo..... A. T. Lukens
Yum-Yum—Solo..... Miss Katie Hughes
Katisha.....
Miss Mamie Burdick and J. T. Siebold.
Mikado Solo..... A. T. Lukens
Solo—Koko..... J. T. Siebold
Chorus—John Dougall, Irvin Randall, Larry Randall, Joe Hett, Wallace, Mungeon, George Bour[illegible], Ed Haddon, Chas. Gulke, Will Pettige and Horace Hanna.

The company will be accompanied by Reineke's full orchestra.

Sunday School Concert.

The Sunday school of the Christian church will give a concert to-morrow evening in their church, corner Jefferson streets. All are cordially invited to be present as a pleasant time is anticipated. Admission free. Following is the program:

Song..... By school
Devotional exercises..... Superintendent
Song..... Ladies quartet
Recitation..... Annie McCollum
Recitation..... Ollie Brooks
Solo—Piano..... Rachael Boles
Recitation..... Grace Howel
Exercises..... By infant class
Song..... Ladies quartet
Reading..... Lizzie Irwin
Solo—Vocal..... H. B. Lopshire
Recitation..... Libbie Rhinesmith
Recitation..... Frank Alderman
Solo—Vocal..... Lola Stout
Song..... By school
Benediction.....

The suit of the First national bank, of Huntington, vs. Fred Springer, of Sheldon, is on trial in the superior court. Mr. Springer signed receipts for strawberry and raspberry plants and to his dismay the papers developed into promissory notes.

The total value of live stock injured by trains on the eastern division of the Wabash, in November, was but $650.

Old and young, rich and poor, all unite in testifying to the merits of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The cashier of the German bank of Baltimore, August Weber, esq., recommends Salvation Oil for headache, sprains and neuralgia.

Buy Electric Lustre Starch.

It Beats the Record

See What Santa Sam, Pete & Max are at, Giving Their Patrons Presents by the Wholesale--Read The List:

S. W. Wass, Monroeville, Ind., took a fine bicycle.
Madison Klingler, 49 East Main street city, sett fine silver plated harness.
Sam'l. Eby, Heller's Corners, Ind.
Willis Smiler, State Line, Ind.
L. Wohlfrom, 309 Broadway, city.
Wm. Eberhart 94 Buchanan street, city, were each presented with a splendid silver watch.
Calvin Bowman, Lafayette township.
A. D. Kyle, Ossian, Ind.
V. Erdel, Aboit township.
Were made happy with a first-class overcoat.
Henry Stalt, corner Calhoun and DeWald streets, wore off a fine fur cap.
Philip Michael, New Haven, Ind.
M. Gruber, 16 Witt street, city.
Casper Seybold, 83 Barthold street, city.
G. W. McKee, 87 Barthold street, city.
Were each presented with a half barrel of flour.
Putnam Hall, Monroeville, Ind.
F. Bescaneon, 819 Hanna street, city.
Mr. A. Didier, 134 Schick street, city.
Fred Lipe, 81 Madison street, city.
A. Bell Zanesville, Ind.
W. B. Murphey, 216 East Washington street, city.
Wm. Simons, Monroeville, Ind.
F. Hildebrand, 57 Baker street, city.
were each made happy with a choice ham.

1,000 capital presents, including a $500 city lot, to be given our patrons. We are showing the only entire new stock of winter clothing, etc., shown in Fort Wayne.

SAM, PETE & MAX.
Indiana's "Boss" Clothiers.

Grand Opening

Of Holiday and Fancy Goods, at Keil Brothers, No. 56 Calhoun street, Tuesday evening, December 14, at 7 o'clock. Everybody cordially invited.

KEIL BROTHERS,
56 Calhoun Street.

Use Electric Lustre Starch.

Why, you could do no better than go to Meyer & Neimeyer's and select a Christmas present for your friend such as a seal skin cap or a handsome muffler.

Try Electric Lustre Starch.

I have a good second hand upright piano, stool and spread at 139 East Jefferson St., for sale at $6 per month until paid. 9-4t

Grand opening of holiday and fancy goods at Keil Brothers, 56 Calhoun street, Tuesday evening, December 14, at 7 o'clock. Everybody cordially invited. Keil Bros., 56 Calhoun street.

FOUND.—Silk umbrella at Western Union Telegraph office.

FOR RENT.—Barn for two horses and wagon. 163 Griffith street.

LOST—On Friday evening, a somewhere between the south depot and the residence of William Fleming, a brown leather satchel. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at this office. 1t-f.

WANTED.—[illegible]

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS! WORTH READING

Greatest concentration of holiday presents ever shown in Fort Wayne can be seen at Foster's Furniture store. Make your selections at once and have them laid aside until you want them.

Fringed Turcoman curtains at $1.90 at Foster's. Window shades made and put up by expert workmen at much less than usual charges. Beautiful lace curtains fearfully cheap. Curtain poles of all kinds.

If a piece of furniture sold at Foster's fails to give entire satisfaction they make it good without charge. Do you know of any other furniture house which does this.

At Foster's Carpet store they continue selling all the best makes of carpets at absolute cost. The stock comprises the choicest and latest productions of the most celebrated looms of the country.

At Foster's Carpet store they have just opened a big lot of fancy China mattings, worth 30 cents a yard, which they are selling at 15 cents. Particularly nice for bedrooms.

The show windows of the Foster Furniture and Carpet Co. are worth coming down town especially to see. They display some of the most beautiful holiday gifts ever seen in the city.

No person with cash in hand can afford to buy furniture, carpets, lamps or toilet sets elsewhere in Fort Wayne than at Foster's. Frequently their prices will be found fully one-third less than goods of the same quality elsewhere.

Decorated crockery toilet sets make an elegant addition to a nicely furnished bedroom, and are always acceptable wedding and holiday presents. At Foster's Furniture store they are retailed at wholesale prices.

The most beautiful lamps ever shown in Fort Wayne are at Foster's. They are in antique brass, oxydized silver, barbidienne bronze, electro bronze and silver, and other late finishes.

Go to the Model bakery for Sunday supply and delicacies, 83 Barr street. s&w

Hickory, beech and sugar wood at the Raccoon Coal and Wood Yards. Telephone 260. J. W. DYER, Agt. eodtf.

Nothing equal to Electric Lustre Starch.

Good supply of all sizes of hard and soft coal in stock and under cover. Also dry sugar, beech and hickory wood, at lowest market price. Telephone No. 54. J. M. MODERWELL. 10-2t.

Neiderberger, at 96 Calhoun street, has an elegant display of fine French candies for the holiday trade. Give him a call.

Fine holiday present—Caligraph type writer.

GENTS' HOSE!

250 dozen Gents' Improved, Seamless, All-wool Half-Hose in all colors Former price 35c.

PRICE NOW

21 cents.

Globe Warehouse

58 Calhoun Street,

MASONIC TEMPLE.

J. H. SIMONSON..... Manager
F. E. STOUDER..... Treasurer

The Greatest of All New York Casino Successes.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 15, 1886.
ONE NIGHT ONLY.

First production in the city of Strauss' latest and greatest opera

The Gypsy Baron!

Presented by the CONRIED ENGLISH CO. A Great Cast, Including Laura Bellini, Prima Donna soprano; Hetta Von Donhoff, James Krager, Jennie Reiferth, Fred Urban, Henry DeLorme, Gustavus Hall, Lydia O'Neil, Sig Taglieri.

GRAND MARCH 100—People on the stage—100

Prices, 50, 75 and $1 00.

RABUS!

THE

Artistic Tailor!

Having the largest stock in the city, is now prepared to furnish to his patrons all the latest novelties of Foreign

SUITINGS AND OVERCOATS!

AT PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Call and examine my IMMENSE STOCK, at

No. 16 West Berry St.

FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS GO TO

AUGUST BRUDER JEWELER!

—DEALER IN—

Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Spectacles, Etc.

98 CALHOUN STREET.

1886. ESTABLISHED 1859

CLOTHING!

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

J. G. THIEME & BRO.

Manufacture all their Clothing and guarantee them to be the

BEST MADE AND BEST FITTING

Clothing

sold in Fo[illegible] any Custom M[illegible]

37 [illegible]